CONTENTS

1 Remake Compilation① Encounter

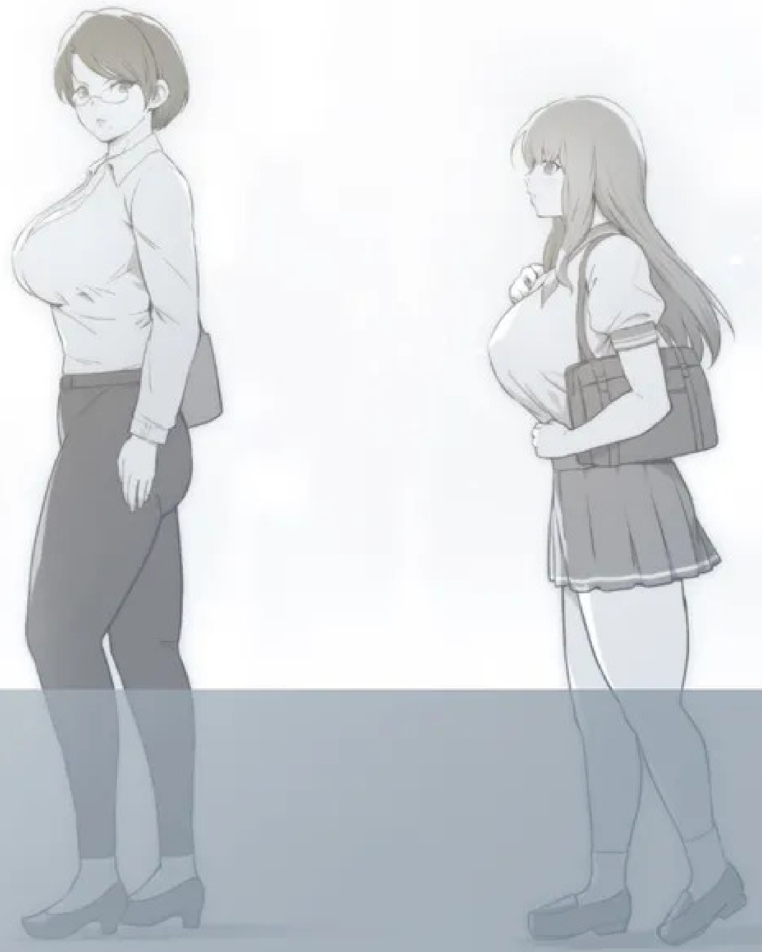
30 Remake Compilation② Master and Apprentice

103 Remake Compilation③ Tournament

245 Remake Compilation④ Title Match

316 The Revenge of Honeybee

The IF ending where the outcome is reversed is included in the OMAKE.



author ： Norubon
original work ： Norubon 「Bee and Wasp」series

*This work is a work of fiction, and the names of organizations and individuals appearing in this work are fictitious.
It has no connection whatsoever with actual martial arts or boxing.

Encounter

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バキャ
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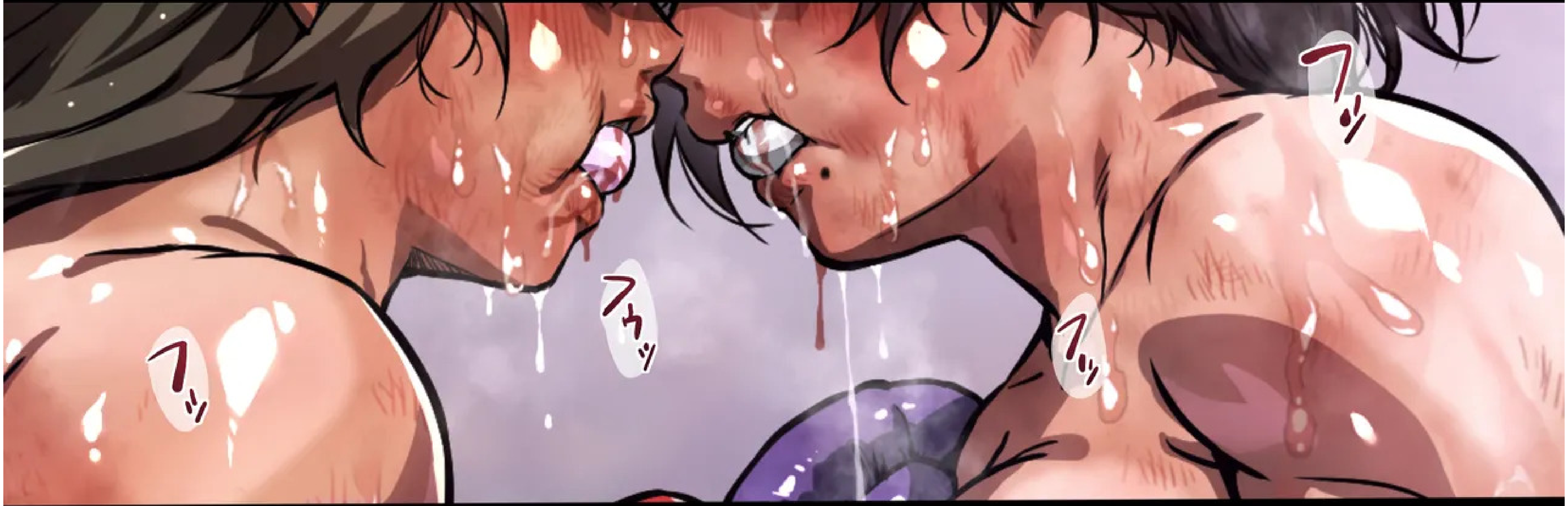


The ring is surrounded by a large crowd and bathed in spotlights.

Inside, two women are steaming.

The sound of punches echoes, accompanied by lustful moans.

The two women, wearing leather gloves on both hands, mercilessly beat and crush each other's bodies, fiercely fighting for victory.

When they clinch, even their erect nipples are pressed against each other like weapons.
Their bodies, drenched in lotion and sweat, press against each other,
and the suffocating scent of females fills the ring.

It is a battle between female beasts.

It was a serious fight in which they risked their entire existence as
women to prove that they were the stronger beast.

A little bit in the future,
people all over the world were crazy about a certain
combat sport.

New-age boxing—also known as topless boxing.

Based on the old boxing that is now called old-style boxing,
the sport has transformed into something completely different,
with cruel and obscene rules.

The weight class system has been abolished.

Both men and women are prohibited from wearing anything on their chests.

Referee stops and doctor stops
are extremely rare unless the situation is life-threatening.

Numerous other minor changes are too numerous to list.

In this brutal sport that disregards the safety of its participants,
it was not men but beautiful female athletes who rose to prominence.

As mockingly referred to as "the dark underbelly of the spotlight,"
the sight of half-naked women beating each other to a bloody pulp seemed like
an underground martial art that had been practiced in
secret suddenly taking over the mainstream stage.

One female fighter took a direct uppercut and fell to the ground. She struggled to get up,
her blood-stained mouthpiece visible.
A jet of fluid spurted from her swollen genitals, and she let out a drunken, foolish moan.

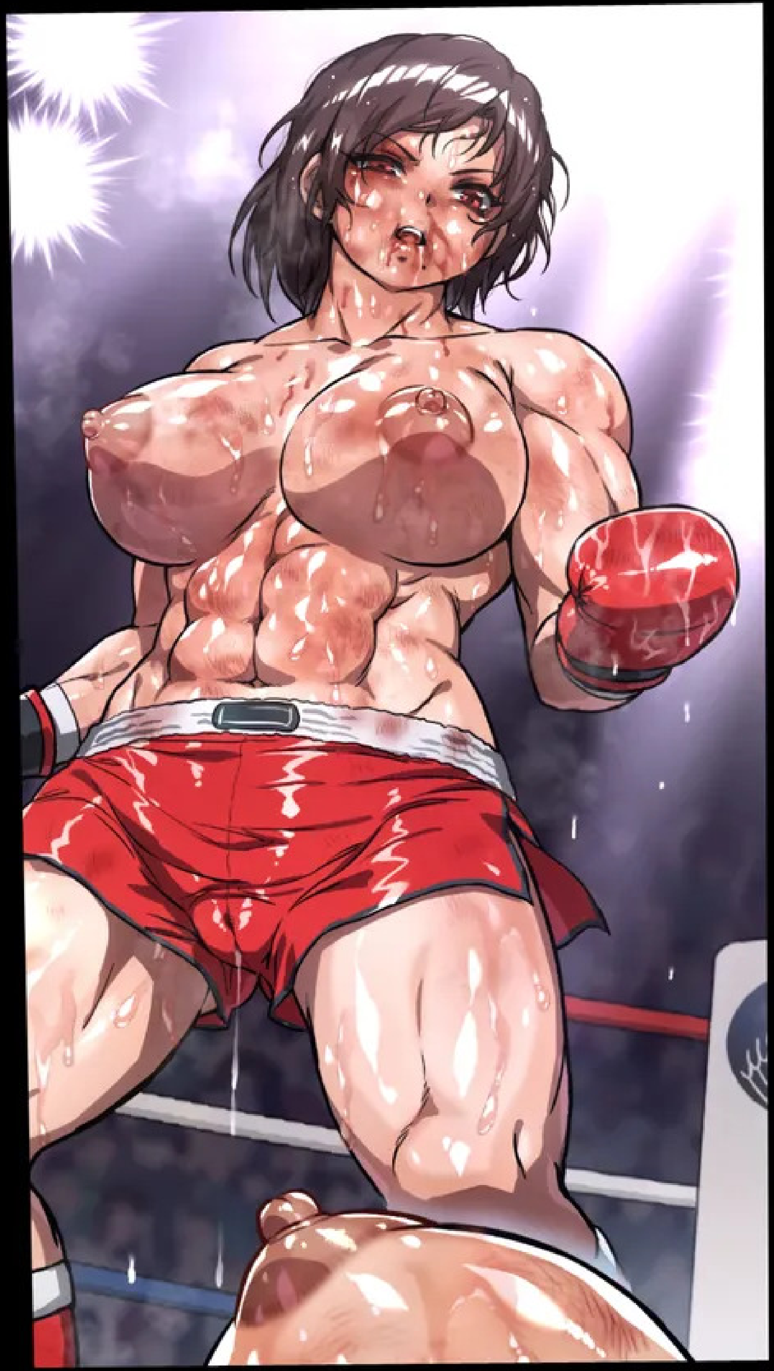
It was an abnormal scene, with her breasts exposed in front of a large audience.
The senses are sharpened to the extreme by the life-or-death collision.
In such a situation, the athletes' sexual sensitivity is amplified to dozens of times its normal level.

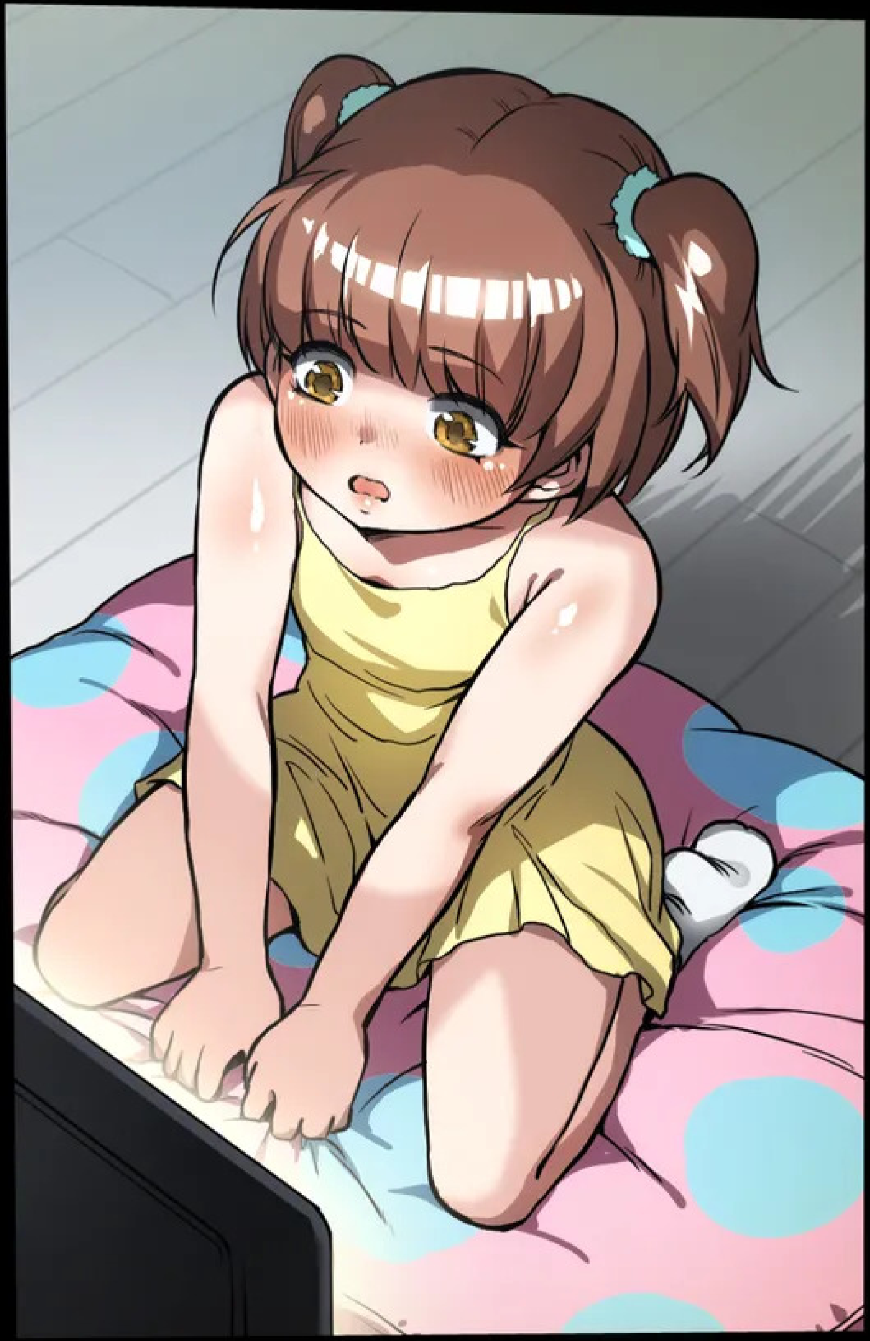
The physical damage from punches extends to the sexual senses,
and the defeated fighter, beaten to a pulp, moans in ecstasy while exposing their humiliating form.

The fierce battle, with female juices flying everywhere,
was won by a female fighter dressed in red.

Despite being overwhelmed by her opponent's size in the early stages and knocked down several times by powerful blows in the middle stages, this fighter achieved a comeback victory with unyielding fighting spirit.
Years later, she would be hailed as the strongest boxer in Japanese boxing history, “The Unquenchable Flame,” Junko Shishido.

And then— A young girl gazes at Junko's heroic figure on the monitor, her eyes sparkling with admiration.





The girl was a fragile and delicate being.

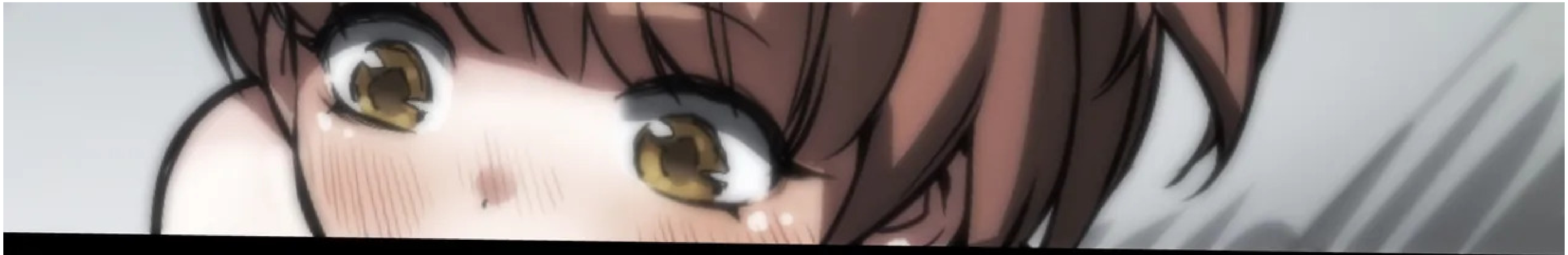
What made her unfortunate was her innate sensitivity
to the emotions of others—
and because of that, the very first feeling she ever truly
came to know was fear.

She was afraid of everyone but herself.
No matter how hard she tried to interact with others,
the fear that welled up inside her chest would seep out,
robbing her of control over her lips, her hands, her feet.
Her parents tried to support her in her suffering with kindness,
but she didn't even know how to respond to that kindness.

And so, from a young age, the girl fell into a spiral
of self-loathing,
living day after day in a dim, inescapable haze.

She often missed school, and one day, while home alone,
she stumbled upon a live broadcast of topless boxing, restricted to
adult viewers.
Drawn by a dangerous curiosity, she decided to take a peek.

And there—
she saw, for the first time in her life, a blinding flash of light.



A world of madness overflowing with lust and violence—
far too stimulating for a child to witness.
And yet, standing tall and powerful within that chaoswas a crimson-clad female warrior.

The image burned into her young eyes would one day shake the girl's destiny to its core.

Due to its nature, topless boxing is often labeled as savage, vulgar, or disgraceful.
But such judgments from others meant nothing to the girl.
What she found there outshone a thousand words and arguments—a fragment of fire.
It was that spark which the girl received from Junko in that moment.

This is the story of two women's meeting and parting—
and the fated battle that awaits them.

みつバチ
BEE & WASP
すずめバチ
MEMORIAL

Junko Shishido, who would later grasp glory,
did not build her legacy through dazzling victories—
but rather through a history of overcoming defeat.

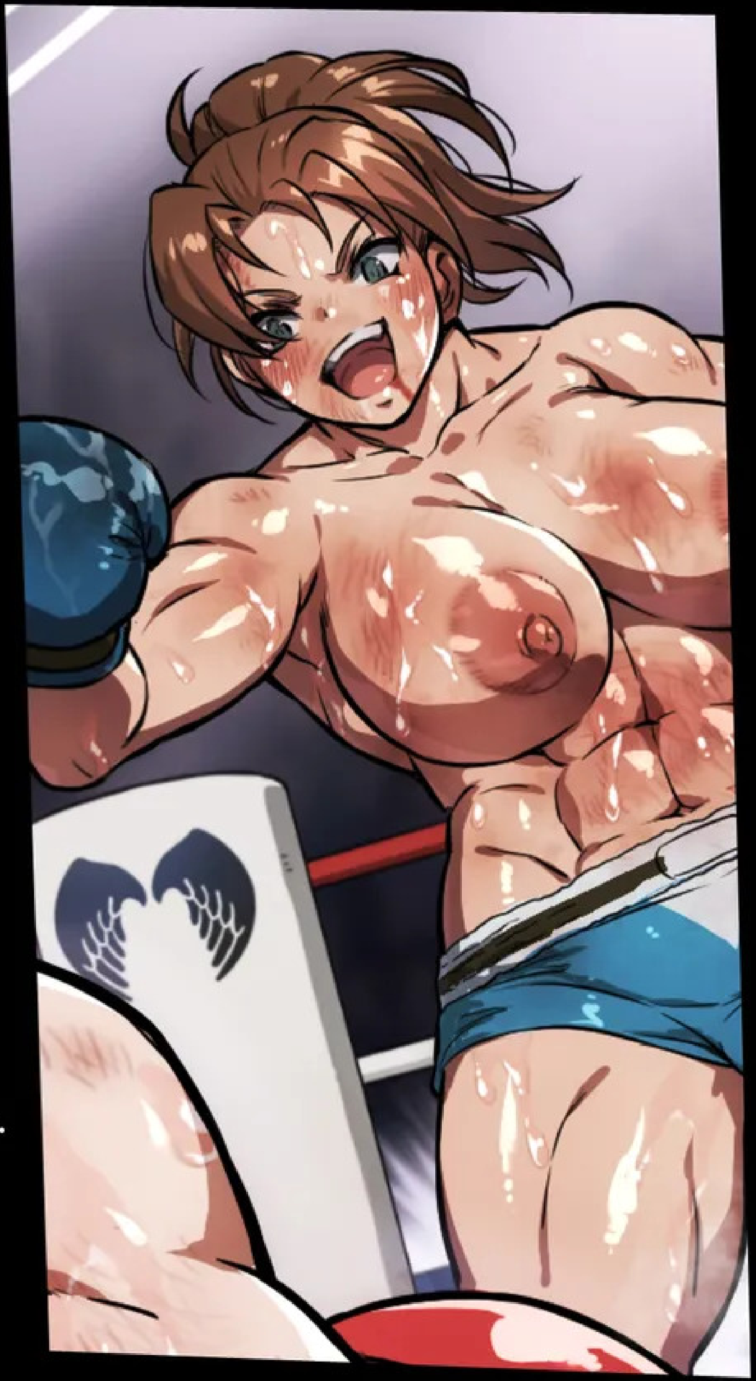
Her first loss came in her debut match.
It was a bitter defeat, almost accidental, the result of a lucky punch—
a common occurrence between two fighters unaccustomed to the ring.

However, Junko was confident that she had the upper hand in skill,
and just a few months later, she decisively took revenge in a rematch,
winning with overwhelming strength.

Riding that momentum, she surged through the lower and
middle ranks with consecutive victories,
but just as she approached the top tier, her second defeat struck.

“You’ve always got that sour look on your face, huh?
C’mon, lift those corners of your mouth a bit.
Try lookin’ like you’re actually having fun for once.”

Azami Togo—
a cheerful, powerfully built fighter who had debuted around the same time.
To Junko, she was an irritating, overly familiar nuisance
who’d been pestering her ever since they happened to
appear on a show together.



Despite her carefree demeanor, Azami's skill was the real deal.

Devastating punching power and deceptive techniques
that toyed with her opponents—
unable to find a way to counter them, Junko continued attacking recklessly,
only to take irreparable damage.

By the 10th round, she had been knocked down five times.
And on the sixth knockdown, the match was decided.
Struck by a body blow, Junko collapsed face-first onto the canvas,
forcing herself onto all fours, still trying to stand up.

“I... I can still··· go on··· I— buhk
Guh—hurk··· blaaaargh···!”

Junko spit out her mouthpiece with a wet splurt,
then vomited heavily all over it.

Her spirit hadn’t broken yet.
But her body had already given out before her will did.
While Junko was retching uncontrollably, unable to resist the rising bile,
the ten-count passed her by.

A clear and undeniable defeat—
one that exposed the difference in talent and ability between her and her opponent.
Was this her limit...? No, she would surpass it. Again and again, no matter how many times it took.

"I couldn't care less about having talent or not.
I'm just more stubborn than anyone else when it comes to losing...!"

One year later...
By the time they met again in the ring, Junko had become a top-ranked contender,
and Azami was the reigning champion of the Japan League (WTBJ).

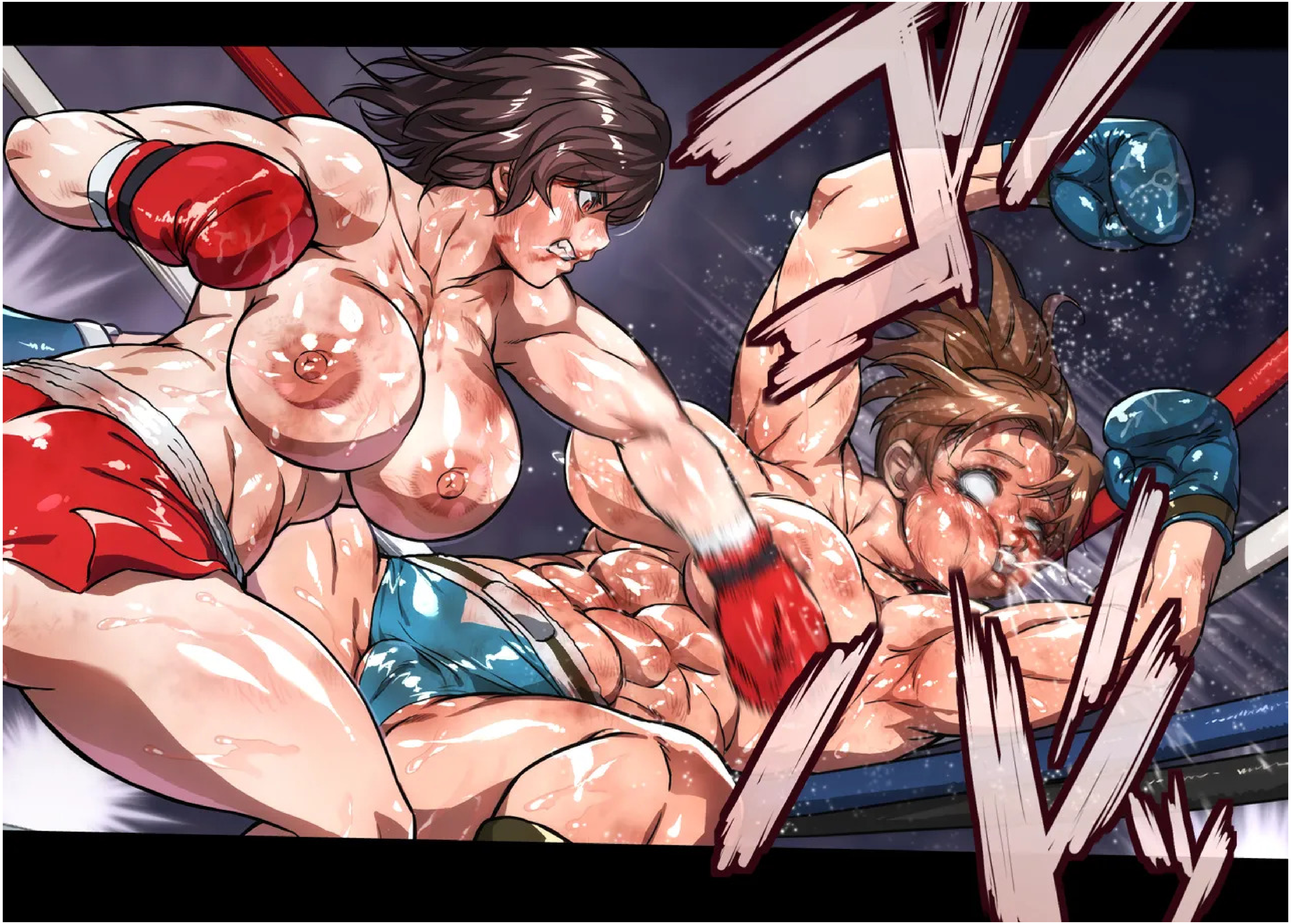
Their fated rematch would now be a title match with the belt on the line.

"You know... that perpetually sour look on your face's basically your default now.
Well, I guess that's just the kind of person you are."

Even as champion, Azami's laid-back tone remained unchanged.
Meanwhile, Junko, already known for being taciturn, had grown even more silent,
her eyes burning with fury toward the one opponent she could never forgive.

A relaxed champion versus a challenger lacking any mental composure.
Most spectators predicted Azami would once again defeat Junko.

But Junko—
with a fire raging deep within her heart—
would shatter those expectations.



Junko clung on with desperation, but Azami toyed with her.
At first, it seemed like a repeat of their previous match. But soon, the tide began to shift.

No matter how many times she was knocked down, Junko stood up again.
With each rise, her eyes burned with even fiercer passion,
and she launched relentless, reckless offensives that seemed to border on madness.

Faced with that stubborn, gritty fighting style she refused to abandon,
Azami began to feel as if Junko was growing stronger with every knockdown.
And perhaps, the moment that pressure weighed on Azami...the fight was already decided.

By the end of their blood-soaked slugfest,
the one lying defeated on the canvas was Azami.

"She'd gotten stronger—more power, better technique—
but that's not what got me.
What really shook me... was her spirit.

She was even more stubborn and awkward than the last time
we fought.
I was honestly overwhelmed, thinking, 'Is she for real?'

That last punch··· yeah, no way I could've stood up after
taking that.
It was like she laid her soul bare and threw it straight at me.

And I knew then—no matter how many times we fought from now on,
I'd never beat Junko again. I was sure of it."

Togō Azami left those words in her final interview,
announcing her retirement from the ring following her loss
and the loss of her belt.
Yet there was no regret on her face—only a gentle smile
that seemed to bless her rival's triumph.

Junko had completed her long-awaited revenge
and claimed the WTBJ championship at last···

But this was only the true beginning of her turbulent journey.

Having overcome her rivalry with Azami, Junko now stood unmatched in strength within Japan, to the point that finding worthy domestic opponents had become a challenge.

Since topless rules had become the mainstream, the Japan Boxing Association had not seen a star capable of gaining international fame. Seeing their chance, they made an unprecedented proposal: it was time for Japan's champion, Shishidō Junko, to make her name known to the world.

The plan was to openly invite top contenders from overseas leagues to challenge her. And so, for her first title defense, Junko would face a world-class fighter.

Answering the call was Russia's top-ranked contender—
a towering giant known as "The Blizzard," Avita Azhankova.

Before the match began, as they stood face-to-face in the ring, Avita tried to overwhelm Junko with exaggerated intimidation and a barrage of shouts.

"What's the matter? First time fighting someone this tall?
Are you scared, Miss Japanese Champion!?"

"In Japan, we say 'the weaker one barks the loudest.'
Seems like the perfect phrase for you."

"Oh? You've got guts, little lady.
I'm gonna smash that pretty face of yours to pieces!"

Her enormous body was packed with bulging muscle—not just for show.
Even through her brutish theatrics, a certain nobility seeped through.
Junko instantly recognized that Avita was without a doubt the real deal.

(Even so··· I can win.
I'm ready to go toe-to-toe with a world-class fighter···!)

···But at that moment, Junko was still young—so full of confidence that she couldn't yet see the true gap in their abilities.

A brutal, one-sided slaughter.

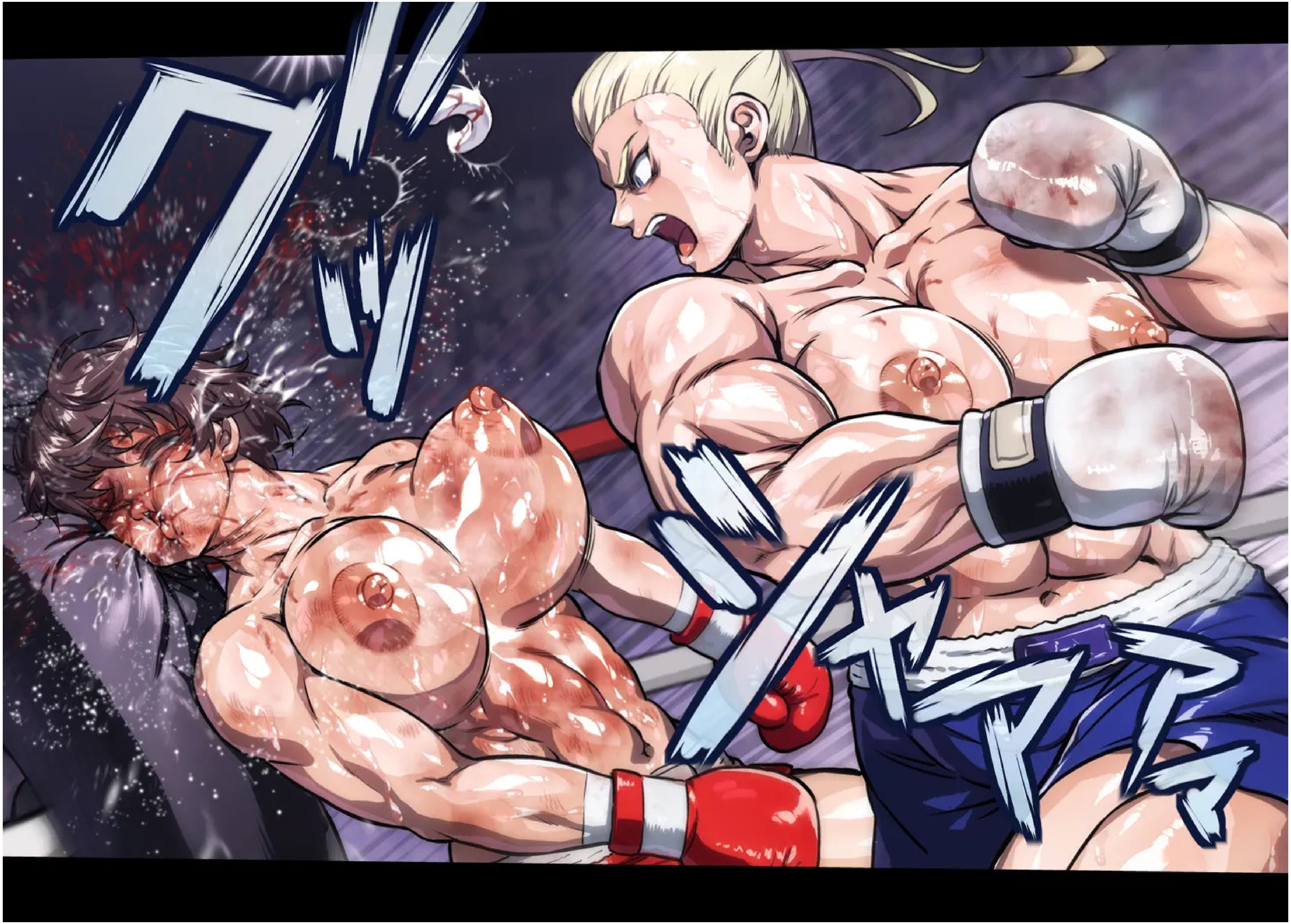
Each jab snapped her head back, shaking her brain.
Body blows shattered her tensed abs, driving pain deep into her organs.
A cannon-like straight punch crushed her nasal bone in a single strike.

“Gah... kuh—cough...”

By the time the first round's break arrived,
Junko’s bloodied face was grotesquely swollen,
and her abdomen and breasts were bruised a deep, horrifying shade of red.
Surviving to that point was a miracle in itself—the match was already decided.

"B-blugh... n-nose... s-stop the bleeding...
I-I can’t... breathe..."

While the corner team was gripped by despair,
the only one refusing to accept reality
was Junko herself—unable to view her battered body with any objectivity.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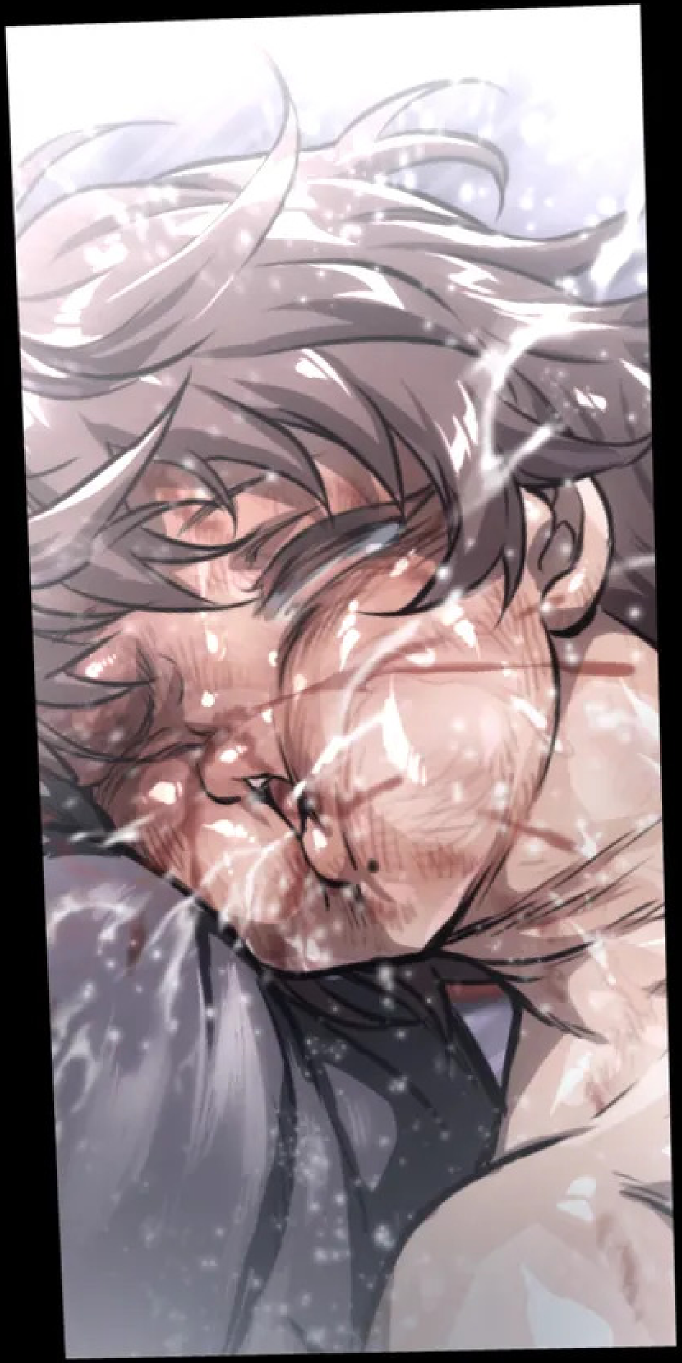


Even if you're knocked down, as long as you keep standing
until victory, you haven't lost.
That belief—hardened through countless fierce battles—was
utterly shattered
by the sheer destructive force of her punches.

Round 2, 1 minute 24 seconds...
Champion Junko Shishido was knocked out,
unable to stand even once after her first knockdown,
losing her title in crushing defeat.

The media dubbed her a “paper champion”,
beaten to a pulp in just the second round without a single
successful defense.
Even her unyielding spirit was broken—if only just this once.

"What ‘Unburnable Flame’...?"

Having lost everything, Junko spent days in tears in her hospital bed.
But then—a certain news report caught her eye.

Avita, who was scheduled to return to
her home country that same day,
refused to accept the championship belt after
defeating Junko in their title match.
As a result, the Japanese championship title remained vacant.

By the time she was dealt the final blow, Junko had lost consciousness, completely cut off from the outside world.
Until now, she had no idea—
That the very person who had taken the belt from her…
had refused to accept it?

"What the hell… What is she?! What the hell is she thinking?!"

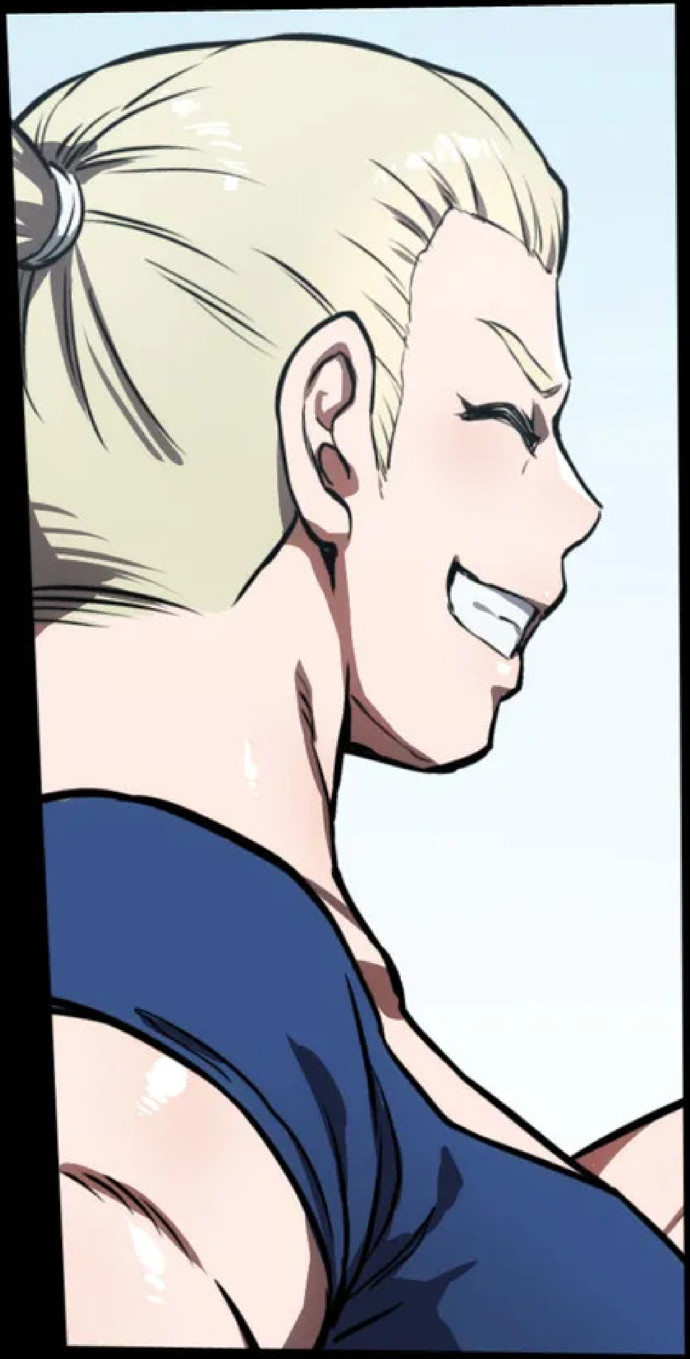
Unable to sit still, Junko raced to the airport,
her emotions toward Avita still a tangled mess she couldn't sort out.

"Yo. Figured you'd show up, princess.
You strike me as the stubborn type."

Gone was the savage fury from the ring—
Avita Azhienkova, outside the ropes, wore a friendly, disarming smile,
a woman with the refreshing honesty of someone who
always speaks their mind.

"The belt? Oh, that? I was never that interested to begin with.
Defending it regularly in Japan sounded like a pain, honestly.
I just wanted to fight you—'cause you looked interesting."

"You had that hungry, fire-in-your-eyes look.
The kind you see in kids who grow up in the slums.
I thought, 'Maybe this one'll give me a real fight.'
But… well, you let me down.
It was too easy. Bit of an anticlimax, really."



She had no interest in wealth or fame— A pure warrior who lived only for life-or-death battles in the ring.
And yet, Junko had failed to respond to even a single part of that warrior's expectation.

Even the purity of their spirit as fighters had been worlds apart.
Her pride, already shattered, was now crushed to dust.
Because she was inexperienced. Because she was too weak.
And with that bitter truth came a surge of fire in her heart—and hot tears welling up in her eyes.

"L-look here…! I've got a rep, okay?
As the kind of fighter who always gets her revenge!
So you'd better be ready… I'm gonna get way, way stronger, and I will get payback on you…!"

Avita grinned, pressing her huge fist lightly to Junko's cheek.

"If that pretty face of yours wants to get smashed in again,
come find me anytime. I'll be not looking forward to it… princess."

Realizing she had been a frog in a well,
Junko paid no mind to reclaiming the Japanese title.
Instead, she threw herself into a whirlwind of overseas training,
bouncing between leagues across the globe.
All for the sake of her third shot at revenge—
For the sole purpose of defeating Avita.
Years passed, and just as Junko finally attained a strength she could believe in with certainty—
it happened.

During one of the regularly held international exhibition matches,
Avita was defeated by another woman, suffered grave injuries··· and never returned.

Eloise Partie···
That was the name of the woman who brought down Avita.
The eldest daughter of France’s famed noble family of combat,
she defeated the mighty Avita in just three rounds.
With that victory, Éloïse’s name spread across the globe,
and she swiftly ascended to the top of the French League.
Not stopping there, she went on—undefeated—to claim the title
in the European League, one of the six major continental leagues.
She accomplished all of this in under two years.

"You said you'd wait... And yet, you left me.
Just like that—so easily."

Watching Éloïse’s dazzling rise reported on the news,
Junko no longer bore the fire she once did.
She finally realized:
the flame burning within her had been one
of revenge all along.
It was that thirst for vengeance that had been
the very core of her being.

The opponent to whom she had once intended to throw
all of her flames was now gone—forever.

And yet, to direct those flames toward Eloise Partie would be misguided.
First of all, she had already ascended to a height so far beyond Junko
that Junko was no longer even in her line of sight.

The thread that had remained taut throughout Junko's entire boxing
career··· suddenly snapped.

She had always hated phrases like “natural talent” or “there’s always
someone better.”
But in this world, there truly existed individuals so gifted they forced
that reality upon you— People like Eloise Partie.

Lost in despair and resignation, Junko returned to the Japanese League.
The days passed, her inner flame smoldering, and she fought on as if
out of sheer inertia.

Ironically, it was during this time that her overseas training bore its true fruit—
An exceptional level of insight and ring awareness that elevated Junko’s
strength to heights she had never reached before.
The disgrace of losing her title in the second round was long since
erased by her dominant comeback.
It was around this time that people began calling her Japan’s
strongest boxer, the Red Legend.

Yet, the more praise she received, the more hollow
Junko’s heart became.

This isn’t what I was searching for···

By now, Junko no longer had any interest in reclaiming the Japanese title.
She began to push others away, as if she preferred solitude.

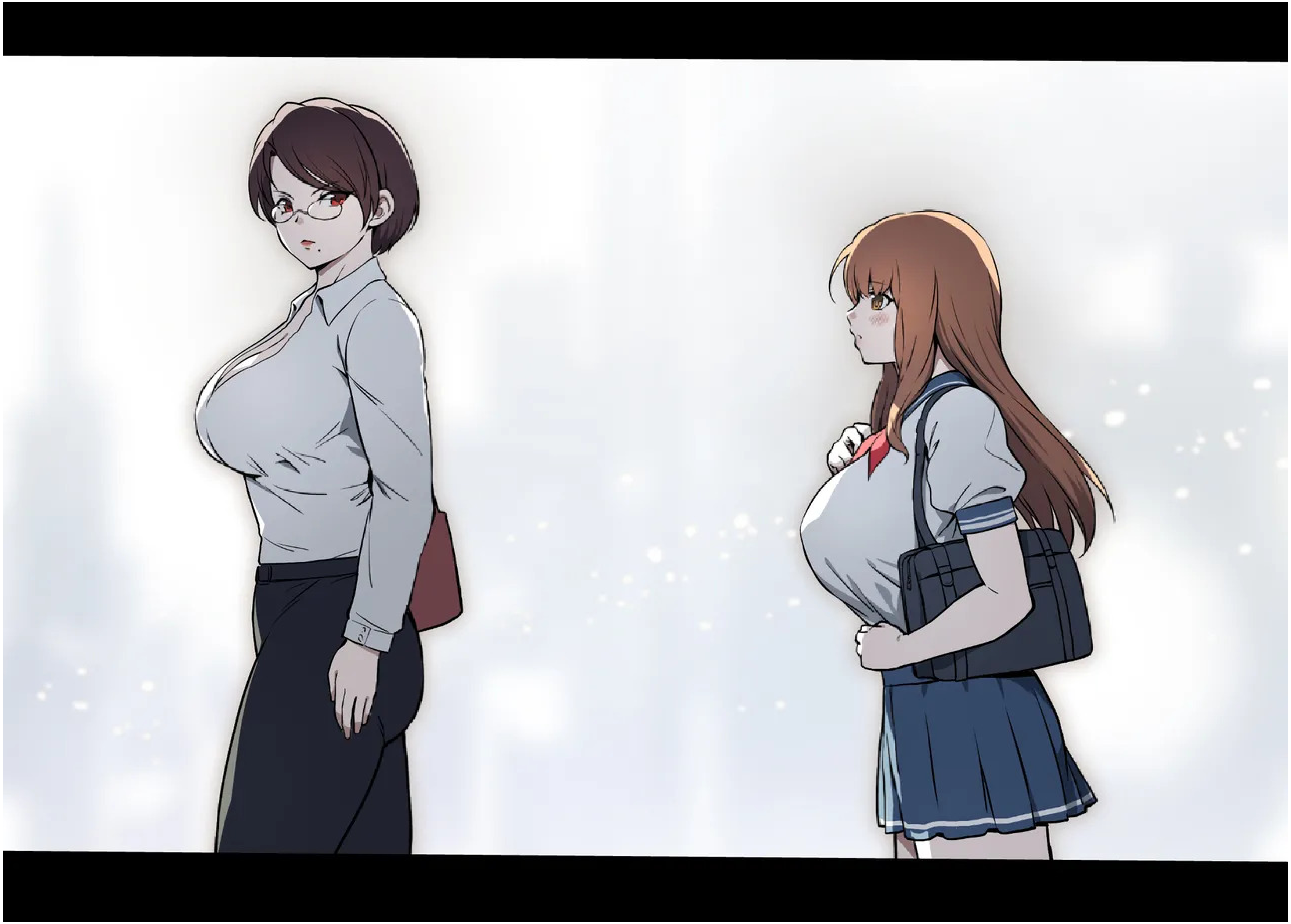
She left the gym she had grown attached to, built a training facility in her own home,
and devoted herself to aimless training—all alone.

Her naturally blunt personality, which had often led to misunderstandings,
only became more abrasive and unapproachable.

Thus, the woman once called the Red Legend spent years trapped in a dim, inescapable routine.

Then one day, on her way home after yet another fight—
as always, alone—someone approached her from behind.

"U-Um··· e-excuse me.
A-Are you··· Shishido Junko···?"



Suzume Mitsuki.

At the time, she was still a fragile girl, no different from her younger self—crushed by her own weakness.
But in order to change, she summoned her courage and took a desperate first step forward.

Just as she had once received light from the Red Legend,
one day, she herself would become the light that dispels darkness.

Suzume Mitsuki and Junko Shishido —
this was the beginning of their story.

Master and Apprentice

"————What?"

(Eek··· S-she's scary···)

Junko had meant to reply calmly,
but her emotionless tone only made Suzume shrink back.

"···A fan? I don’t do meet-and-greets."

Turning on her heel, Junko briskly walked away.
Desperately, Suzume forced the words from her throat.

"Uh··· um···!
How can I··· become strong··· like you··· Miss Shishido···?"

Junko came to a halt and turned to face Suzume.

"Are you saying··· you want to become a boxer too?"

"Uh··· um, yes. If··· if possible···"

"You're not suited for it. You should give up."

"..............."

Thinking of the girl's future, Junko spoke bluntly and without sugarcoating.
This wasn't a world one should enter on the basis of sweet admiration.

Two women putting their bodies on display,
beating each other senseless under rules that could cost them their lives—
that such a thing is now recognized worldwide is, in itself, abnormal.
A true "spectacle of darkness basking in the light."

To survive in that world, hunger is essential.

For instance—
An unwavering belief that one can become the strongest.
A curse that finds fulfillment only in life-or-death combat.
Or a primal urge to beat and destroy another to one's heart's content.

Anyone lacking such fierce motivation
is simply prey to be devoured by the strong.

And the girl in front of her—
who only lowered her gaze in silence when told to walk away—
radiated none of that.

There was no need to deliberately choose such a wretched path.
There would be countless other things she could pursue in life.

As Junko lectured Suzume, she suddenly realized something.
What she had said was truly how she felt—
but the tone of her words had been far harsher and colder than she intended.

Years of pent-up frustration from having lost her direction as a fighter—
she had just taken it all out on this innocent girl who knew nothing.

(Pathetic… I've really hit rock bottom.)

Junko called out to Suzume, who was tearfully trudging away,
and offered a sincere apology.

She had no clear destination to aim for anymore.
If that was the case, perhaps befriending someone completely different from herself
might spark something new within.

And so began the unlikely bond between Junko and Suzume.

At first, Suzume was so nervous she could barely speak,
but after meeting a few more times, they slowly began to hold proper conversations.

Suzume was a die-hard fan of Junko, to the point where she had
memorized every match Junko had ever fought.
The one that left the deepest impression on her, she said,
was Junko's first bout against Azami Togo.

"You got knocked down so many times by Togo-san...
But watching you get back up again and again—it really moved me.
You never gave up... I thought that was so cool."

To Junko, it was a disgraceful defeat she'd rather forget.
But for Suzume, it had left a lasting impression as a memorable fight.

Suzume focused less on wins or flashy knockouts,
and more on the hardship and tenacity shown by the fighters.
The look in her eyes as she spoke of it shone so purely
that Junko almost flinched from it.

And as their relationship deepened over time...
Junko came to realize that Suzume's desire to become a boxer
was firmer than she had expected.

This was the one thing Suzume refused to back down on,
no matter how hard Junko tried to stop her.
Seeing that, Junko offered her a proposal.

"Fine... If you're that determined, then I'll train you myself."

"Ehh!? Y-You will, Junko-san!? I-I mean... that's..."

The thought of receiving direct instruction from a top-level fighter
as a complete novice was overwhelming.
Suzume had never imagined that someone like Junko—still an
active boxer—would make such an offer.

"You don't need to worry about my situation.
For a variety of reasons, I'm not particularly attached to
staying active anymore."

"But don't misunderstand—what I said before, that you're not
suited for boxing, I still stand by it.
You're about to step into something far too dangerous for
someone like you."

"That's why—if we do this, I'll break you down without mercy.
I'll push you hard enough to crush your spirit.
And if you don't have the will to overcome that...
then walk away from this path without hesitation."

And so began the boxing journey of Suzume Mitsuzuki, who became a live-in disciple at Junko's residence.
What awaited her were days of punishing training—just as Junko had warned.

"You're not even halfway done yet··· Did I say you could rest?"

The grueling regimen focused on building fundamental physical strength—no less intense than what Junko herself had endured at the start of her career.
Suzume, who had never properly trained her body before, found herself vomiting nearly every day, sweating and crying enough to form puddles on the floor.

"Hii... hiii... ugh... hiiii..."

"How many times do I have to tell you?
Don't just swing with your arms!
Even when you're completely exhausted,
your form has to stay solid—drill it into your body!"

Junko gave a light counter with the mitt, and Suzume dropped flat on her rear, collapsing in tears on the canvas soaked with her own sweat.

"Get up. If you're just going to sob, do it somewhere else."

Her consciousness blurred, Suzume no longer had the strength or will to respond to Junko's words···
Only then was that day's training finally called to an end.

"I'll say it as many times as it takes.
You're not suited for boxing."

Even after months had passed, Junko kept telling Suzume the same thing— yet Suzume never gave up.
Even when she was completely drained and collapsed during roadwork,
even when a sudden downpour left her drenched,
she cried out, soaked to the bone:

"Coach··· please··· Please let me keep going··· Please let me stay···
If I give up on even this path···
I'll really have nothing··· nothing left at all···"

"That's just something you've convinced yourself of.
There are still so many other paths you could take.
You're still just a child···"

"I want to be strong···
Strong enough to give someone courage··· like you···"

"I'm nothing that noble. I've only ever used these fists for myself."

"I know that··· but still··· I—"

Cowardly to a fault, unable to make friends, and with nothing
to be confident in—
what kept the girl going was an intense inferiority complex and
a desperate desire to change.

Such emotions, if misdirected, could easily warp into jealousy or
resentment toward others.
But perhaps··· in the world of boxing, they could become a kind of
hunger—a will to survive.

As Suzume continued to look up at her with those purely shining eyes,
something began to shift inside Junko—
a change in heart and a kind of confusion she had never experienced before.

"···Dry yourself off before you catch a cold.
Also··· your hair's getting long. Here, take this—it's an old one of mine."

"······Huh?"

What Junko held out was a worn yellow headband.

"I used it during training.
It's made of regulation flexible material, so you're allowed to wear it in matches.
You'll need it, right? ···When the time comes for you to step into the ring."

"C-Coach···!"

“Hah, that’s just the suspension bridge effect. This one’s just throwing out the occasional bit of kindness to trick poor Suzume.”

After retiring, Azami Tōgō became a trainer at Teijo(Imperial Princess) Gym, the biggest name in Japan, where she now dedicates herself to raising the next generation.
Even so, she often dropped by Junko’s house like this, sometimes personally helping to look after Suzume.

“You’ve got some nerve badmouthing a mentor right in front of her pupil.
You’re a terrible influence—so how about you get lost?”

“You’ve got Suzume-chan doing pretty much the same brutal workouts you used to put yourself through, right? Remind me, who was it that followed those same old-school, meathead routines and still got absolutely wrecked by me?”

“Wasn’t it you who got so thoroughly beaten in our title match you decided to retire right then and there?”

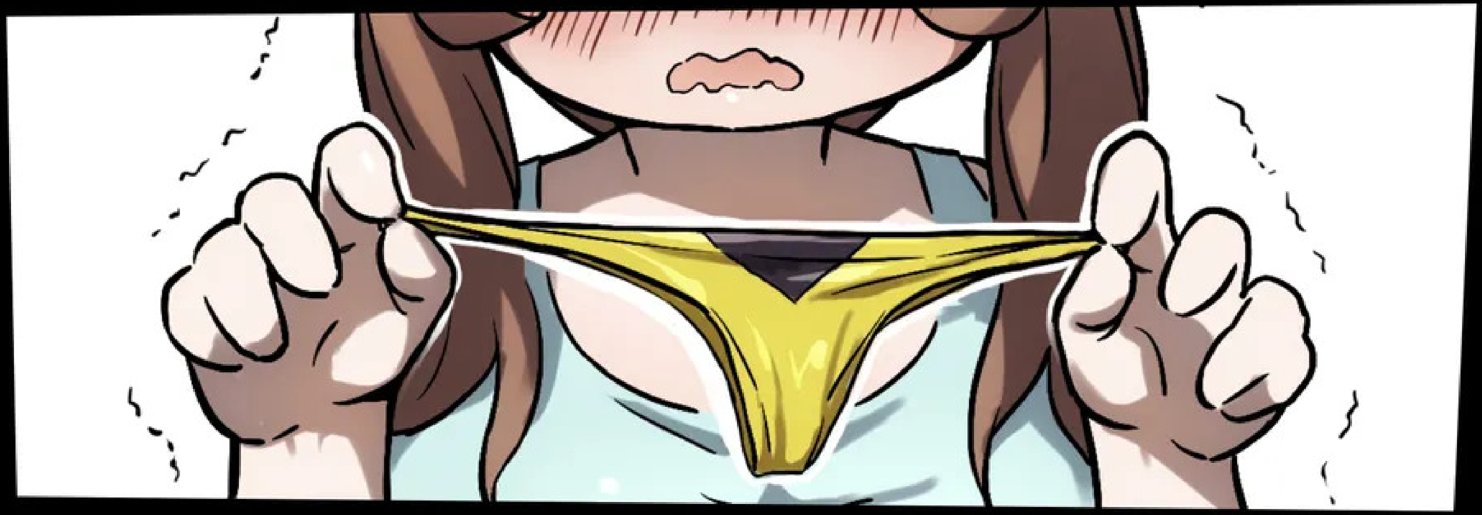
Their banter was blunt and unfiltered, yet the air between them was more like two old friends chatting over nonsense.
To Suzume, catching a glimpse of this side of Junko—a side she didn’t normally show—was a rare comfort in the midst of harsh training days.

A year and a half since becoming an apprentice—
The once-untrained girl's body had transformed completely into that of a fighter.
Now, the debut match of boxer Suzume Mitsuki was just around the corner.

"The outfit we ordered for your match just arrived. Try it on at least once before the big day."

"Eh··· R-Really!? That's awesome···!"

She had already resigned herself to the fact that she'd have to bare her breasts in the ring.
But what truly mattered to Suzume was the cool pair of trunks—like the ones Junko wore in her own matches.
The day had finally come when she would wear the same kind of iconic gear as her idol...



"···U-Um··· Coach··· What is this···?"

A string-like pair of pants that barely covers the important parts.
What's more, they're a little small, and if she wears them,
they'll be dangerously tight around her waist.

“Um... what do I wear over this?”

“Just that around your waist. Oh, and there's a leg belt.
You wrap it around your thighs.”

“Not there...”

“Wow, if you pair this with Suzume-chan's sexy body, it'll be a scandal.
The eye-catching design is perfect for distracting the opponent, but...
If you start with such a bold costume, you'll be too embarrassed
to move properly during the actual performance, won't you?”

"Shame is something you'll get used to quickly.
If you're going to be a topless boxer, you need to develop the
thick skin to avoid letting unnecessary tension slow you down."

"Whoa, you're tough on the mental side too, huh, Coach Shishido?
Then 'Suzume' sounds way too cute—why don't we give her a ring name with some intimidation factor?"

"Good idea. Let's give her a name so powerful it'll be something to live up to—a benchmark."

"Hmm... Oh!
Since her outfit is yellow and black, how about 'Wasp Mitsuki'?"

"'Wasp'... Do you really think this girl looks like a hornet?
That name completely overwhelms her. At best, she'd be a 'Honeybee.'"

"Wait a second, you just said it should be an overwhelmingly strong name!
You're seriously ignoring what you said literally seconds ago?!"

"'Honeybee Mitsuki'... Yeah, that fits nicely. Decided."

"You're not even listening anymore!"

(Aaahh... They're deciding everything without me···)

"I'm giving you one assignment, Honeybee Mitsuki.
For your debut match, I want you to focus on only one thing: the jab. Win by KO using just your jab."

"W-What!?"

"Ahh... well, it's a rookie opponent, so maybe she can pull it off.
Go for it—Honeybee Mitsuki~!"

"Eeeehhh···"

She was suddenly saddled with an impossible challenge for her debut match.
And the result came within the very first three minutes.
As the opening bell rang out, Suzume stood frozen in place, eyes wide in disbelief,
her fist awkwardly extended mid-jab.

Suzume launched a left jab.

Its incredible speed and relentless repetition left her opponent completely unable to react—she could only stand there and take hit after hit.

(Why isn't she fighting back...? Wait, she's slumped against the ropes. Is she scared...? Of what? ...Of me?)

Feeling a pang of guilt at the terrified expression on her opponent's face, Suzume hesitated and stopped her assault. From ringside, Junko's sharp voice cut through the moment.

"What are you spacing out for!? Keep hitting!"

Startled, Suzume reflexively resumed her attack, pummeling her defenseless opponent.

"Buh—buh—bufh!? B-bluh—buh—hiii..."

Each punch made her spit up a mix of blood and saliva. Eventually, the opponent collapsed to her knees, screaming in desperation toward the outside of the ring as if begging to be rescued from a cage of wild beasts.

Thanks to the harsh training she had endured under Junko, Suzume had already surpassed the level of an average rookie. A first-round KO using only jabs—this was the spectacular debut of Honeybee Mitsuki.

"Staying silent won't answer my question.
I asked you—why did you ease up, even though the match wasn't over yet?"

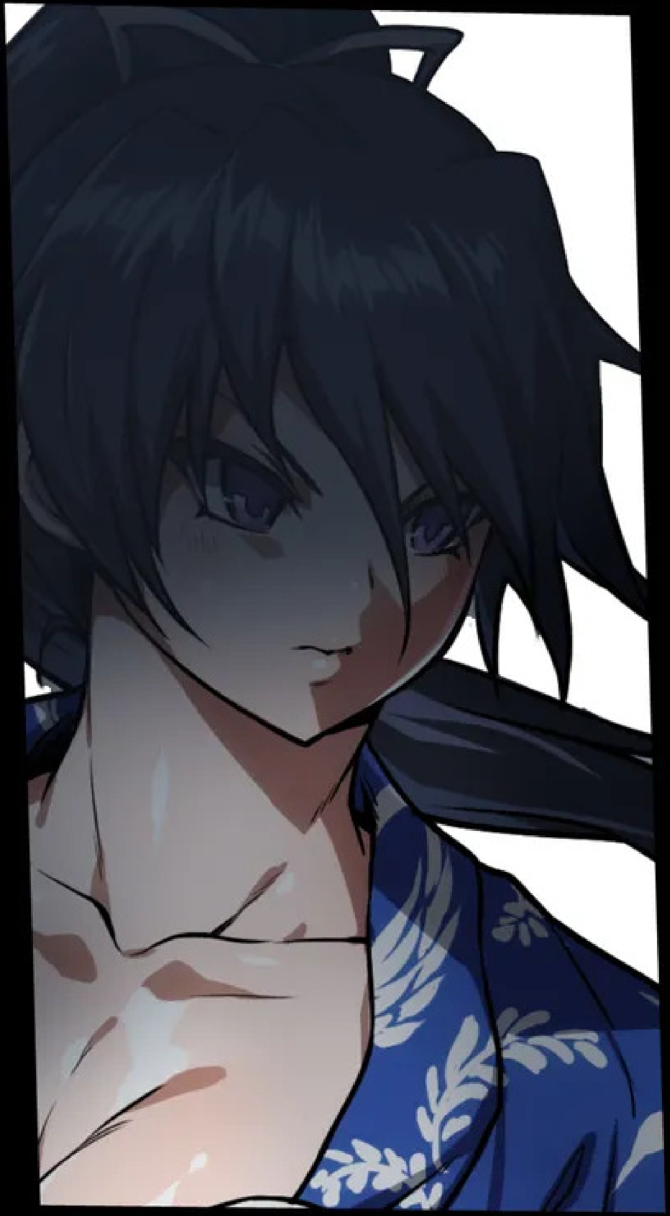
Suzume had secretly hoped that after securing victory in her debut, she might finally receive some praise.
But reality was harsh—what awaited her was a scolding from her stern coach, Junko the Demon.

"Were you trying to show mercy?
Were you thinking something naïve, like how you'd feel if the roles were reversed?
There is no room for such sentiment in the professional ring.
You must never step into that space with soft, careless emotions. Do you understand?"

"Yes… I'm sorry…"

"…We'll treat that as a point to work on. Other than that, your debut was quite solid."

"…!!"



It might have been her coach's way of offering the slightest bit of consolation after the harsh reprimand.
But even that single line made Suzume feel as though everything she had endured until now had been worth it.
She choked back her sobs and let large tears quietly stream down her cheeks.

That said, defeating a lower-ranked opponent once didn't prove much.
Junko was still evaluating Suzume's potential as a boxer, and the true trials—the ruthless ones—were still to come.

About a month after her debut———
Suzume would have a fateful encounter, one as significant as her meeting with Junko.

Since debuting, she had racked up four straight wins at a fast pace, taking little damage along the way.
Just as she was beginning to gain a little confidence, watching a certain boxer's match made that newfound optimism instantly deflate.

The girl in the ring was not much older than Suzume and had debuted only slightly earlier.
Yet just watching her was enough to feel the overwhelming difference in caliber.

When the match ended and the announcer called the winner's name…

"The Sharp Hailstorm—Hayate Haruyuki."

"…You really need to do something about that crippling shyness of yours."

Noticing Hayate approaching on the athletes-only floor, Suzume quickly ducked behind Junko's back, timidly peeking out from behind her.

"Miss Junko Shishido.
The living legend of Japanese boxing… It's an honor to meet you."

Her composed response in front of Junko, her upright, slender posture—everything about her was the complete opposite of Suzume.

"You have a rather unique and interesting style.
Have you practiced any martial arts besides boxing?"

"Your insight is truly impressive.
As the second daughter of the Haruyuki family, a house rooted in ancient martial arts, I've been practicing budō since childhood."

According to Hayate...
Women born into the Haruyuki family are, upon coming of age, made to leave the house,
and are not permitted to return until they've proven themselves in a modern martial arts arena.

It's through this austere tradition—
by integrating the essence of contemporary combat sports over generations—
that the Haruyuki style has survived and evolved into the present day.

Perhaps it was the aura earned from living a life of combat under such unusual circumstances.
Hayate's cold eyes, unreadable in emotion, froze Suzume to the core with just a glance.

She had already witnessed the difference in skill and experience earlier during the match.
If she were ever to face this woman in the ring, there was no way she could win.
Feeling discouraged, Suzume shrank beside Junko—who, by contrast, wore a fearless smile.

"Miss Haruyuki. When you say 'prove yourself'⋯
Do you mean something like defeating me, this so-called living legend?"

"Yes⋯ Though as I am now, I doubt I would stand a chance against you.
But once I've honed myself further and earned the proper ranking,
I will challenge you without fail."

"A fine spirit you've got. By the way⋯"

"Hyah!?"

Junko pushed the hidden Suzume forward, making her stand in front of Hayate.

"This girl is Suzume Mitsuki⋯
My proud disciple, to whom I've passed on every bit of technique I possess."

"If I can do something, chances are this girl can do it too.
If you plan on fighting me eventually, sparring with her might be a worthwhile experience for you, don't you think?"

(No no no, that's a lie, I can't do any of it—Not a single thing!!)

Unable to make eye contact with Hayate, Suzume shook her head rapidly from side to side.

"…It seems she doesn't consider herself fully trained just yet."

"That meek act? I taught her that, too.
It's a feint—to lure in a careless opponent and finish them with a single bite."

Junko spoke blatant lies without batting an eye.
It was a bluff, meant to spark Hayate's interest in Suzume and make a match between them possible—even though Hayate was clearly out of her league.

"I humbly accept your challenge.
Suzume Mitsuki… or rather, your ring name was Honeybee Mitsuki, yes?
I look forward to a good fight."

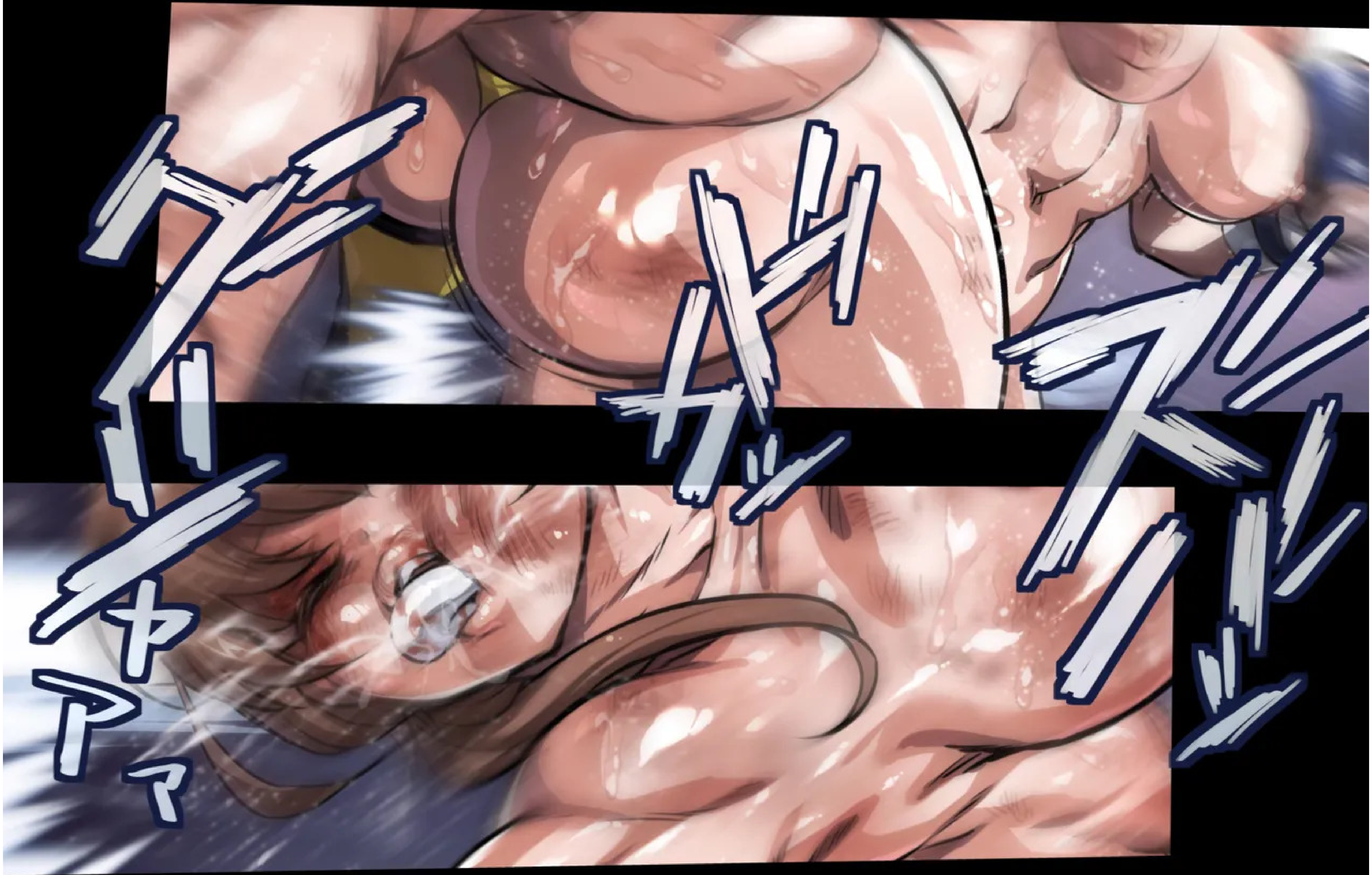
"Uh… y-yes…"

(Why··· Coach, why···!?)

Until now, Suzume had only been matched with other rookies at a similar rank. Suddenly, she was thrust into a match with someone clearly far above her—a massive leap in level.

No, there's no way Coach would set up a fight she didn't think I could win.
Maybe··· maybe I really am strong enough to win now···

Trying to shake off her doubts, Suzume clung to a baseless hope in her own potential.
But that faint, naïve hope—
was about to be shattered, utterly and completely.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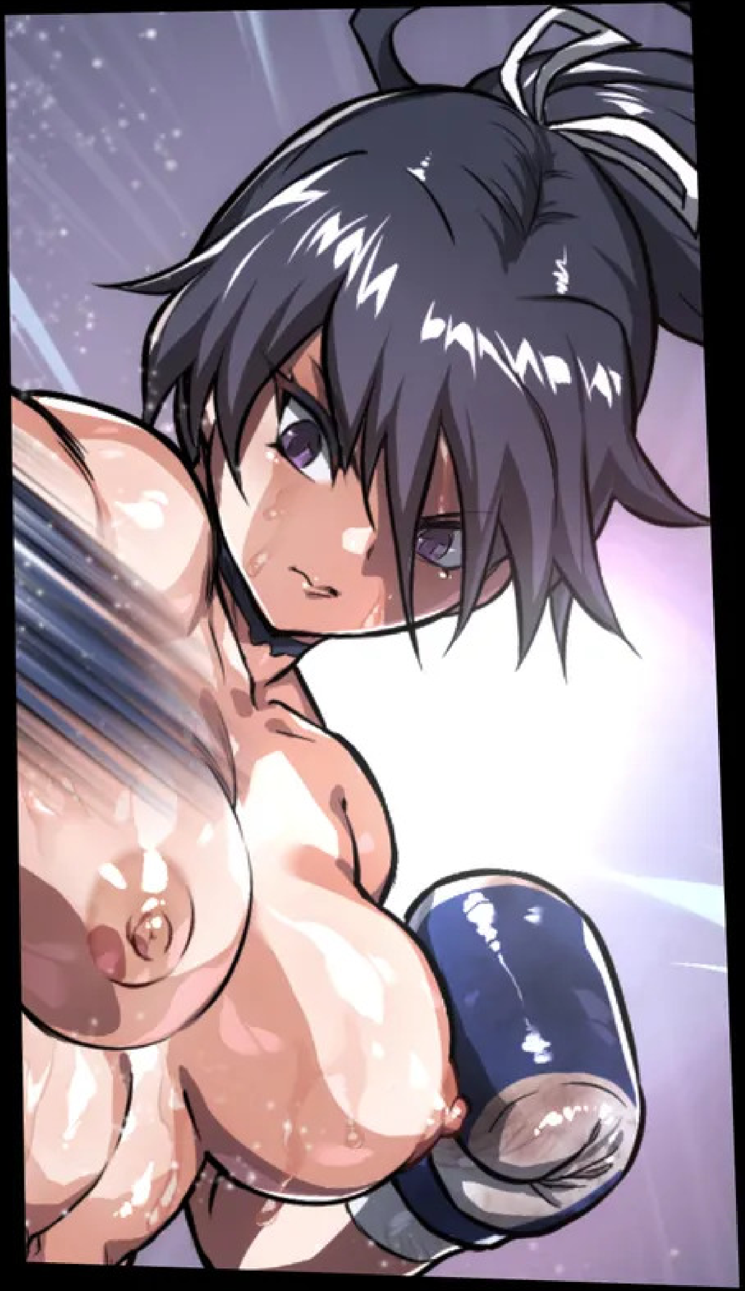
“This is overwhelmingly one-sided——!!
From the outside, it's Hyouu, and if she tries to force her way in, it's Fubuki!
In the face of Haruyuki’s technique, Honeybee Mitsuki has no answer whatsoever!!”



Because her previous matches had all been handled with just her jab, once that strategy was seen through, she had no backup plan. Sparring against the more experienced Hayate made Suzume's lack of versatility painfully clear.

A barrage of long-range arcs flying in from outside ——"Hyouu" (Drizzling Ice).

A hook from outside the line of sight, punishing anyone who dared to close in——"Fubuki" (Blizzard).

And silent, gliding footwork that threw off her opponent's sense of distance——"Itachi" (Weasel).

These unorthodox techniques—born from a fusion of boxing and the Haruyuki school of classical martial arts—completely overwhelmed Suzume.
By the fifth round, she had already been knocked down twice, reeling in a confused daze from an adversity she'd never experienced before.

The pain of having her exposed body struck without mercy.
The shame of collapsing so helplessly in front of a massive crowd.

The confidence that had only just begun to take root in the timid girl was shattered completely by the first true challenge of her life.

Round 6—Seeing that Suzume had completely lost the will to fight, Hayate began to speak even as she continued delivering punches.

"I never took everything Shishidou-san said at face value.
But... to think you'd be this fragile.
It seems you've inherited neither her technique nor her conviction.

I'm searching for a rival who can push me to new heights.
The weak have no place in that pursuit. Forfeit, Mitsuki Suzume."

As the round ended, Hayate turned and walked briskly back to her corner.
Suzume, arms tucked in like a turtle's shell, stood there trembling—unable to say a word in return.

"I-I can't··· I can't do this anymore···"

During the break, Suzume shook her head through tears.
But Junko paid her no mind, performing her duties as a corner coach with cold precision.

"You've still got more in you.
Go get beaten to your heart's content."

Suzume's mind went blank.

What··· what is she saying? What is this person even talking about?

Why isn't she giving me any advice, even though she's my second?
Why would she even let me fight someone I have no chance
of beating in the first place…?

"Don't go whining like a child over damage of this level."

"Hii—!"

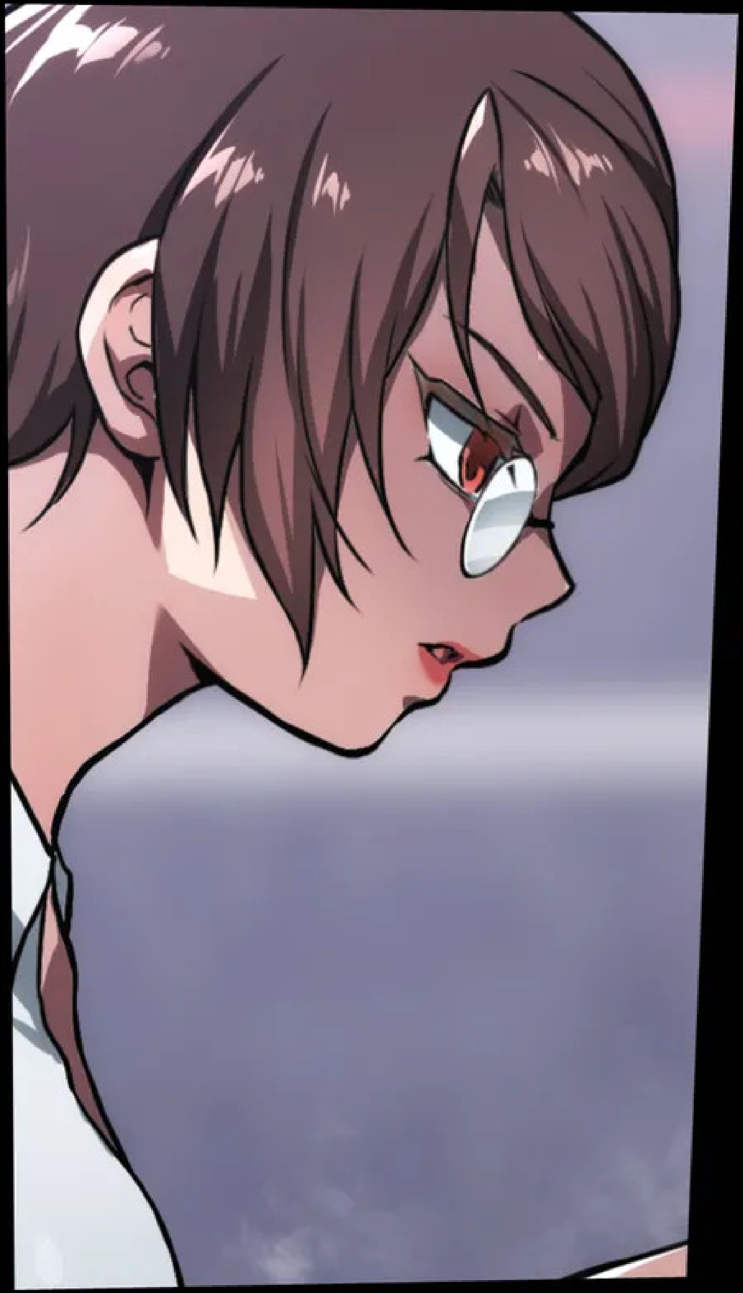
Junko's fierce spirit cut through Suzume's spiraling doubts
like a blade.
That jolt brought her just slightly back to her senses, out
of her panicked state.

"If you're really going to live your life as a boxer from here on out…
Then the pain and fear waiting for you ahead are far worse than this.
Far, far worse than this.

And for the record, I didn't train your body to be this soft.
You can take this. You will take this."

Suzume focused on her body—every inch still throbbed with pain
and tingling sensation, all the way to her fingers and toes.
That meant… she could still feel. She could still move.
So—she could still fight.

"You're the one who came up with that punch strong enough
to turn a fight around.
You already have the body and the tools to win.
What's missing now…
That's something you'll have to figure out for yourself."



As Suzume listened to Junko’s words, something began to stir deep within her.
The very origin of her desire to become strong— What was it that she truly wanted?

She looked at the woman standing before her.
Just how much pain, how many trials had this person endured to get here?
What was the core, the very heart, that had carried her through it all?

Was it her honed body? Her perfected technique?
No··· it was neither of those things.

“Stand and fight.
No matter how many times you’re knocked down—keep getting back up.
That··· is what it means to be a boxer.”

"If you still say you can't do it after all that, then fine— I'll throw in the towel for you.
But if I do··· you're giving up the path of a boxer, completely.
And I don't ever want to see you in front of me again."

Junko said nothing more after that. This was a trial.
A final test to determine whether Suzume could truly survive in this merciless world.
Until the answer revealed itself, Junko would play the devil without hesitation.

(I··· Even so··· I still want to become someone like Coach···
Someone like Junko-san···)

The bell signaling the start of Round 7 rang out.
Another three minutes of pain and punishment had begun.
But as Suzume rose from her stool, there was a newfound strength in her steps—
as if she had cast aside all hesitation.

(Impossible… This… this can't be happening…!!)

What seemed like a match already decided had now
dragged into the 11th round.
The jab-based offense that Hayate had once seen
through was somehow landing again—
and her own body was now covered in bruises.

(Why won't she falter no matter how much I hit her…!?
Why hasn't her movement slowed down even after 11 rounds!?)

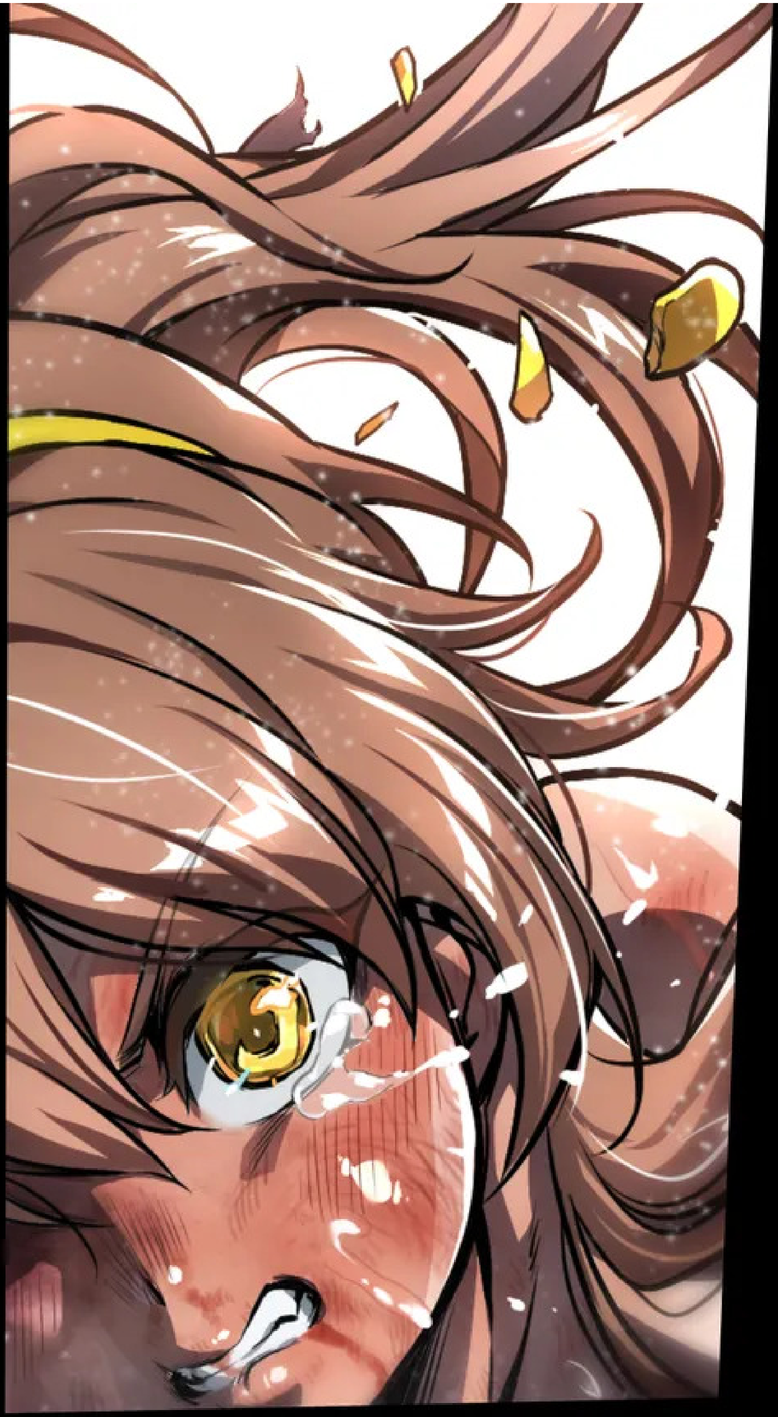
Hayate's techniques were fast, but they lacked decisive
power in a single blow.
She couldn't halt Suzume's relentless charge, like a raging bull closing in.

And the longer the fight went on, the more the difference
in stamina revealed itself— in movement, in timing, in everything.

What had been crammed into Suzume through hellish
training was now showing:
inhuman toughness and seemingly infinite endurance.
That overwhelming pressure had finally cornered Hayate
against the ropes.

"Gh… HRAAAHHHH!!"

With a desperate cry, Hayate unleashed a fierce counterattack.
Her fist grazed Suzume's temple, snapping her hairpin—
and her chestnut-brown hair burst into the air like a banner in battle.



“Bghh!! ···Ah············”

Instead, Suzume’s left straight smashed into Hayate’s face, slamming her back into the corner just as she was about to escape.

Until now, Suzume hadn’t found the opportunity to throw it—the one-hit kill blow.
Now, at last, it was time to unleash it in a real match.

(What··· is that············!?)

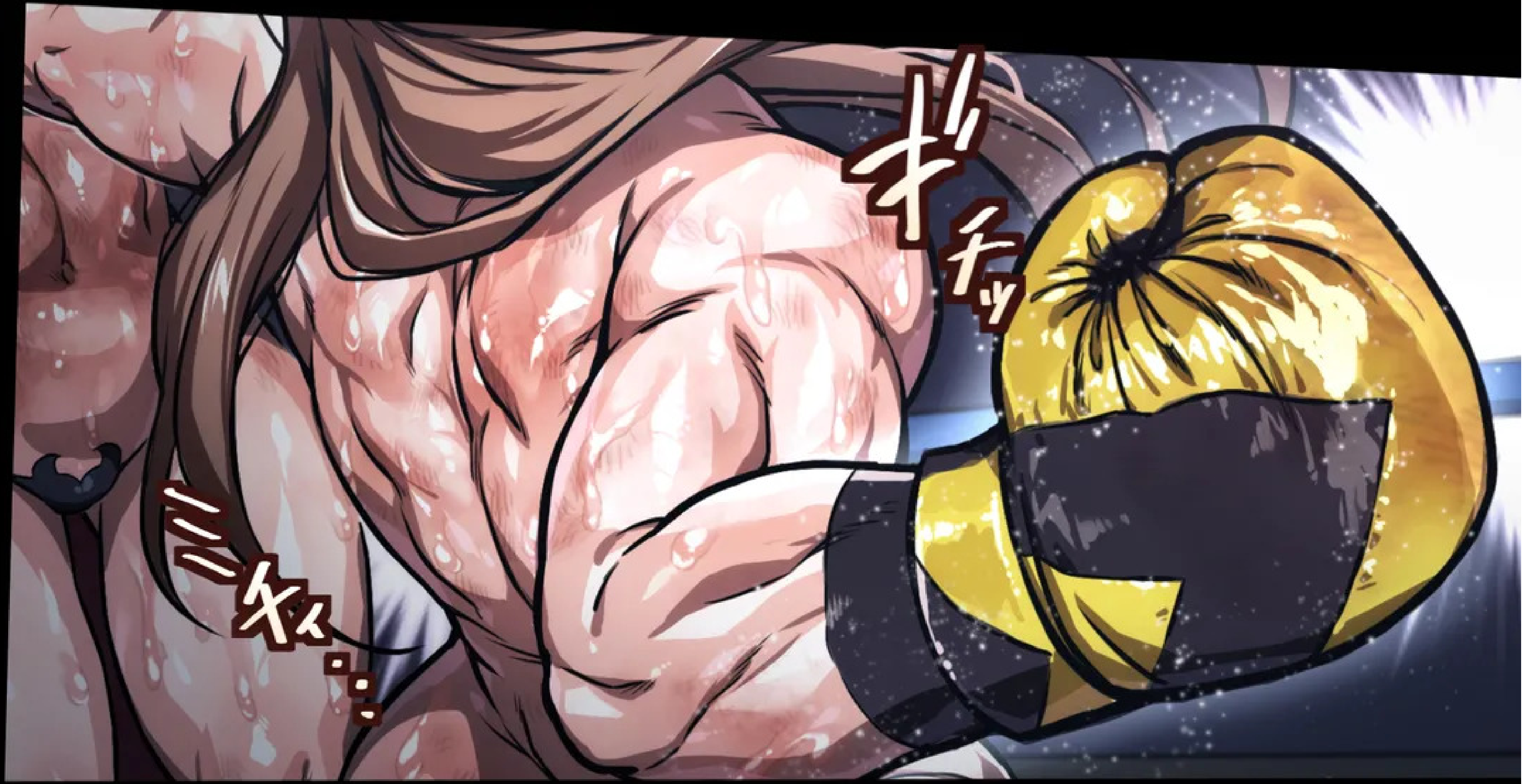
Hayate, dazed and unable to move, could only watch.

Suzume hadn’t retracted her extended left fist.
Instead, she wound up her right arm in a wide arc—ready to throw it with all her might.

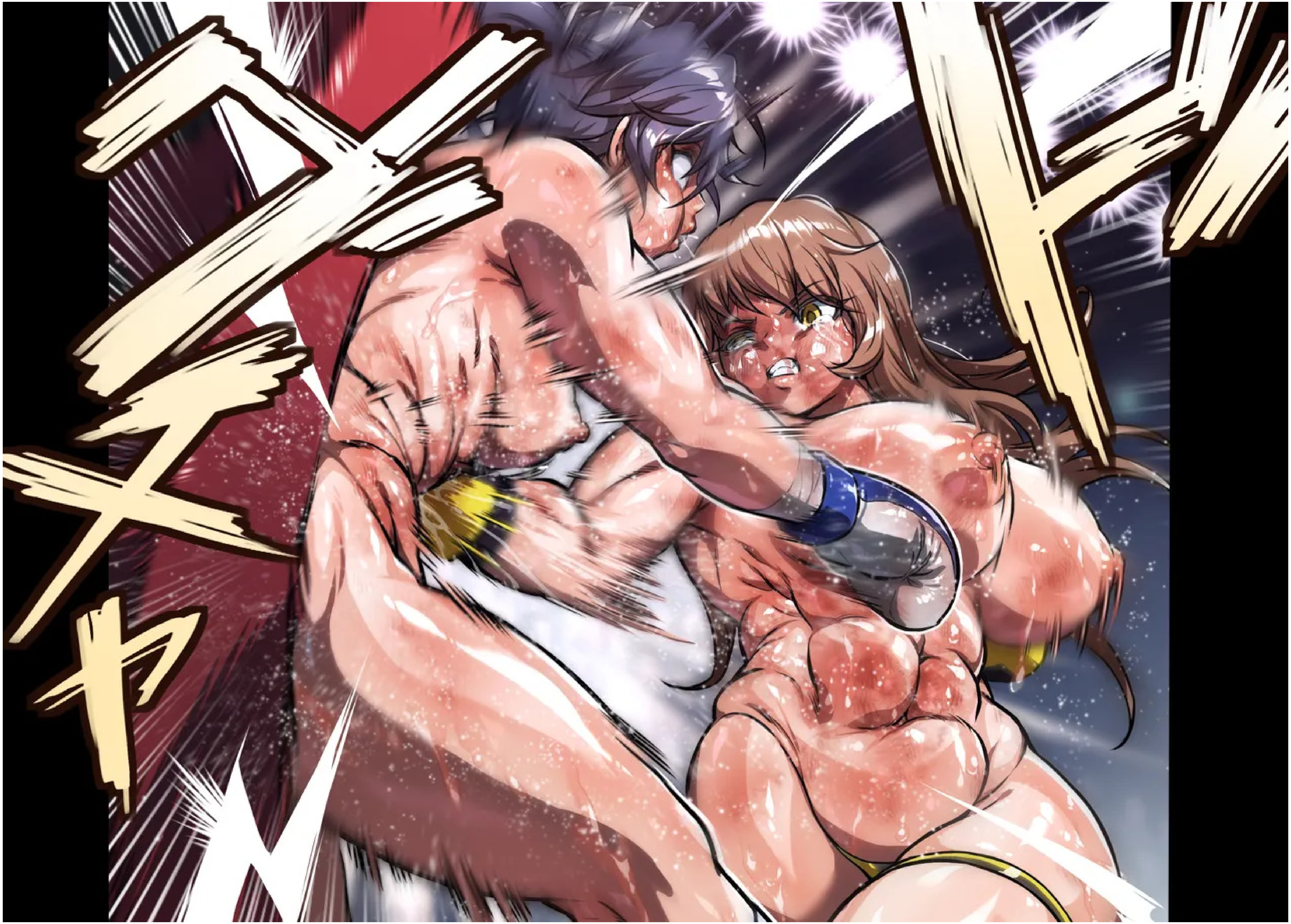
It wasn’t a textbook boxing motion.
The wind-up was far too exaggerated.

It looked more like a javelin throw··· or a shot put.
A form driven by pure, unfiltered intent to destroy.

And that sight—like a revolver’s hammer being cocked—made every inch of Hayate’s body scream in alarm.



The trigger for the technique was the left straight.
By fully extending her left arm and then yanking it back with all her might,
Suzume's upper body naturally twisted into a full rotation—
harnessing that momentum to drive her right fist forward with absolute force.
It wasn't something Junko had taught her.
This was a blow Suzume had discovered on her own,by listening to her own body, by trial and instinct.
A one-hit finisher born of desperation, resolve, and raw intuition.
In homage to her ring name—the Honeybee—this devastating technique would come to be known as:
"Killer Bee."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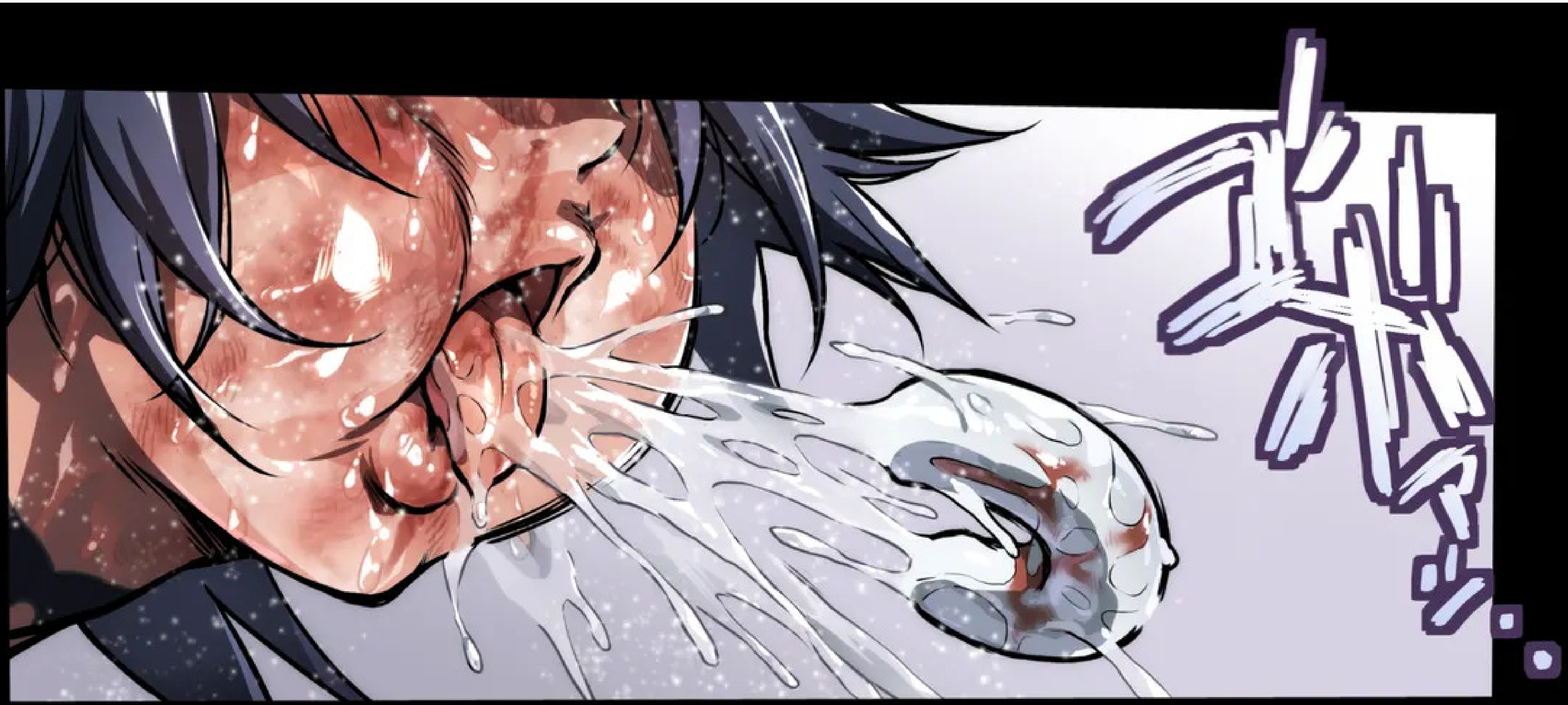


Hayate crumpled to the canvas, clutching her gut where the blow had landed.
She never made it back to her feet before the count of ten.

As the crowd erupted in cheers at the shocking comeback,
Suzume wandered in a daze—like a sleepwalker—searching for someone.
When she finally spotted Junko approaching, she collapsed into her arms.

“Uu··· uwaaaaaahhhh~n!! Hic··· Coach··· I··· I··· uwaaaaaaahhh~!”

“···Even if you lost, as long as you didn’t give up the fight, I was ready to call it a pass.
But you··· you actually won. ···You did well, Suzume.”

With fists that had long since lost their strength, Suzume began lightly pounding on Junko's chest.

"Y-you totally sent me out there expecting me to lose, didn't you…!? That's so mean! So, so mean! You told me to go get beaten up… and then you threatened me as my second! You didn't even take my side at all!

It was really scary… I felt so alone out there~! Y-you dummy, dummy, dummy~!!"

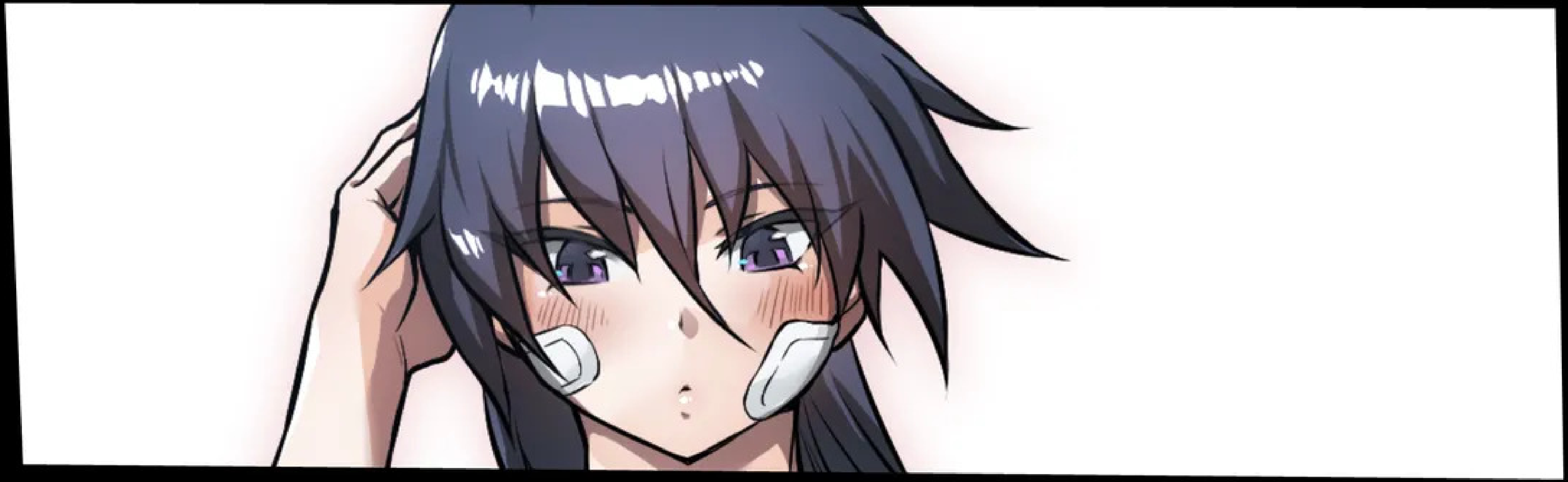
"…I'm sorry… I really am.
Today, you gave more than I ever expected. You showed that you have the resolve to keep walking this path as a boxer.
So from now on… I won't test you like that ever again."

(So··· she's passed the entrance exam.

But she still doesn't know. The true horror that lies hidden in the world of topless boxing rings···
The real trials that will one day test whether she truly belongs in this sport.
Well··· I suppose I'll let her enjoy today, at least.)

It was time to make a decision.
Having chosen the harsh path of the boxer at the cost of all other possibilities,
Suzume deserved someone to raise her, protect her, and guide her forward.
And perhaps—just perhaps—that very role was the new path Junko herself had been searching for.
A way out of her own hollow days of endless fighting.

From this moment on, Junko began to seriously consider stepping away from the ring—
And devoting herself fully to her new role as a mentor.



A few days later—while neither of them had fully healed from their injuries—Hayate came to visit Suzume. The piercing chill once found in her gaze had softened noticeably.

“First, allow me to apologize,” she said. “For the words I threw at you during the match—words that belittled you.
Pretending to be timid just to lure your opponent into underestimating you…
Heh, maybe what Junko-san said wasn’t entirely a lie after all.
Mitsuki Suzume… you’re strong.”

“N-not at all… I mean, you're so strong, Haruyuki-san… I still can’t believe I won… uh…”

As Suzume began to fumble her words, Hayate gently held out a small box.

“!! Is this⋯?”

Inside the box was a brand-new hairpin, nearly identical in color and shape to the one Hayate had broken during their match’s final rounds.

“It’s made of regulation soft material,” Hayate explained. “You can wear it in the ring without issue—just like the old one.”

Those words⋯ they echoed something Suzume had heard once before.
Back when Junko-san had given her a worn yellow headband.

“This isn’t meant to be an apology gift,” Hayate added. “There’s something else I wanted to say to you—something important. I wanted to thank you.”

“⋯Huh?”

Suzume recalled what she’d heard about the Haruyuki family’s brutal traditional training.
How daughters were exiled from home, forced to survive by fighting until they could prove themselves.

Hayate had been so consumed by that pressure—by the duty to ‘prove herself’—that she hadn’t even realized how much it had worn her down.
So much so that it had dulled her empathy and driven her to push too hard, too fast.

"I once hurled cold words at a defeated opponent.
Looking back with a clear mind, I realize now how immature and disgraceful that was...
If I forget compassion, then I have no right to call myself a martial artist.

It was your fists that woke me up from the wrong path I was heading down.
You may not have meant it that way—but losing to you··· it saved me."

A bloodstained life of fists—fighting as the only means to survive.
And yet, even such a path could become someone's salvation.
Suzume understood that all too well.

Hayate's words and the gift she brought···
To Suzume, they meant more than the victory itself.

"Hayate-san··· If it's okay··· Would you··· be my friend?"

"Then don't call me 'Hayate-san.'
Just 'Hayate' will do.
···Suzume."

By gaining an irreplaceable friend to train and grow with,
Suzume found herself inspired with a renewed sense of
purpose.
And amid the trials of battle, just as she had with Hayate,
she began to meet others—comrades with whom
she'd share her path.

“The Tiny Titan” Choco Inokashira

A uniquely built boxer with a plump, compact frame,
Choco appeared ill-suited for combat at first glance.
But her short stature and solid build granted her
exceptional stability,
making her almost immovable against ordinary strikes.

Charging forward in a peekaboo stance while taking
hits head-on,
she would close the distance and land crushing blows
with dramatic flair.
Yet, her whimsical, often incomprehensible way of
speaking and thinking made her a cult favorite
among certain fans.

Their first meeting came when Choco tripped spectacularly over a set of cleaning supplies in the athletes-only corridor.
Worried, Suzume rushed over to check on her.

Because Choco gave off absolutely no presence or aura as a fighter,
Suzume spent some time under the impression that she was part of the arena's staff rather than a fellow competitor.

But once Choco stepped into the ring, her talent was undeniable.
She had even gone toe-to-toe with Hayate once, pushing her to the brink in an incredibly close match.

Choco was also known as the most voracious eater in the boxing world—
a trait utterly unbecoming of a fighter, as she was always chewing on some kind of snack.

Spending time with Choco outside the ring, it soon became apparent that Suzume herself had a matching appetite.
Thus, the two earned themselves the less-than-glamorous nickname of The Gluttonous Duo—
a name that, if nothing else, spoke to the strength of their friendship.
But that, of course, is just a side note.

"Wild Puma" Saki Urase

A lightning-fast speed fighter who overwhelms her opponents with fleet-footed footwork and a relentless barrage of punches.

Due to her light frame, many underestimate the impact of her blows…
Only to be caught off guard by the unexpected ferocity of this feline striker.

Her signature move is a dash uppercut—
Saki steps in with explosive speed and launches a rising blow directly to the opponent's chin, delivering a knockout punch to foes even much larger than herself.

Though jaded and sarcastic by nature,
she also has a surprisingly thoughtful side,
often looking out for those around her.

When she first crossed paths with Suzume,
Saki was going through an especially rough patch.
She had broken into Junko's private home gym,
and upon finding Suzume training there alone,
immediately picked a fight.

Their impromptu sparring match ended with Saki knocking Suzume out in the first round.
When Suzume, undeterred, begged for a rematch,
Saki obliged—and knocked her out again in the second.

Suzume was knocked down twice in quick succession.
As she lay dazed, Saki stood over her, casting a cold, contemptuous glare and grinding a foot against the floor as if to trample the defeated girl in spirit.

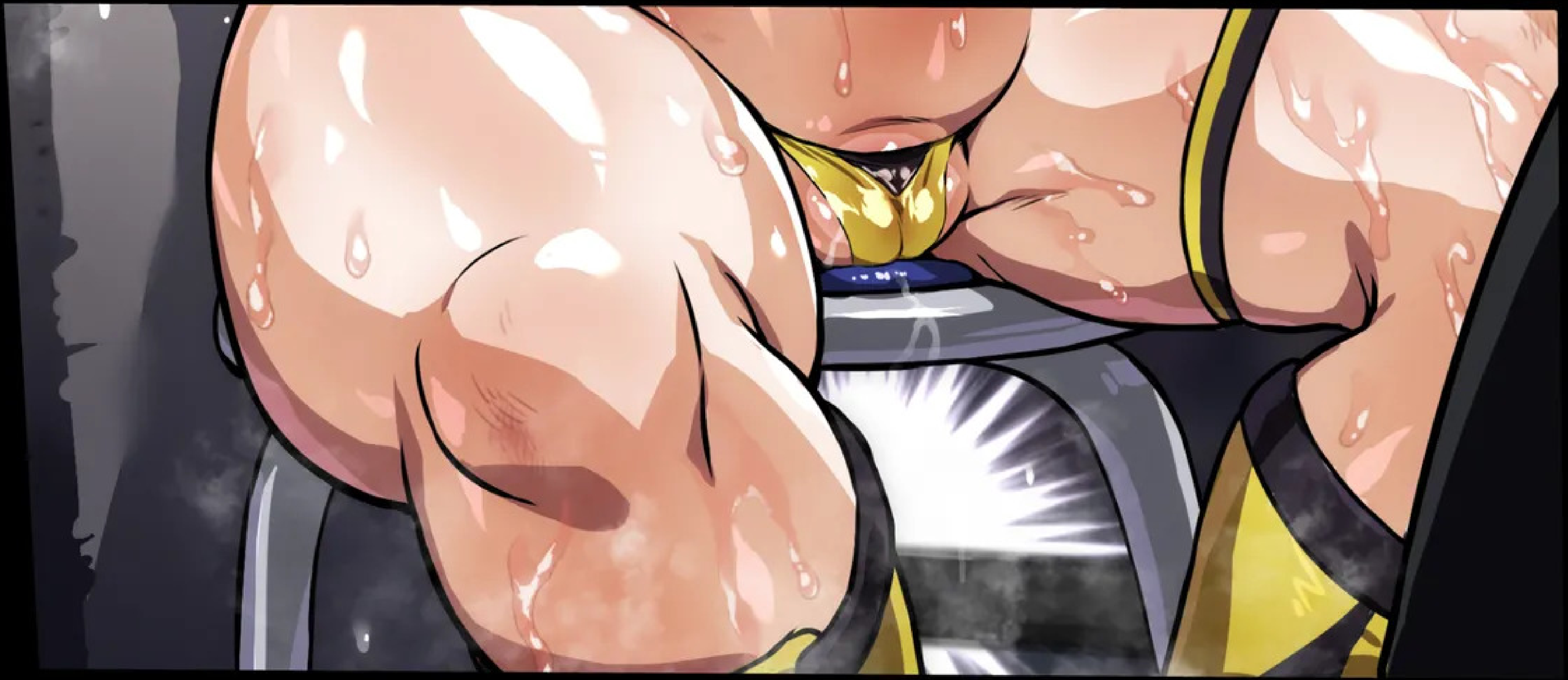
“Even in real matches, Suzume-chan’s really strong, y’know,” She’s way stronger than you.”

“Oh yeah? So she only gets serious when it counts? Sounds like a classic second-rate softie to me.”

Choco’s quiet fury was terrifying.
She challenged Saki to an official match and, despite absorbing countless rapid-fire blows,
answered each with bone-shaking counters that eventually overwhelmed the wildcat fighter.
Though Choco had avenged her, Suzume knew···

“I really am still too soft···”

From that day forward, Suzume resolved to change.
She began treating even training matches like the real thing—learning to flip the switch and summon her fighting spirit at will.
It was a turning point, and her training efficiency soared as a result.



With the yellow headband from Junko and the new hairpin gifted by Hayate, Suzume wore both of her lucky charms—symbols of the strength and belief entrusted to her by two important mentors. Armed with those, she continued to throw herself into the grueling daily grind of ranking matches.

「That’s the end of round 5! Honeybee’s taken quite a few clean shots—can she turn the tables from here!?」

「Back in her early days, it was her fragile mentality that stood out... but since moving into the mid-ranks, she’s become a rock of consistency.
That student-mentor combo with Junko in her corner? Not something many fighters can crack anymore.」

“You got beaten up pretty badly...
But your opponent is also pretty exhausted from attacking.
Keep your guard up and attack carefully with small punches.”

“Haa... haa... yes... ...agh! ♥”

Under the topless rule, exposed breasts are also targets for attack and serve as a barometer for measuring the depth of damage.
Junko lightly traced Suzume's swollen areolas and erect nipples with her fingers to check them, and Suzume let out a feminine cry just from that.

(This girl has such big breasts, yet she's so sensitive...
This could be a weakness that will come back to haunt her in the future.)

When Honeybee Mikazuki stepped into the ring, Junko was always by her side as her second.
With her keen insight, she immediately discerned the opponent's intentions and weaknesses, supporting the clumsy Suzume as a strategist and leading her to victory time and again.

The two gradually gained fame as a master-apprentice duo...
However, Junko's opportunities to step into the ring as a competitor grew increasingly rare.

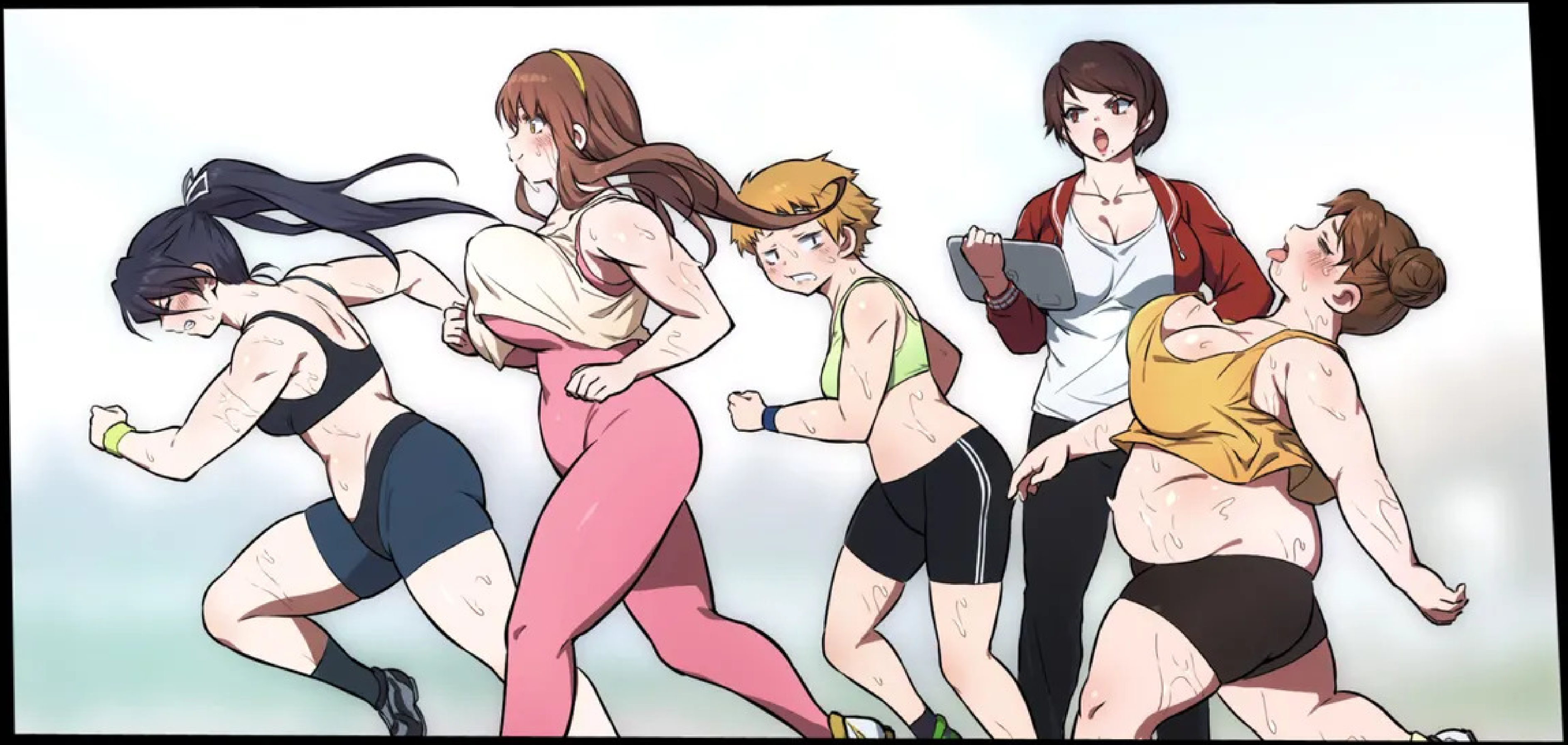
From time to time, Junko would invite Hayate, Choco, and Saki to her home for joint training sessions with Suzume, giving all of them guidance without favoritism. Junko wasn't just Suzume's mentor—she had become a teacher to them all.

"S-Suzume··· You've been doing this kind of murderous training every single day···?"

"Ahaha··· For the first six months, I couldn't even finish the routine and just got scolded over and over. I guess I've kind of gotten used to it now."

"Runnin' is the wooorst··· Saki-chan, carry meee···"

"Lose some weight, you pig! I swear, you've got none of that killer instinct
from your matches when you're like this.
Seriously, how the hell did I lose to someone like you···?"



By clashing fists, bonds were forged—friends walking the same path emerged.
And with that joy in her heart, even the battle-scarred days of endless fighting no longer felt painful.

Three years had passed since Suzume met Junko—
the girl she once was was no longer alone.

The four of them, friends and rivals alike, constantly pushed each other,
and in time, every one of them rose to prominence, now standing proudly as top-ranked contenders.

"Welcome home, Sister.
You received a rather rare phone call earlier—from Saiga-nee-sama."

Yuzuki, the third daughter of the Haruyuki family and
Hayate's younger sister,
had followed the same tradition-bound path into the
world of boxing.
Though in a different league from Suzume and her peers,
she once stepped into the ring as part of the Haruyuki
family's rite of passage.
But a bitter defeat left her spirit broken, and now she
supported Hayate from behind the scenes.

"The Partier family··· If I recall, they're Europe's so-called
'Noble House of Combat.'
In that sense, they're not so different from the Haruyukis—
raising their children in martial discipline from infancy.
Though I've heard more than a few unsettling rumors···
that they treat their children more like weapons than people."

"I hear their eldest daughter recently arrived in Japan under the radar.
Saiga-nee-sama said it smells like trouble—and she was
smiling when she said it."

"Where does she even get this kind of information...?
So carefree when it doesn't concern her···"

"But if it's the Partier's eldest daughter···
then we're talking about her, aren't we?
To come all the way to Japan—what could she possibly be planning···?"

"Ooooooo-hohohohohohohohoho!!!"

"Goooooood day to you, Shishido-san! And your pitiful little disciple, too!
Still wearing those dreary expressions, I see—how very fitting for you both!"

The current WTBJ Champion — "The Rose Blooming at the Summit", Mirei Kirisaki.
A top-class boxer and heiress to "KIRISAKI-dō," one of Japan's leading cosmetics companies,
she exudes an overbearing presence—much like an overly strong perfume.

Incidentally, Suzume's habit of immediately hiding behind Junko still hadn't changed,
even after reaching the rank of a top-tier boxer.

The reason Mirei always acts so provocatively whenever she runs into Junko is clear.

After Junko lost to Avita Ajenkova, the Japanese title she once held passed through the hands of several champions. However, public opinion remained consistent: none of them—Mirei included—were on Junko's level as a boxer.

That's why Mirei is determined to defeat Junko head-on, to prove she truly is the greatest champion in both name and ability.

"Shishido-san… I've noticed you've been stepping into the ring less and less lately, haven't you?
Because of that, your ranking's just been bobbing around at ninth, give or take.
Seems the current pace of the rankings is a bit too much for an old-timer to handle~♪"

"And honestly… with all your attention on your little protégé over there,
haven't you let your own skills go completely to rust?"

(W-Whoa…!)

Her voice drops on that last line, and she shoots a sharp, piercing glare straight at Suzume.

Junko remained entirely unfazed by the provocation, responding with her usual calm and offhand demeanor. That indifference—like she hadn't even noticed Mirei's presence—only made Mirei more irritated.

"You've got your fourth title defense today, don't you? And it's a Blind, no less."

A "Blind" match refers to a bout where the identity of each fighter is kept completely secret until the moment they step into the ring.
In the case of a title match, the champion's identity is of course public knowledge—
so it's only the challenger's identity that remains concealed.

"Getting cocky when you don't even know what kind of opponent you'll be facing?
If you've got time to pick a fight with me, you should be using it to prepare properly."

"Hmph…! That line about someone not even being on your radar?
That applies to you, not me!
Just sit back and admire my elegant victory from the stands like a good has-been!"

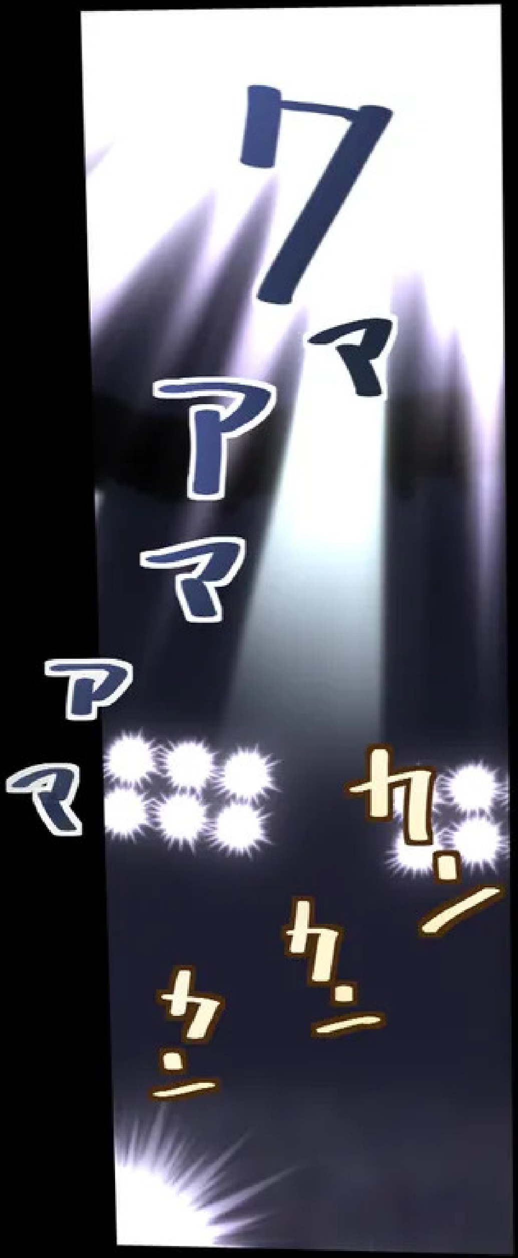
With a dramatic flourish of her skirt, Mirei turned and stormed off.

"…Did I ever say she wasn't even on my radar?"
"…I think your eyes said it,"

ジョロロ…
チョロ
チョロ

“Ha ha, look, look, big sister!
She peed herself! It's so dirty!”

“To come from such a weak attack.
The fragility of having no love or hate... How sad.”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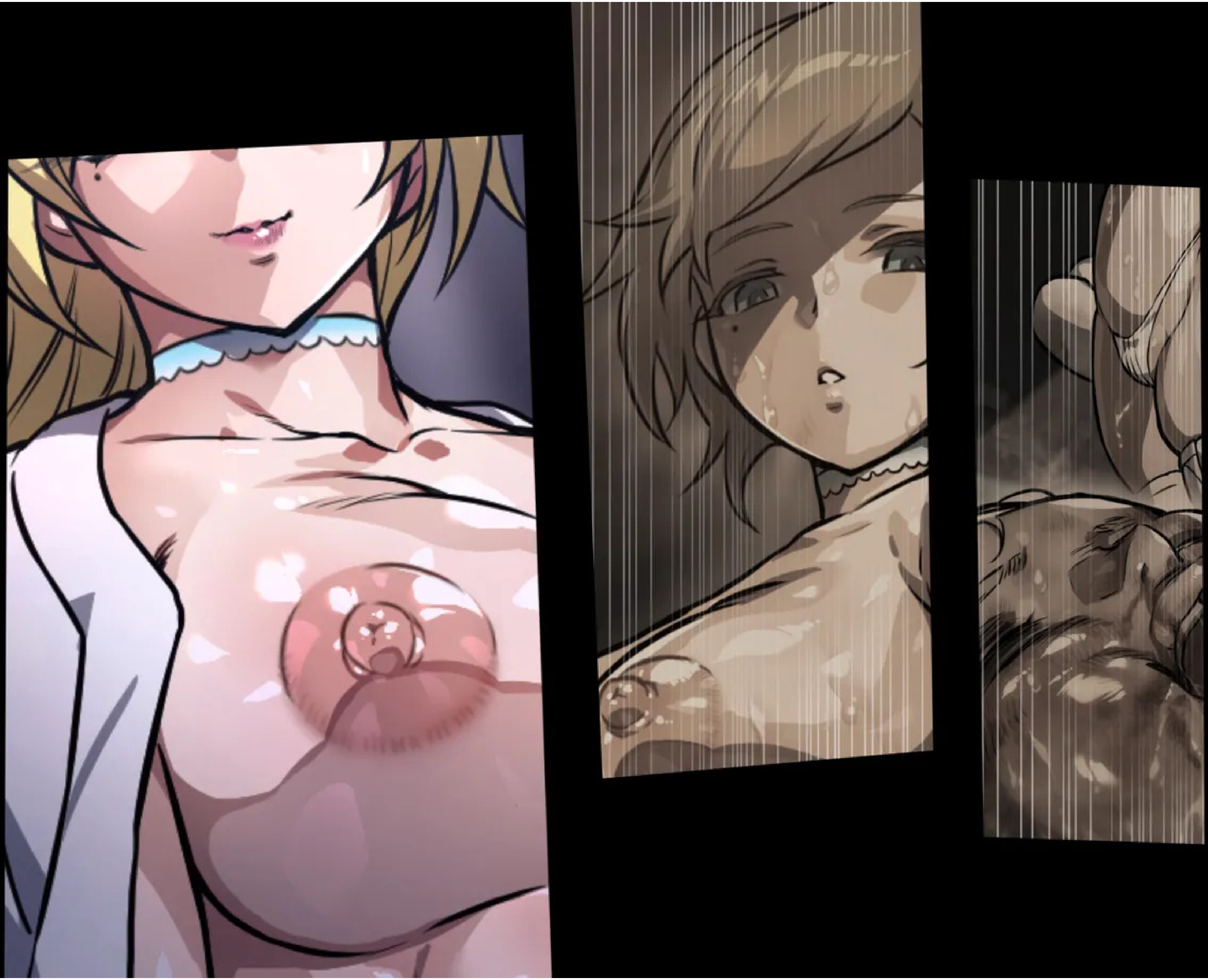
“What, only 48 seconds—!!! A tragedy less than a minute into the match—!!!
The arena is in an uproar over the unexpected knockout of champion Kirisaki!”

"No way... It can't be..."

"Co... Coach...?"

Junko, who was watching from the audience,
opened her eyes wide in shock.
Suzume was more flustered than she had ever seen her before.

(Why... Why is that woman in Japan...?)



World ranking number three.
The undefeated queen who rules the French League and the European League.
The woman who once buried Avita and crushed Junko's fighting spirit without ever fighting her.

"Eloise… Partie…!"

Why would such a big name come all the way to Japan—a minor country in the world of modern boxing?

She already holds two world-class championship belts.
Now that she's defeated Mirei and taken a third, it's hard to believe the Japanese belt was her true objective.

That question was soon answered—from the mouth of Eloise Partie herself, who visited Junko after the match.

"The reason I came to this country... was to see you, Miss Junko."

Faced with the overwhelming aura of the unified European champion,
Suzume froze like a frog under a snake's glare, hiding behind Junko, unable to move.

"Forgive my bluntness upon our first meeting... but I have no idea what you're talking about."

Junko's usual habit of folding her arms beneath her chest was nowhere to be seen.
Both hands hung straight at her sides, clenched tightly as if to suppress her emotions.

After observing Junko as if seeing right through her,
Éloïse slowly lowered her eyelids in quiet disappointment.

"What a shame... it seems you've let yourself go dull.

Now then, Mademoiselle over there.
You're Miss Junko's student, aren't you? And your name is...?"

"Ah—y-yes! I-I'm Suzume Mitsuki... Honeybee Mitsuki."

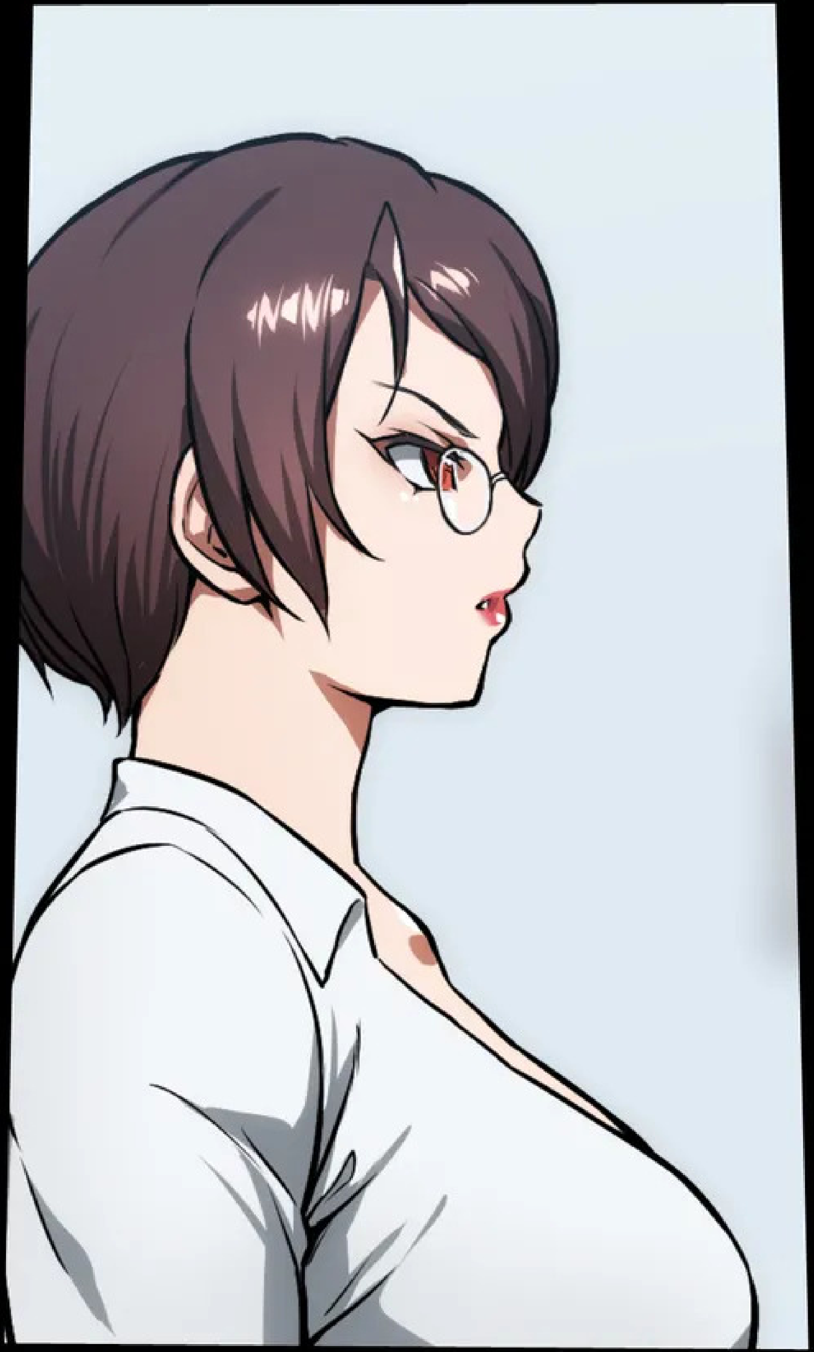
"Honeybee··· how charming. A sweet ring name indeed.
Miss Junko··· so this is what made you lose your fangs."

"Don't twist things on your own.
What could someone who's just met me today possibly understand about me?"

"I wish to taste you in the ring, Miss Junko—
the exquisite fruit you once were. But not as you are now...
I long for the Junko who once burned with fierce desire,
with passion and hatred entangled in her soul."

"···Let me ask you one question."

"What is it?"



"Avita Ajenkova... does that name ring a bell?"

Eloise Partie brought a finger thoughtfully to her lips.

"···I wonder. Could she be the one who holds the
key to your passions and hatred?
Perhaps one of those I've··· escorted from the ring?"

"···I'm terribly sorry, but the name means nothing to me.
When someone piques my interest—like you have—I never
forget them.
So if I don't remember her···
it simply means she was too insignificant, too meaningless to
register in my memory."

"···!!"

In that instant when Junko's emotions spiked,
Eloise Partie had already closed the gap—
so close their lips might have touched.

Caught off guard, Junko felt a drop of cold sweat trail down her cheek.

"Yes··· that look. For just a moment, I saw the fierce gleam you once had."

"That's enough for today.
I'll be staying in this country for a while.
To ripen you··· into a far more luscious fruit."

Eloise, who effortlessly took the title of Japanese champion, and the two who follow her cause the WTBJ League rankings to fluctuate wildly.

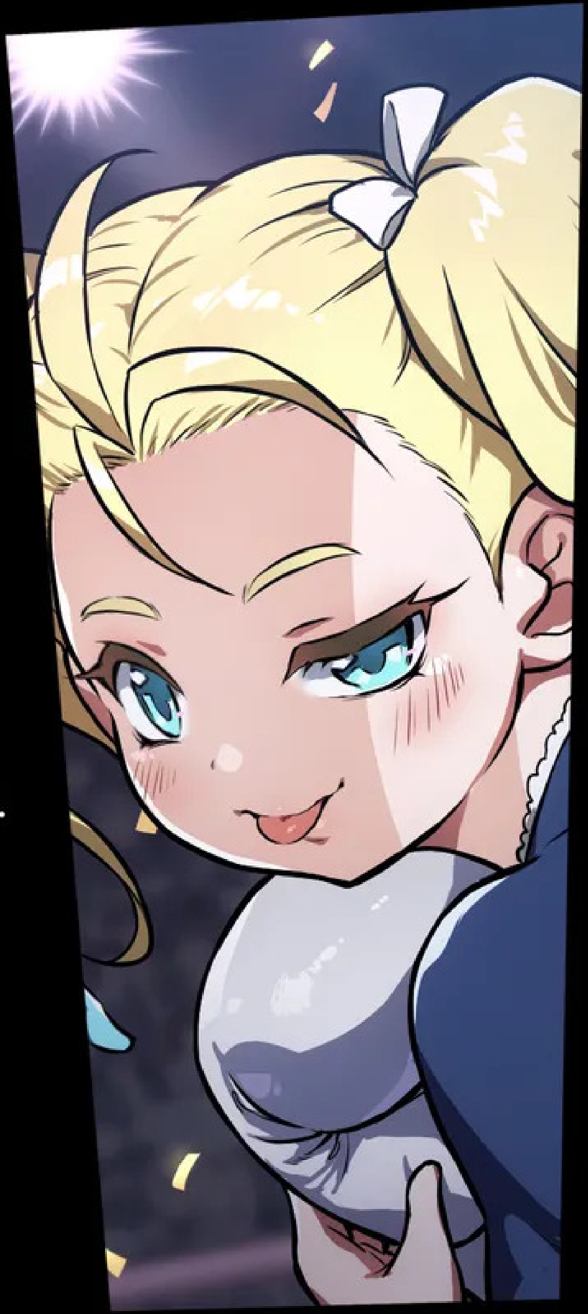
The youngest of the nine Partie sisters, with Eloise as the eldest—"Innocent Lilith" Lilian Partier.

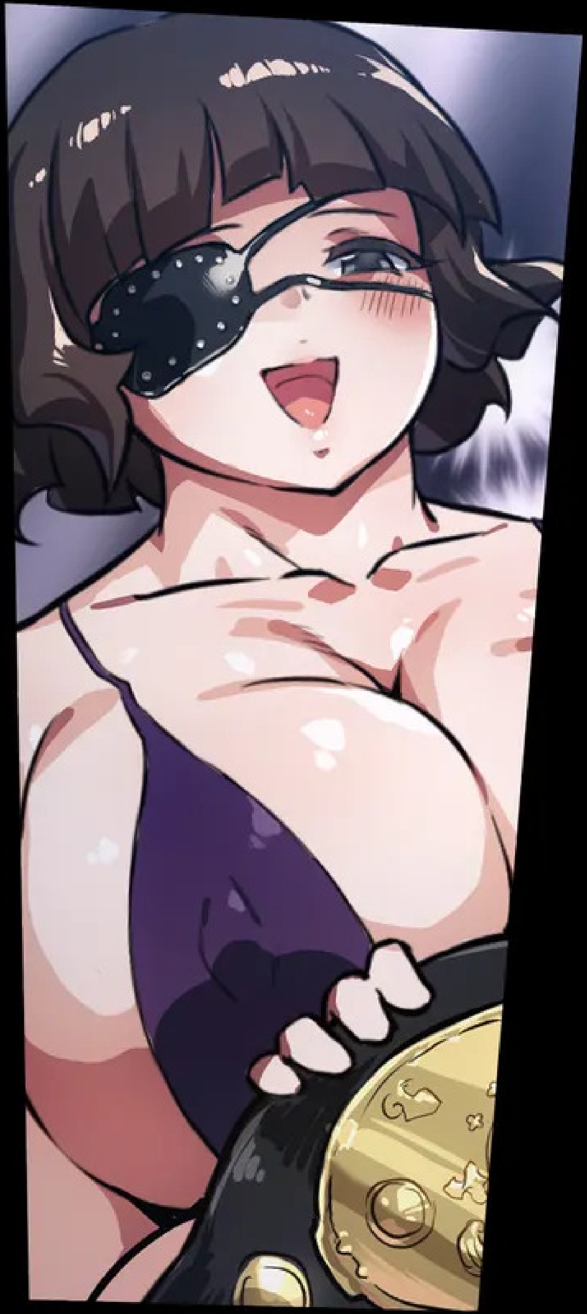
She and her older sister Eloise are deeply in love, sharing intimate moments every night.
The depth of their love is fanatical, and she deems anyone other than her sister worthless.

With superhuman agility, she toys with her opponents, delivering punches with unimaginable penetrating power from her childlike frame, ruthlessly destroying bodies with childlike innocence.
Her brutal fighting techniques are rooted in the Parthier family's unconventional education, which has produced both her and her sister, the "fighting nobility."

Despite starting in the lower ranks of the WTBJ League, she quickly rose to the top by winning every match without a scratch.

Additionally, the rate of severe injuries among those who have been defeated by her is extremely high, with many suffering trauma that prevents them from ever stepping into the ring again.





The masochistic giantess with immense strength—
“Love & Pain” Dolores Allbee.

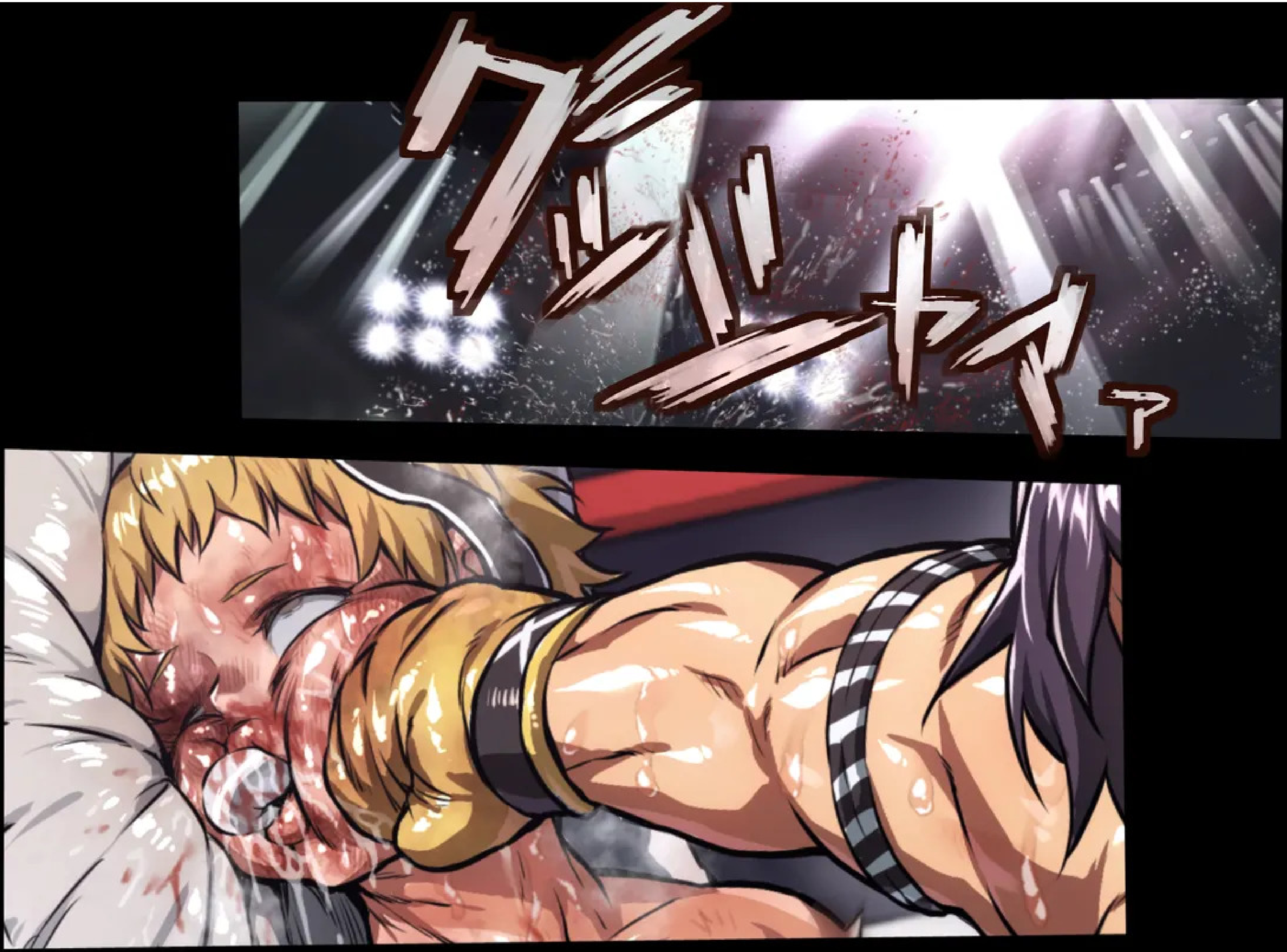
There is no other athlete in the world as bizarre as Dolores.
Because what she seeks in the ring is nothing but sexual pleasure.
The desire to win as a fighter does not exist within her.

As a true masochist, she not only avoids her opponent's punches but actively seeks them out.
She has spent countless rounds as a punching bag, losing by decision after going the full 12 rounds.

Despite her bizarre behavior and apparent desire to lose,
Dolores transforms into a terrifying monster when she attacks, unleashing explosive breast punches that slam her voluptuous flesh directly into her opponents, and choking them with her powerful arms like a vise in her explosive body clinches.

Due to the ranking-disrupting antics of these two members of the Eroise faction, Japanese fighters were knocked out one after another,
from the lower ranks to the upper ranks.

And coincidentally, around the same time, another female beast arrived from a foreign land...



"Gghbb… bff, …buhh…"

Saki Ura, who worked hard alongside Suzume and
others to become a top-ranked fighter.

However, the cat, who was as swift as a lightning bolt,
was brutally transformed by a larger and more
ferocious black panther.

A destructive style that focused solely on attack,
with no regard for defense.
A murderous aura that seemed to carry its own weight.

Under that pressure, Saki's signature speed was slowed,
and once caught in a rush, it was one-sided from there on.

“Stop... stop... please...”

With her will to fight completely shattered, Saki was cornered,
and a merciless finishing blow struck her face.

Pinned to the corner like a stake by fists, Saki remained standing,
spewing saliva like a broken faucet, urinating uncontrollably,
and convulsing violently, reduced to a lifeless mass of flesh.

“The Black Panther of Fierce Speed” Dasha Nakwat.

She is a street fighter who has crossed over into various
genres, including Muay Thai, topless boxing.
Born into poverty, she developed a wild, killer instinct just to survive day to day,
which alone is enough to intimidate ordinary opponents,
and her style, which is focused solely on attack, seems to reflect her way of life.

In the past, Dasha was defeated by Lilian Partier at an international exhibition.
Seeking revenge, she underwent extreme physical transformation, developing an
ultra-aggressive muscular physique, and traveled all the way to Japan to track down Lilian.

"Long time no see... you little brat."

Lilian and Eloise were on their way back to the hotel after the day's match when Dasha blocked their way.

"Oh, hello there... I wondered who it was... Hehehe.
It's you, the weakling I played with in the ring during the international match, isn't it?"

"Miss Dasha. well, well...
You've built yourself a lovely, fragrant body."

"I don't have any use for you, big sister. Get lost."

Lilian's demeanor changed completely at Dasha's insolent attitude toward her sister.

"You're weak, yet you're such a loud-mouthed pig.
Do you want to be made to squeal like a pig again right here?"

"Come on, you little brat! Come at me!"

"That's enough, both of you."

Eloise's seductive voice dominated the space, stopping the two women who were about to clash.

"Miss Dasha. If revenge on your sister is what you desire, I will prepare the perfect stage for you."

"...What do you mean?"

WORLD TOPLESS BOXING JAPAN LEAGUE
ELOISE PARTIE'S
CONTENDER TOURNAMENT

The new WTBJ champion, Eloise Partie, revealed her next move to shake up
the Japan League through the media.
It was the announcement of a tournament that would determine the challenger for her title match.

All fighters ranked within the top 16 of the WTBJ rankings at the designated date
two months later would be required to participate.
In the preliminary round, those 16 would face off in randomly drawn matches, and the eight remaining fighters would
proceed to the main tournament.
The victor of the main bracket would earn the right to challenge the reigning champion, Eloise Partie, for her belt.

It was a monumental event in the history of Japanese topless boxing—
The Contender Tournament, presented by Eloise Partie, was about to begin.

"Miss Junko··· so this is what made you lose your fangs."

“And honestly··· with all your attention on your little
protégé over there,haven’t you let your own skills go completely to rust?”

On the day the news of the Contender Tournament was announced,
Suzume was on her way home from visiting Saki in the hospital, lost in thought.

(... Now is the only chance. If I don't do this, Coach will...
I have to move forward on my own two feet...)

"Coach... I'm going to leave this house."

Junko said nothing. But the intensity in her eyes pierced straight through Suzume.
Suzume forced down a swallow, trying desperately to keep her trembling in check, her throat bone-dry.

"...Hurry up and give me your reason. And make sure it's one I'll accept."

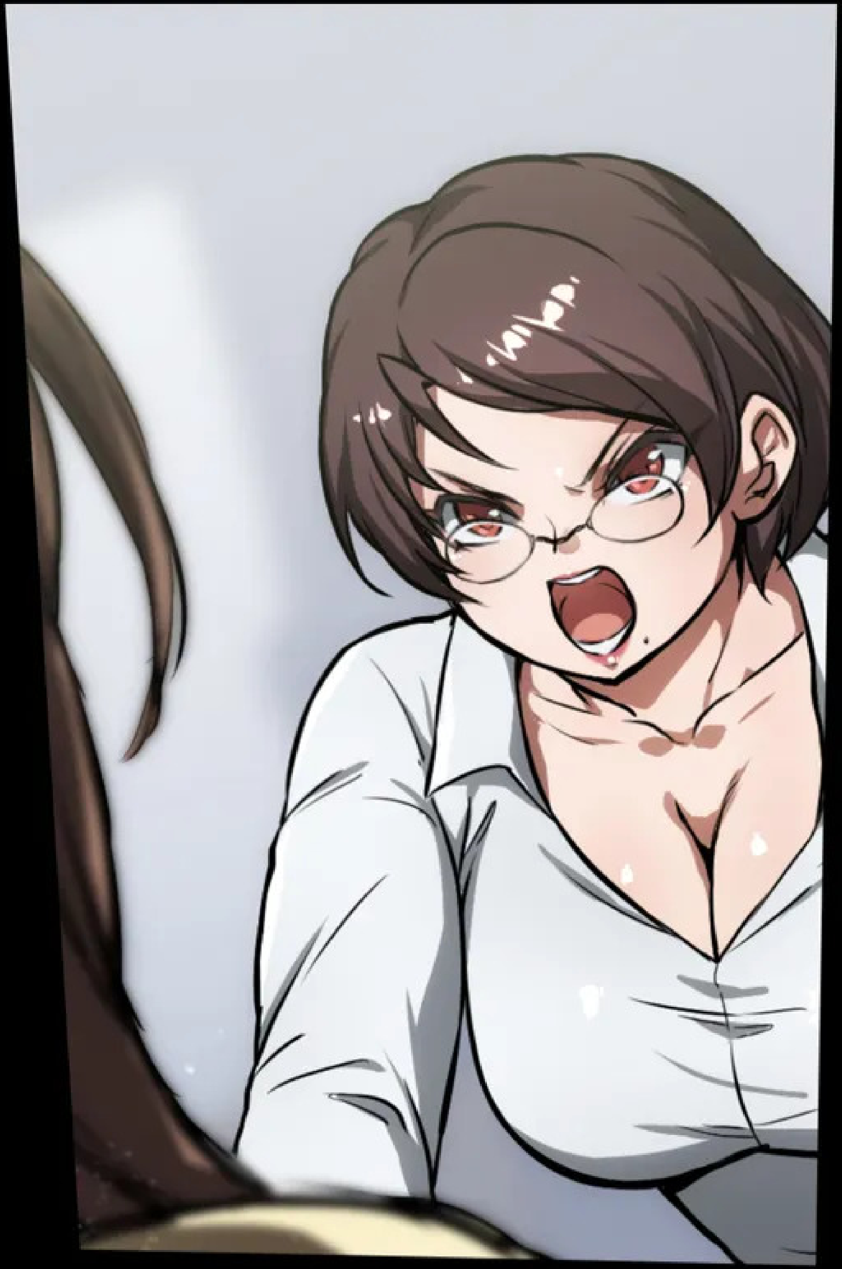
"I... I'm entering the tournament.
I want to give it everything I've got—without your help.
That's why..."

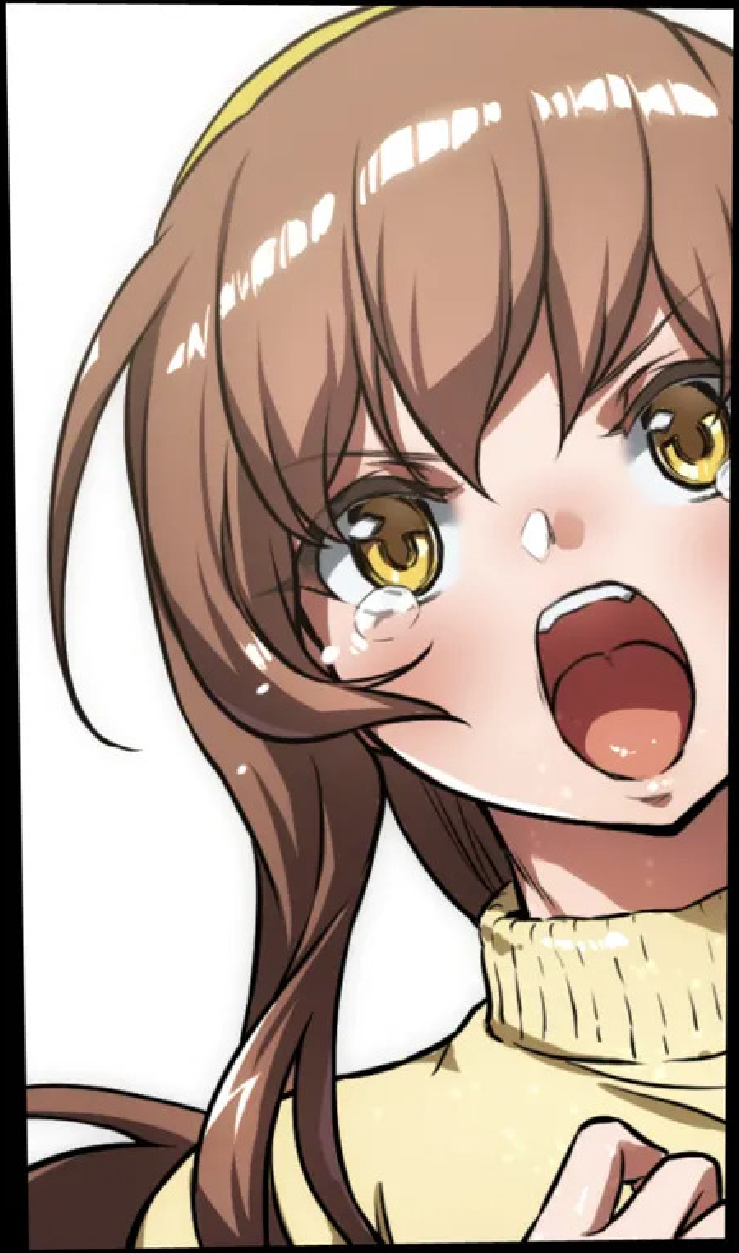
"You'll lose."

"...!"

The participants would be the top-ranked fighters in the WTBJ, and foreign champions from overseas.
It was clear that this tournament would be on a level far beyond anything Suzume had faced before.

Junko warned her—there was no way she could make it through with her current ability.
But even if it meant ending their teacher-student relationship, Suzume wouldn't back down.
She had made up her mind.





"Coach... I want you to enter the tournament too.
Please, don't worry about me—focus on your own comeback..."

Bang!
The sound of Junko slamming the table made Suzume jump in fright.

"...So that's what this has been about. I knew something was off with you lately.
Thinking you can decide what's best for me now?
How arrogant you've become.

You have no idea how reckless this is.
You could end up getting hurt—hurt in a way you can never come back from.

What have you been misunderstanding this whole time!?
I have no regrets about leaving the ring behind!!"

"Stop lying to yourself already!!"

"...!?"

Suzume—who had never raised her voice to Junko before—was shouting.

The outburst caught Junko completely off guard.

Suzume knew.
She had known for a long time—maybe even before they met.
She had seen it in Junko's eyes every time she looked at an article about Eloise Partie.
A look filled with something like envy... or maybe longing.

A bond forged through fists with Avita.
A chance for revenge—lost forever in their final parting.

Though her legacy had long been eclipsed by the myth
of the Crimson Legend,
and faded from the memory of the world···
Suzume, ever the biggest fan of Junko Shishido, never forgot.

"You always say it's because you have to take care of me···
But you're the one who's overthinking it, Coach!"

"Now that someone like Eloise Partie has come forward to
challenge you directly···
You want to step into the ring again, don't you?
As just another fighter—give it everything you've got!
That's how you really feel, isn't it!?"

Junko couldn't argue.
Suzume had hit the mark perfectly.

"...Honestly, you really are something else.
You can barely talk to people, yet you see right through them."

"...As you know, topless boxing is brutally unforgiving.
Tragedy is always just one punch away.

Avita's death··· it wasn't anyone's fault.
In a true fight, things like that can always happen.
So no, I don't hold a grudge against Eloise."

"…What is this feeling I have toward her?
I don't even know myself… It's far too complex for just one word."

"That's why… you want to find out, don't you?
Because you can't put it into words… you want to find out with your fists."

Perhaps realizing there was no hiding from Suzume's deep intuition,Junko let out a sigh—and then smiled gently.

"Do you understand, Suzume?
If I truly return to the ring and join the tournament…
that means one more unbeatable opponent standing in your way."

"That's wonderful.
To face someone I've always admired in the ring…
It's like a dream come true."

She was always painfully shy—fragile enough to stir a desire to protect her.
And yet, whenever she had something she truly wanted to express,she'd look you straight in the eye,
with that same glimmering gaze she wore now.

Yes…
she had always been that kind of girl, from the very first moment they met.

(…In just three years, she's grown into someone
completely different.
Is this what it feels like… to be a mother?)

"For showing me the way… For staying by my side…
For teaching me so many things…
I'll never, ever forget any of it.

Coach… no, Junko-san… Thank you… for everything."

"I've had enough of this stubborn girl.
Go on—get out of here. Go wherever you like."

The time Suzume gave her—by choosing to leave—
was a precious gift.
A chance to return to pure self-discipline as a fighter,
free of any obligation.

The red flame of legend is reignited.
She begins relentless training to defeat Eloise Partie.

They may still share the same stage,
but they are no longer master and disciple.

If they meet in the ring, it will be as equals—
two boxers, fighting to the end.

—The days they walked together have come to an end.

Tournament

Hayate, having learned about Suzume’s recent circumstances, proposed that they train together at a gym affiliated with the Haruyuki family in preparation for the upcoming tournament.

"For the sake of Lady Shishido, to walk such a thorny path by choice··· I am deeply impressed by your resolve, Lady Suzume. At the very least, until the tournament ends, please allow me—Yuzuki—to lend both you and my sister whatever support I can."

"Though we both follow the Haruyuki style, the techniques Yuzuki and I specialize in are quite different. Her counter techniques will expose the weaknesses in your Killer Bee, and from there, give you clues on how to refine it."

"Ah··· thank you, both of you···!"

Yuzuki belonged to ANGEL FIST, a separate boxing league from WTBJ in Japan.
However, after suffering a devastating loss in that league, she lost the will to step into the ring again.

Her offer to assist Suzume and Hayate with their training was not only to support them,
but also a way to rekindle her own fighting spirit by witnessing their passion and drive firsthand.

After the tournament, Yuzuki would eventually make her comeback as a fighter in ANGEL FIST,
where she would go on to face off in an intense battle against a certain opponent···
But that is a story for another time.

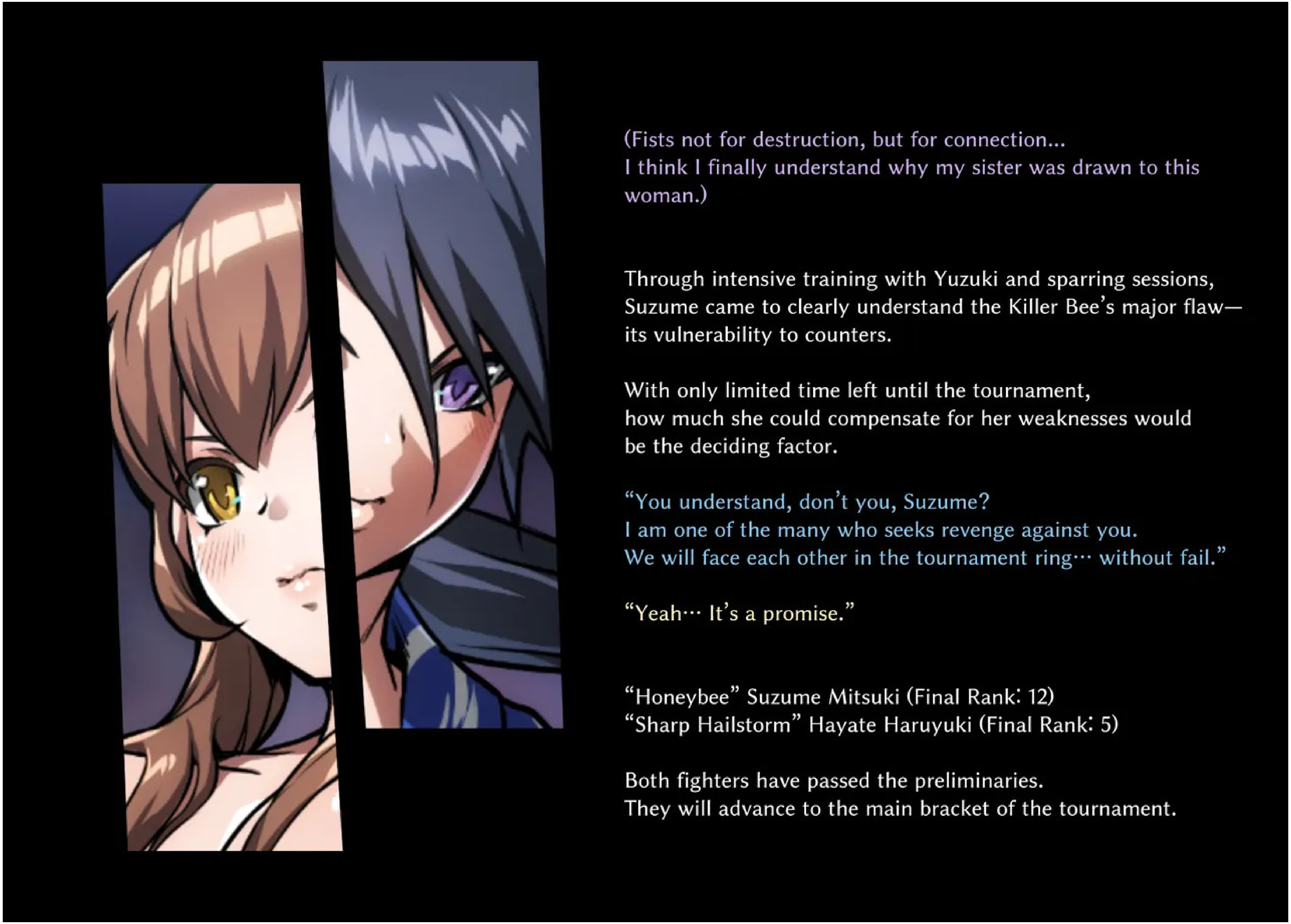
"My sister too once devoted herself entirely to the traditions of our family's martial training···
But ever since meeting you, Lady Suzume, she's regained much of the softness she used to have.

And while we spar like this··· I can't quite explain it, but I get a feeling.
Your fists carry something—like a power that awakens people from within..."

"N-no··· I don't think I have any kind of grand power like that.

It's just that··· ever since I started giving my all to boxing···
I think I've gotten better at connecting with people than I used to.
Even though it's all about throwing punches, sometimes when I fight someone I've never met···
I can really feel a strong connection, through our fists."

※From "Mahiro STANDUP! Manga Ver.
~An New Foe Appears! Meet the Lovely Yuzuki~"



(Fists not for destruction, but for connection…
I think I finally understand why my sister was drawn to this woman.)

Through intensive training with Yuzuki and sparring sessions, Suzume came to clearly understand the Killer Bee's major flaw—its vulnerability to counters.

With only limited time left until the tournament, how much she could compensate for her weaknesses would be the deciding factor.

"You understand, don't you, Suzume?
I am one of the many who seeks revenge against you.
We will face each other in the tournament ring··· without fail."

"Yeah··· It's a promise."

"Honeybee" Suzume Mitsuki (Final Rank: 12)
"Sharp Hailstorm" Hayate Haruyuki (Final Rank: 5)

Both fighters have passed the preliminaries.
They will advance to the main bracket of the tournament.

Meanwhile, Junko received an unexpected visitor—Mirei, the former champion, now in the depths of despair after having her belt stripped away.

“I heard you disowned that little disciple of yours.
So the rumors are true—you’re really making a full comeback.
Now that I’m no longer the champion... how convenient for you.”

“The opponent I needed finally came walking toward me—
that’s all there is to it.”

“……Why… why…?”

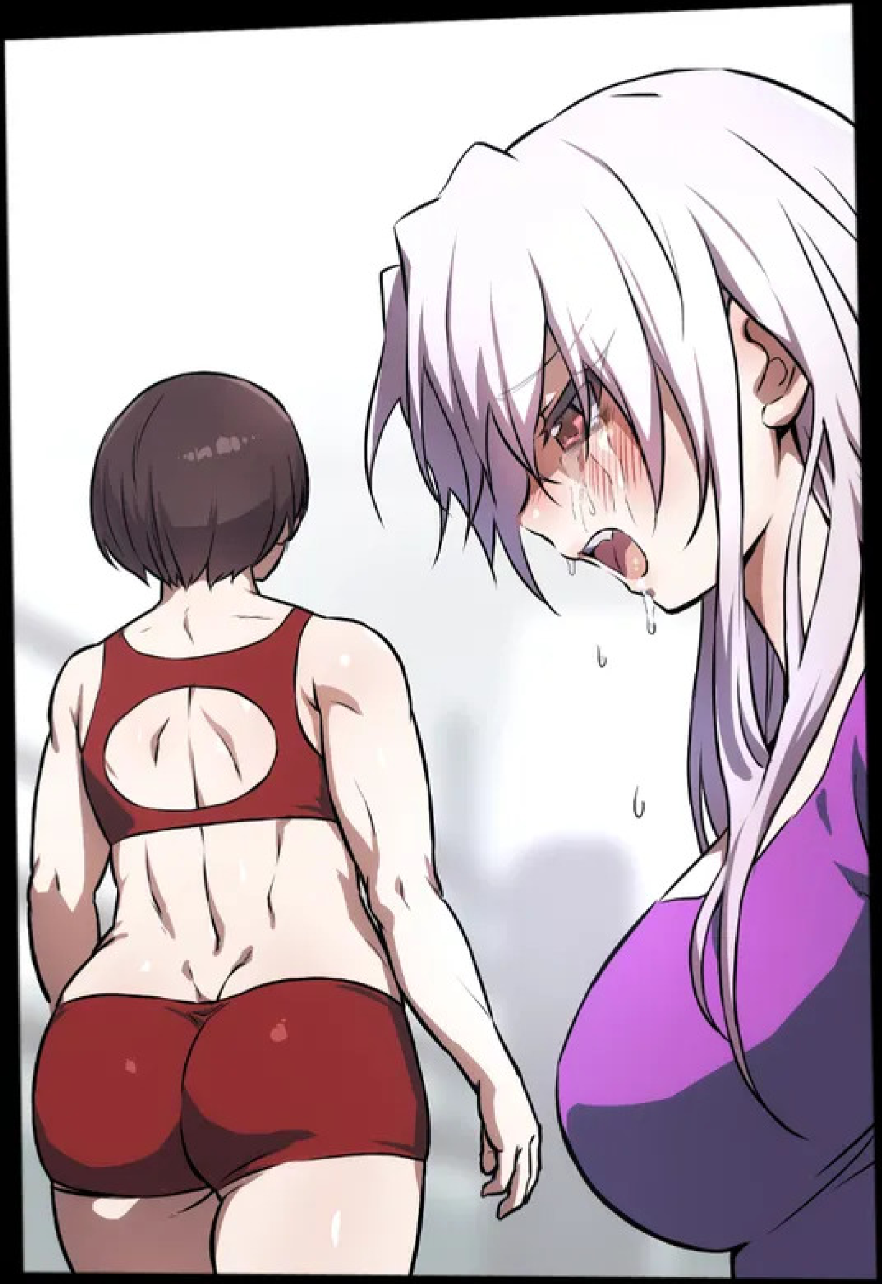
Mirei’s trembling hands clenched the fabric of her skirt tightly.

“Why won’t anyone look at me anymore!?
You, the media—every last one of you talks
only about Eloise, Eloise… Is that all I am now!?
A discarded clown, humiliated in defeat!?”

“……I understand how much that hurts.”

“Don’t give me that!! What would you possibly understand!?”

“I do understand.
Right here in front of you stands someone even
more pathetic than you— a former champion who never
even managed to defend her title once.”



"……!! …Ah………"

"In defeat, a fighter's true worth is tested.
You declared you'd surpass me—
and now you're ready to stop running after just one loss?"

"………………"

"By the way, I don't have a sparring partner at the moment.
I'm too busy with my own comeback to offer training,
but if you just need a punching bag, I suppose I could be of use."

"……Hmph. A punching bag, you say…?
That's my line!"

"Rose on the Summit" Mirei Kirisaki (Final Rank: 4)
"Unburned Flame" Junko Shishido (Final Rank: 1)

The above two have advanced through the qualifiers and secured their spots in the tournament proper.

"…Huh? You wanna enter the tournament?
And you want me in your corner?"

Saki still hadn't shaken the fear she felt after taking Dasha's punch.
She couldn't bring herself to step into the ring again.
Since then, Choco had stuck by her side without fail—
no matter how much Saki grumbled or tried to push her away,
Choco never left.

"You don't have to fight if you don't want to~.
Suzume-chan, Hayate-chan… no matter what happens,
we'll always be friends.
So come with us, Saki-chan. Let's all go together~."

(……!)

If she never returned to the ring, retirement was the only future.
Her time with Suzume and the others would end.
She'd be the only one standing still, while the rest moved far beyond her…

Choco had been beside her the whole time—
showing her that even if she never fought again,
their bond would never be broken.

And now, to prove that bond beyond words,
Choco was about to throw herself into battle.

"…Y'know, you always spout the weirdest crap,
but you've got a freaky way of hitting where it hurts."

"If you—if the one who beat me—
you just might be able to take down that Dasha freak too.
You don't seem like you'd even flinch if you took one of
her punches."

"Fufu~. If I've got you with me, Saki-chan,
we can beat anyone. I bet we could even become champions~."

"Okay, now you're just talking crazy…
But hey—maybe I'll believe in you. Just a little."

"Tiny Giant" Choco Inokashira (Final Rank: 10)
"Rampaging Black Panther" Dasha Nakvat (Final Rank: 3)

These two fighters have advanced through the preliminaries and secured their spots in the tournament proper.

"Come on, come on, hit it back a little!
You're really useless, you masochistic pig♪“

”Oooohhh!! ♥ Nnnghhhh!! ♥
Ufufu... Lilian-chan, punch me in the stomach... ♥
More... moreeeee!! ♥♥"

The two members of the Eroise faction, who had naturally secured the remaining spots,made it into the top ranks.

Engaged in SM play under the guise of sparring,
they await the start of the tournament.

“Innocent Lilith” Lilian Partier (Final Rank: 2nd)
“Love & Pain” Dolores Allbee (Final Rank: 15th)

The above two have advanced to the main tournament.

獅子堂ジュンコ
ドロレス・オールビー
春雪ハヤテ
ダーシャ・ナクワット
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ
桐崎ミレイ
ハニービー御月

And so, the eight boxers who would enter the main tournament were decided.
A ruthless contender tournament where every hope will be shattered—except for the one who survives.
The day of reckoning has arrived.

The eight contenders gathered beneath the ring in a packed grand arena.
Standing in the center of the ring surrounded by them, microphone in hand and championship belt gleaming at her waist,was the host and reigning champion—Eloise Partie.

"This is the main tournament to determine who earns the right to challenge me, Eloise Partie.
Today, the first round—four matches—will be held.

I'm sure everyone here is eager to see the matchups revealed, but before that, I have something to say.
To someone like me, already holding two European titles...
this Japanese belt holds little value."

The champion’s provocative words sent a murmur rippling through the crowd of tens of thousands.
Eloise closed her eyes and tilted her face to the sky, as if savoring the surge of emotion.

"Yes··· this swell of feeling···

The ebb and flow of love and hatred born from human desire—
I long to see it condensed, unleashed, and explode upon the ring.
The WTBJ belt is nothing more than a spark to ignite that flame.

Warriors of the eight—
I’ll be waiting at the summit.
If you desire Eloise’s head, if you crave the symbol of supremacy—
then claw your way up. Show me your hunger."

To live as she pleases, to stir and distort the emotions of others—
That is why she’s called a “mistress” or a “witch.”
And her smile was every bit as dangerous and bewitching as the name implied.

"Now then... Let the feast begin."

WORLD TOPLESS BOXING JAPAN LEAGUE
ELOISE PARTIE'S
CONTENDER
TOURNAMENT
春雪ハヤテ
ダーシャ・ナクワット
獅子堂ジュンコ
ドロレス・オールビー
桐崎ミレイ
ハニービー御月
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

春雪ハヤテ
VS
ダーシャ・ナクワット

"Tch. That little brat's all the way on the other side, huh…
Whatever. I'll just kill everyone in my way."

"We'll both fight our way to the top— and face each other again in the finals.
For that… I cannot afford to lose!"

ゴキャッ

"Ah... Sis..."

What Yuzuki, the second, saw was her sister lying on the ground, beaten to a pulp in the first round.

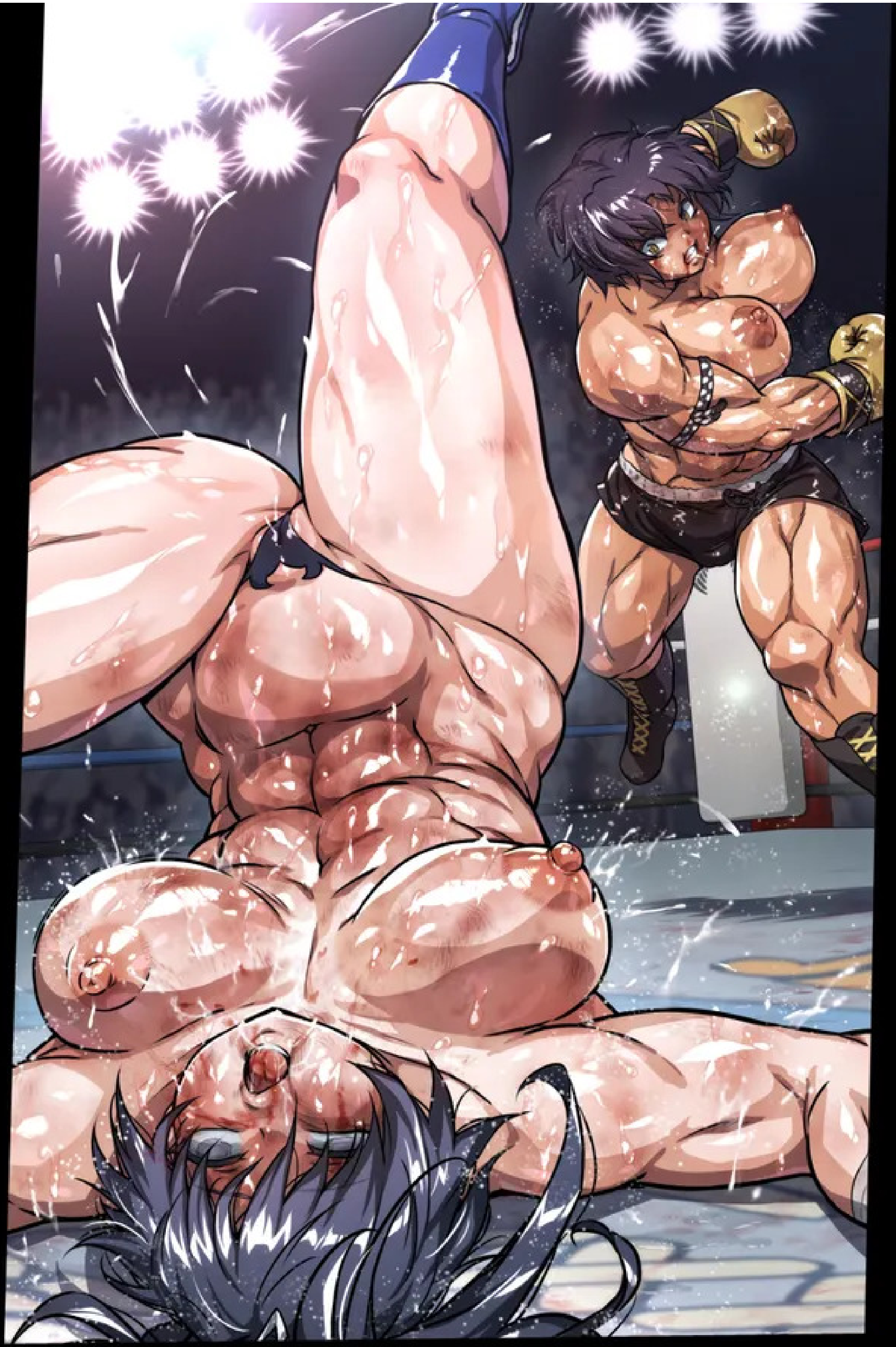
Hayate had taken the lead early on with a series of "hyouu" strikes, but she was gradually cornered by Dasha's ultra-aggressive style, which seemed unaffected by no matter how many blows she took.

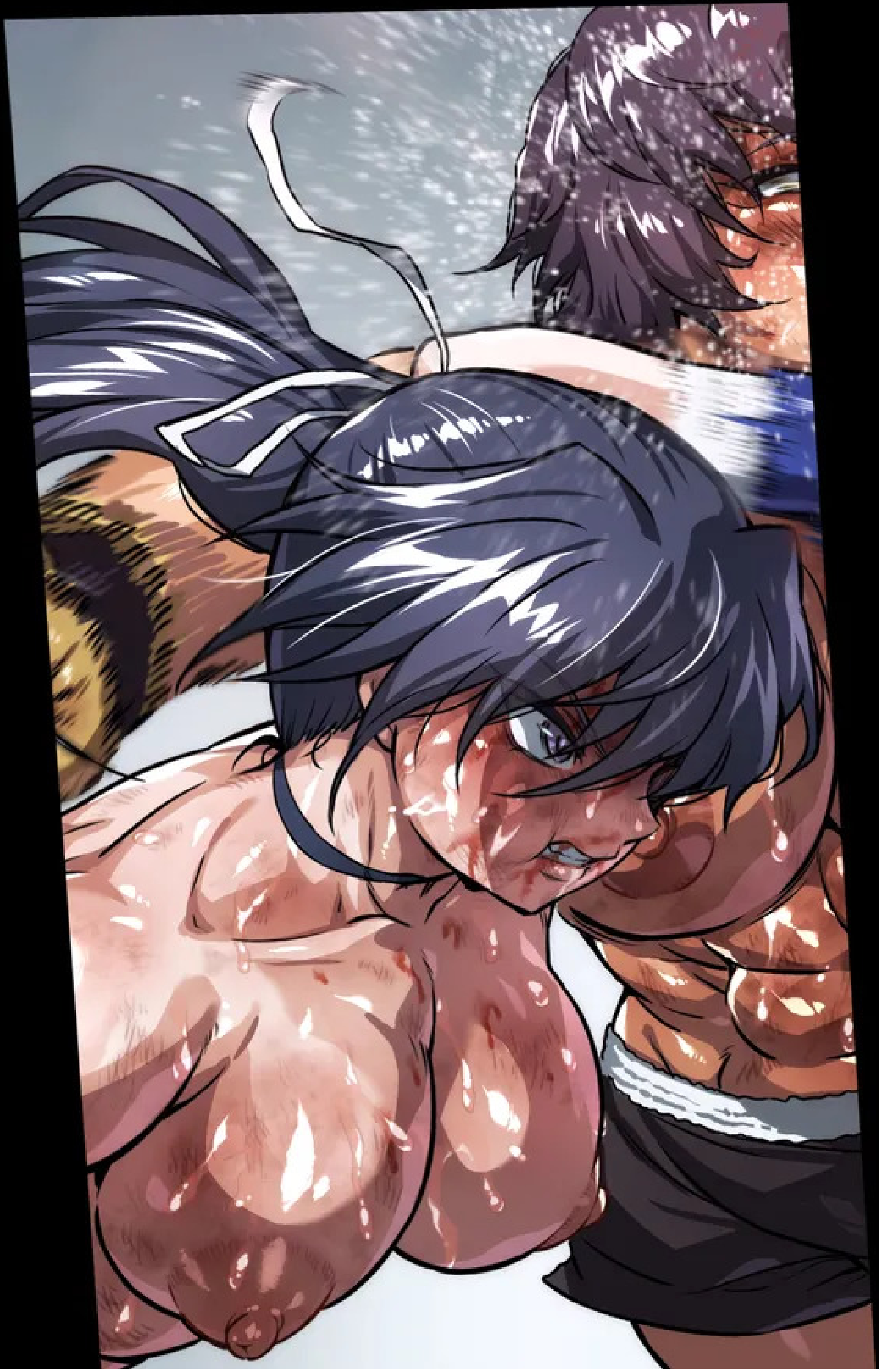
Her fists, like balls of murderous intent, and her ferocious, beast-like attacks drained Hayate's stamina rapidly, even when he managed to dodge them.

By the sixth round, Hayate had been completely overturned and knocked down multiple times, but she took advantage of a gap in Dasha's attack and unleashed her secret weapon.

———"Hyouu, Momotabane." (Hundred consecutive ice rain.)
The secret technique, which concentrates a barrage of blows too fast to be seen by the naked eye into a single point, relentlessly pounds Dasha's face like a machine gun, but even that technique couldn't stop the beast's momentum.

Amidst a hundred blows, the black panther's final strike is unleashed.
Hayate, whose face is crushed, is slammed into the canvas with the back of her head and collapses in a sprawled position, spewing the tide of defeat...





Still, Hayate rose to her feet, battered and barely conscious—
displaying a tenacity so astounding that even Suzume and the others watching were left speechless.

"That bastard··· why!? Why the hell is she still getting up!?"

Hayate wasn't particularly known for her toughness.
And yet, she withstood Dasha's ferocious offensive power thanks to two key factors.

The first: Dasha's own degradation over the course of a drawn-out fight.
Her hyper-aggressive physique had been sculpted for overwhelming force, but forsaking defense and running her engine at max output came at a steep cost.
Hayate's relentless Hyouu and Hyakusashi barrages had finally begun to take their toll.

The second: the hidden ultimate technique of the Haruyuki style
———"Kannagi." (divine calm)
The pinnacle evolution of Hayate's signature footwork Itachi,
Shin'nagi wasn't just a technique; it embodied the very ethos of the Haruyuki style.

At the instant of impact, she shifted her entire body using Itachi, redirecting herself in the direction of the blow—
a divine move that nullified damage by dispersing the force.

When the heart is undisturbed, the world becomes calm—like the stillness of the water's surface.

A technique so implausible in practice it bordered on myth.
Yet Hayate, in this match, attempted its imperfect form—
and while she couldn't completely nullify the blows,
she succeeded in lessening their impact significantly.

Round 7 — both fighters, drained to their limits, stood rooted in place as fists flew.
A war of attrition where willpower would determine the victor.
The one who endured—was Dasha.

"Obbhh! Obuuuhh!! …Op, bupuuhhh…"

One blow after another slammed into Hayate's midsection near the ropes.
Her arms could no longer rise. Even as she vomited violently, Dasha's merciless body shots continued without pause.

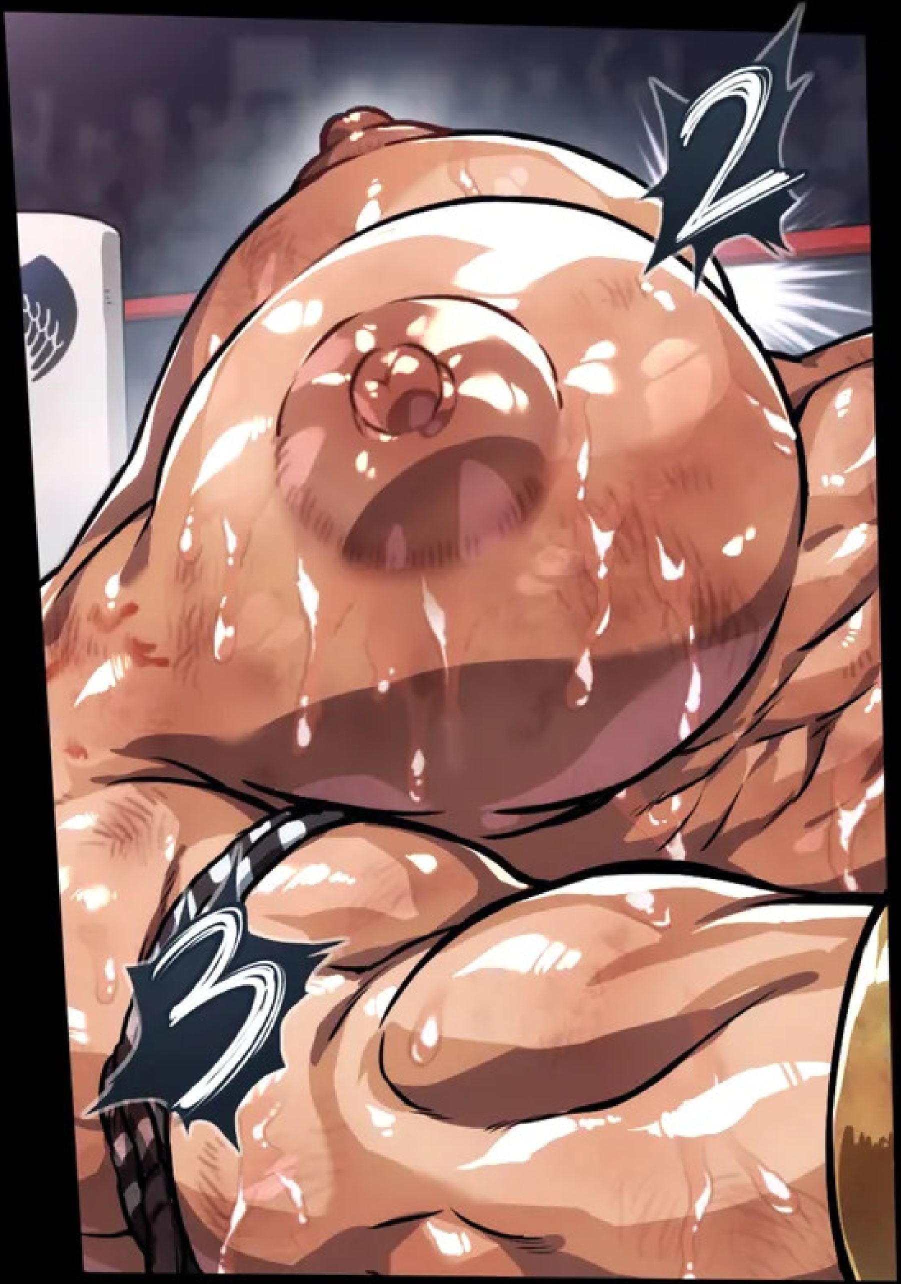
(Can't… win… Even with everything I have…
All the technique I possess… it wasn't enough…
I couldn't… beat her…)

As consciousness slipped from her grasp, Hayate questioned herself.
She had fought with everything she had.
So why… why did she still feel this lingering regret?

The answer lay in one unspoken truth buried deep within her heart.
Something not born of pride as a martial artist,
nor of duty to the Haruyuki name—
but something else entirely.

"Just die alreadyyyyyy!!"
(…Suzume.)

In the instant Dasha's final blow came crashing down—
that buried feeling gave her lifeless arm the strength to move one last time.



Dashia, with the counter twisted into her cheek,
recoiled and collapsed onto the canvas with a thud.

(Huff... Don't... joke... around... Don't... joke... around...
Oh, I... I can do this... I can do it... I still can...)

No matter how much she screamed inside her head,
her exhausted limbs wouldn't move, and only
her brown nipples swelled and hardened...

"Five!! Six!!"

(Stop... Count, stop... Please...
I'm still... I'm still... That little brat...
I'm still fighting...

Dashia's weak, trembling right fist rose slightly,
pleading with the referee, then fell limply to the canvas.

"Ten!!"

"Hayate··· Hayate—!!"

A familiar voice reached Hayate's ears as she sank to her knees, completely spent.

(N-No··· Please don't···
If I see your face now··· I won't be able to hold it in···)

Suzume had rushed to the ring, overwhelmed with emotion after Hayate's victory.
And the moment Hayate caught a glimpse of her face—
the final door she had kept tightly shut burst open all at once.

"Ugh··· Hic··· Huuuhhh··· Aaaaaaahhhh~~~!!"

She was terrified.
So scared she wanted to run away.

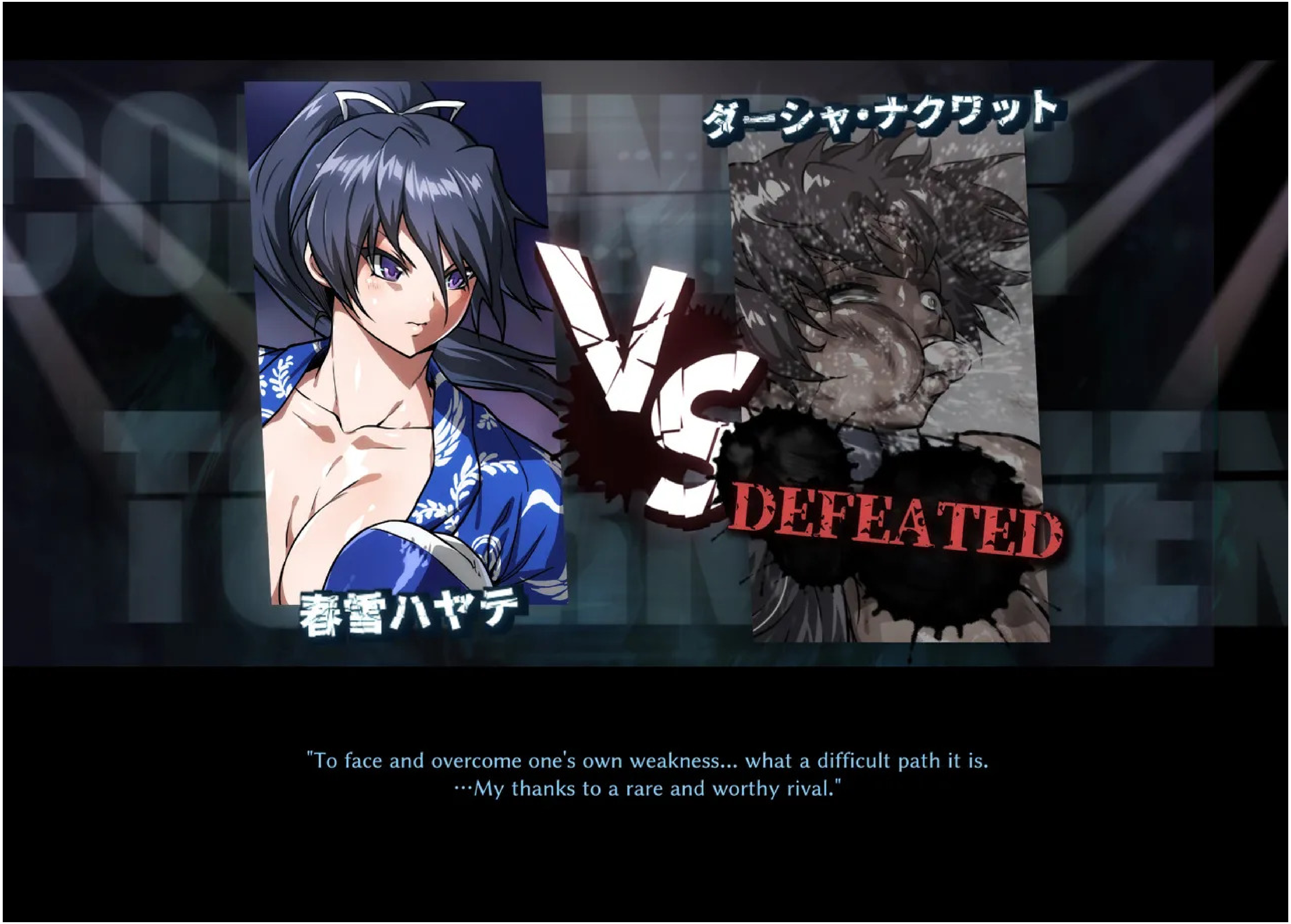
But because she didn't want Suzume to see her in such a pathetic state, she held on.

She endured Dasha's murderous pressure.

The strength to throw that final punch···

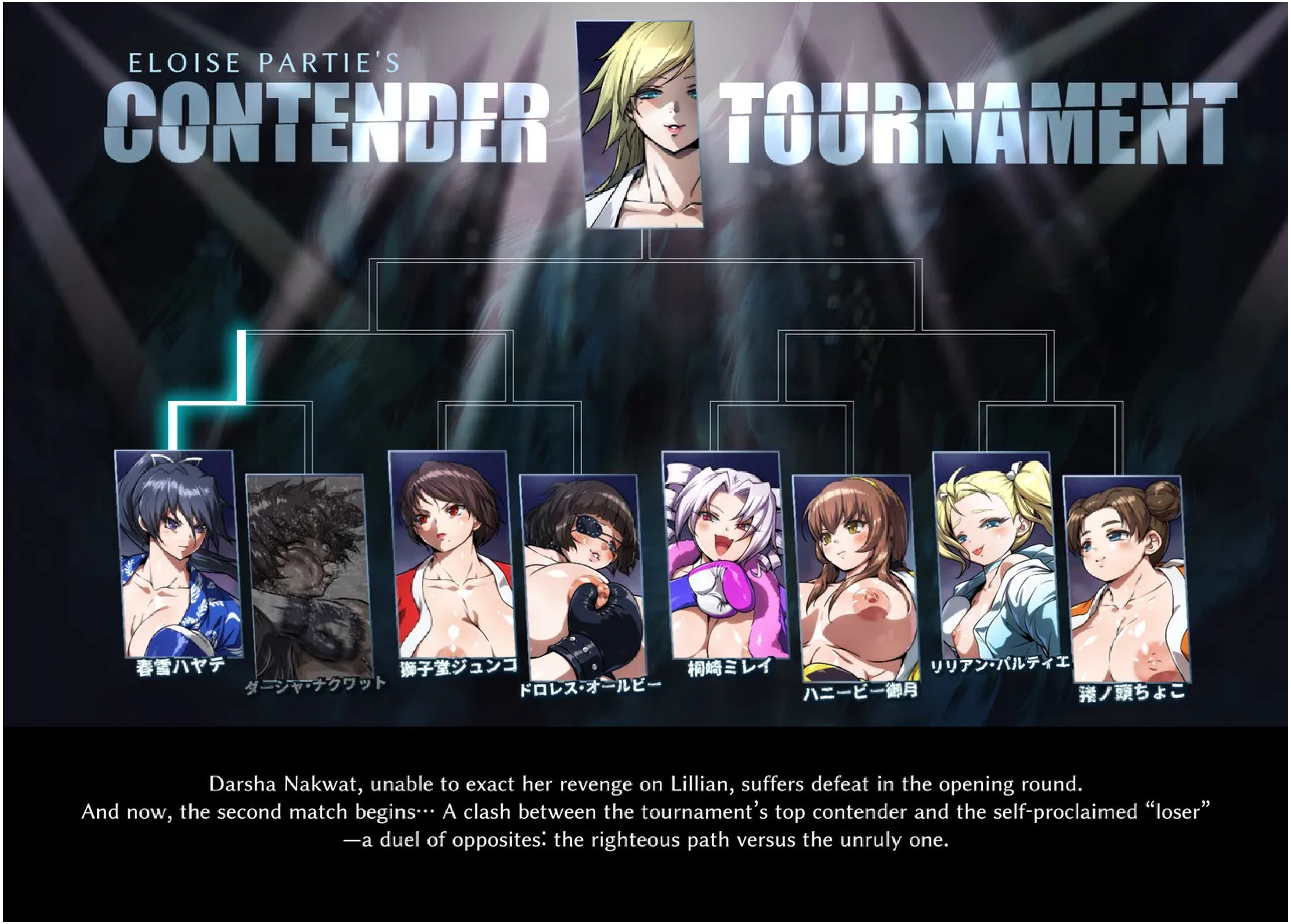
Came from a faint, budding feeling—
one she had never known before in her life.

(Suzume…
I… I————————love you.)



ダーシャ・ナクワット
VS
春雪ハヤテ
DEFEATED

"To face and overcome one's own weakness... what a difficult path it is.
…My thanks to a rare and worthy rival."


ELOISE PARTIE'S
CONTENDER TOURNAMENT
春雪ハヤテ
ダーシャ・ナクワット
獅子堂ジュンコ
ドロレス・オールビー
桐崎ミレイ
ハニービー御月
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

Darsha Nakwat, unable to exact her revenge on Lillian, suffers defeat in the opening round.
And now, the second match begins··· A clash between the tournament's top contender and the self-proclaimed "loser"
—a duel of opposites: the righteous path versus the unruly one.

ドロレス・オールビー
VS
獅子堂ジュンコ

"Ah... That's amazing... You're so strong, aren't you? You're definitely strong, right?
Ugh... I want to lose..."

"I hate stupid women. You're not the one I'm after."

With Azami in her corner, Junko enters the ring.
Facing her, stepping in as Dolores' second, was none other than Eloise Partie—
the reigning champion who should have been seated atop the throne, watching from above.

"How extravagant, the champ herself playing second.
If you're that bored, maybe give up the belt and get a job backstage?"

"Huhu··· I do hope you'll help keep me entertained, then."

"U-uhhh, hate to interrupt the flirting,
but··· y'know, I'm actually your opponent tonight~?"

Dolores barrels forward with monstrous swings,
but Junko cleanly counters her advances, dominating up to the 5th round.
And yet—no matter how many times she's battered down,
no matter how often she hits the canvas—
Dolores keeps rising with a grotesque smile, lurching like a zombie.

"Y-yeah···! Bufuuh!! This is gooood··· buhii!!
Ah··· ahahahahahahahaa~~♥♥"

(This woman··· Any normal opponent would've been KO'd three times already···!)

ドガッ
おぶぅっ
ドギャッ
ガッ
んぶぉっ

Though staggering as if drunk, Dolores returns every punch with a precise counter.
Her blows, thick with sticky black lust like tar, begin landing more frequently.

Yet from behind her guard, Junko's sharp eyes remain unwavering—
facing the monster before her with unflinching resolve.

"C'mon··· come ooon~♥ Hit me harder···♥
Wreck me even more··· turn me into a complete mess~~!!♥"

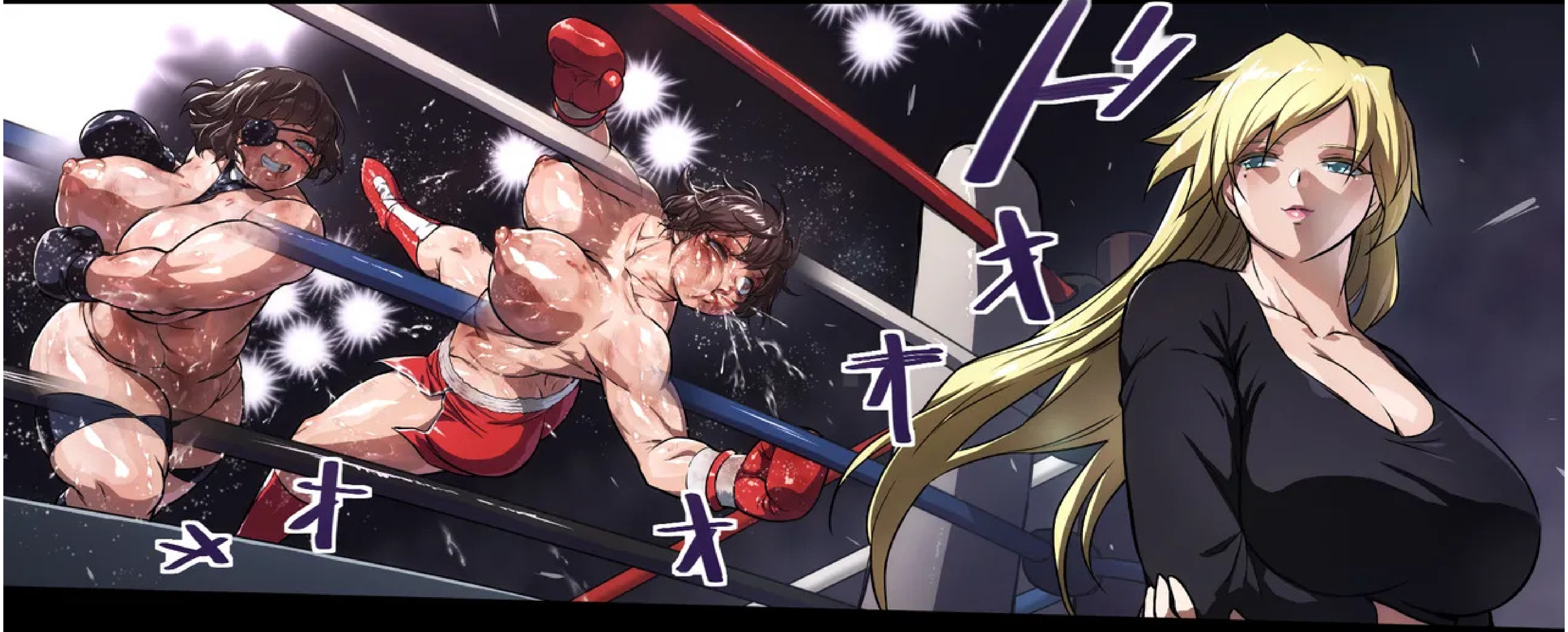
"I've had enough of your persistence.
If that's what you want··· I'll turn you into a punching bag!"

Three more rounds pass.

Round 9.

Many in the audience expected a heroic comeback—
that the living legend would announce her full return with a decisive victory.

But what was unfolding in the ring now···
was the exact opposite.



“Shishido’s in trouble! She’s in trouble!! Ahhh—once again, she’s sent flying into the ropes!!
W-What’s happening here!? The ‘Inextinguishable Flame’ is being used as a punching bag in a completely one-sided beatdown!!”

As Junko is tossed around by those monstrous fists, Eloise calls out casually from ringside, as if making small talk.

“To make Dolores, who normally craves pain and defeat, actually want to win— I had to give her a more enticing reward.
I promised her that, should she win this tournament, I would personally torment her for real in the title match.
So, just for the duration of this tournament... Dolores wants to win.
And when she fights seriously to win— She’s stronger than you were in your prime.”

"Ahhh... Your punch is nice too...
But I still like being dominated by Eroise-sama the best ♥
So... I'll make you feel really good too ♥"

"Obuuuu!! Buhah!! Bubyuuu!!"

Eroise's secret weapon in the tournament.
Hidden behind her "loser" facade lies overwhelming
power that sends the other participants, including
Suzume, into a state of terror.

"Is it really okay for you to lose in the first round, Miss Junko?
Is the flame you hide within you... really this weak?"

"Buhhh...!!"

All that comes back in response is a muffled scream.

"...How pathetic. Dolores, let her go."

Dolores suddenly pulls Junko into her arms,
using her powerful arms to pull her face into the valley between her huge breasts.

"Mmph...!? Bah... Uh, mmph..."

It's too aggressive to be called a clinch.
She suddenly covers the gasping person's mouth and nose with her soft flesh,
pressing the smell of sweat mixed with lust that has matured in the valley between her breasts against them.

A perverse attack only permissible under the topless rule.
A death embrace by a female giant, tormenting both breathing and sensuality.

Dolores continues to squeeze Junko's body tightly,
pushing her toward the corner like a sumo wrestler.
Junko's head is sandwiched between the corner and Dolores' massive breasts, leaving her with no escape.

"Ugh...♥ Ahh, ahh, haa! Haa! Haa...! ♥"

Dolores gasps for breath and begins piston-like movements with her entire body.
As if treating Junko's entire body as a sexual organ in a blowjob...

グニュウッ…♡
ニチュ
ムチィ

ぐちゅっ
ぐちゅ♡
ぐちゅっ♡

“Ahhhhh...♥ Yes...yes...♥
Your...♥ Hard nipples...♥
They're touching my stomach...♥♥”

The corner of the bed creaks like a bed under the pressure.
Junko's arms gradually lose their strength and hang limply.
The strength in her legs, which had been holding her up,
also disappears.

(No... No... Junko-san...!?)

The legend is defeated.
Not even with a punch, but knocked out by her breasts.
Is this Junko Shishido's fourth defeat...

“Haa... ♥ Haa... ♥ Ah...!? Ah, ah...”

Junko's entire body twitches, then relaxes limply.
When Dolores releases her body, Junko slides down
the corner of the ring,
her back pressed against it, her limbs limp and lifeless.

“Ah... You came first...♥
I was so close... I was about to have an amazing one...♥”

But even so, Junko didn't go down.
She braced her feet against the sinking body and once again took a fighting stance toward Dolores.

"What... No way... You can still stand...?
You can still go on...? You still want to enjoy me...? Amazing, amazing, amazing! ♥♥
Ahaha! ♥ Ahahahaha! ♥♥"

The overwhelming power that reminded her of "that guy"··· but it was completely different.
The noble heat that had once subjugated me to the core is absent from his fists.

"Haa... Haa... That... That piercing laughter... It's getting on my nerves......
I'll let you quiet down."

Subjugating myself isn't something I do with such a lack of pride.
There's no way I'm going to let a worthless guy like him win.

No matter how disadvantaged she became,
No matter how many times she was knocked down to the canvas,
She stood back up.
The more she was cornered, the stronger she became.

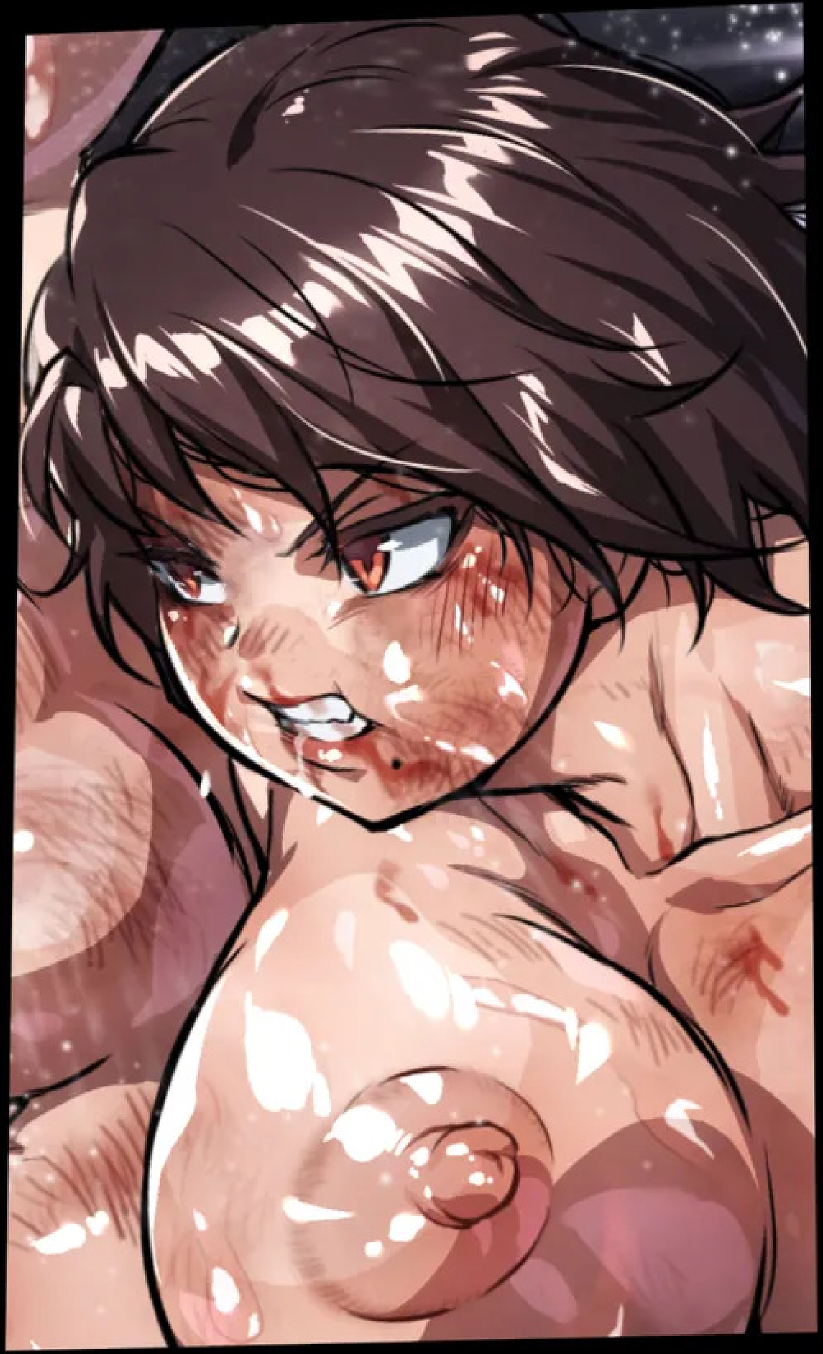
It was because she had pulled off so many gritty,
come-from-behind victories
In seemingly hopeless situations,
That Shishido Junko became a "legend"—
And the "Unquenchable Flame."

And now, the audience watching the match
Was undoubtedly witnessing the return of that very legend.

(Ah…! She's really… really come back…!
The brighter she shines in crisis, the more she refuses to give up…
This is the Shishido Junko I remember…!)

Her fists blazed with burning intensity—
But they weren't just wild, desperate swings.
Each punch was backed by honed technique and hard-earned experience,
Making every blow a strike of meaning and purpose.

Though she had seemed half-dead only moments ago,
Junko now launched a furious, fiery barrage
That drove Dolores backward—
A rush that exploded with all the pent-up fury inside her.

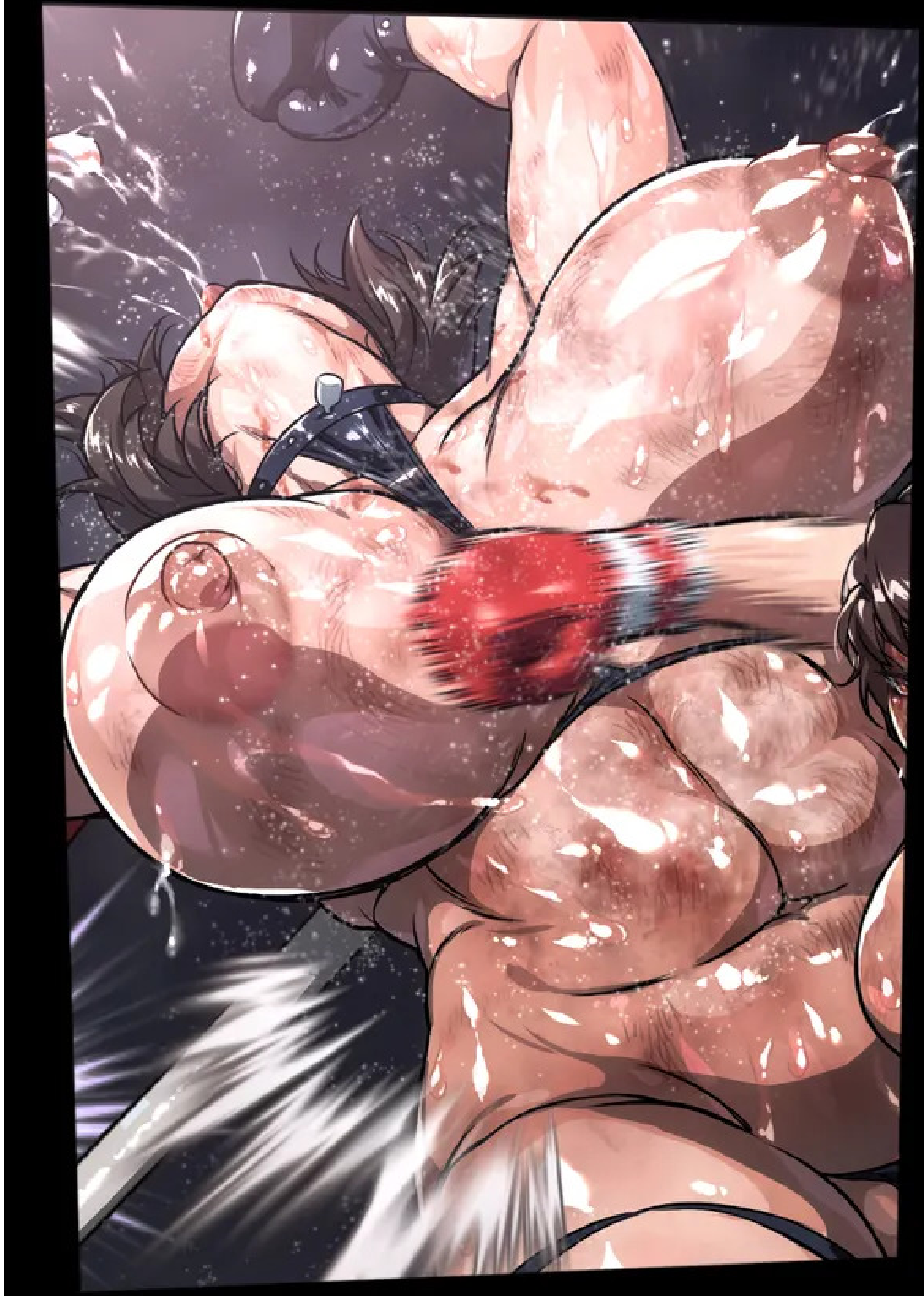


"I... Iiiggg! ♥ Nbuuuhh!! ♥ Iibuu!! ♥ Nguohhh!! ♥♥ Buahhh... ♥"

Dolores, who had been fighting back, gradually became the sole target of Junko's attacks.
The masochistic desire to be subdued by Junko's fists began to surface.

(It's working...♥ This feels so good...♥ No, I can't... I have to win... I have to...♥
I'll lose the chance to be tormented by Eroise-sama...♥)

Even as she thought that, her instincts couldn't resist Junko's punches.
I want this hot, rough, thick fist inside me more... More, more, more...



"Ibuuuu!! ♥♥♥ Oh... Obuuu!!? ♥♥
Ooooh... Gyuuu... ♥♥"

Dolores reached an especially intense climax.
Before she had time to savor the afterglow,
the next fist immediately arrived.

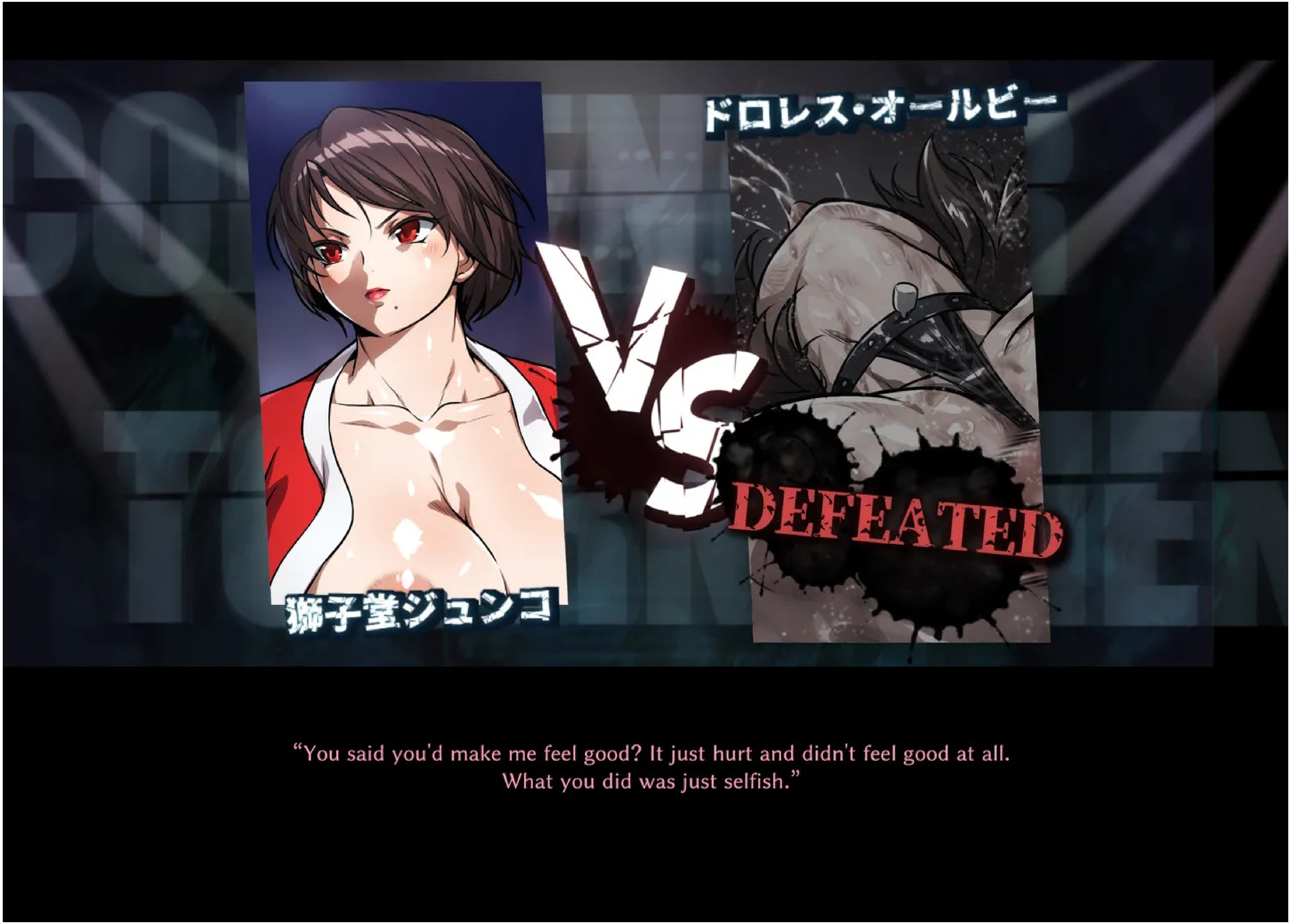
(No way... It's already getting faster...?)
I'm coming... I'm coming now...
I'm coming... but...♥♥)

"I'm com....!! ♥ Igub!! ♥ Igucha!! ♥♥
Aaahh!! ♥♥ Aaaahhhhhhhh!! ♥♥♥"

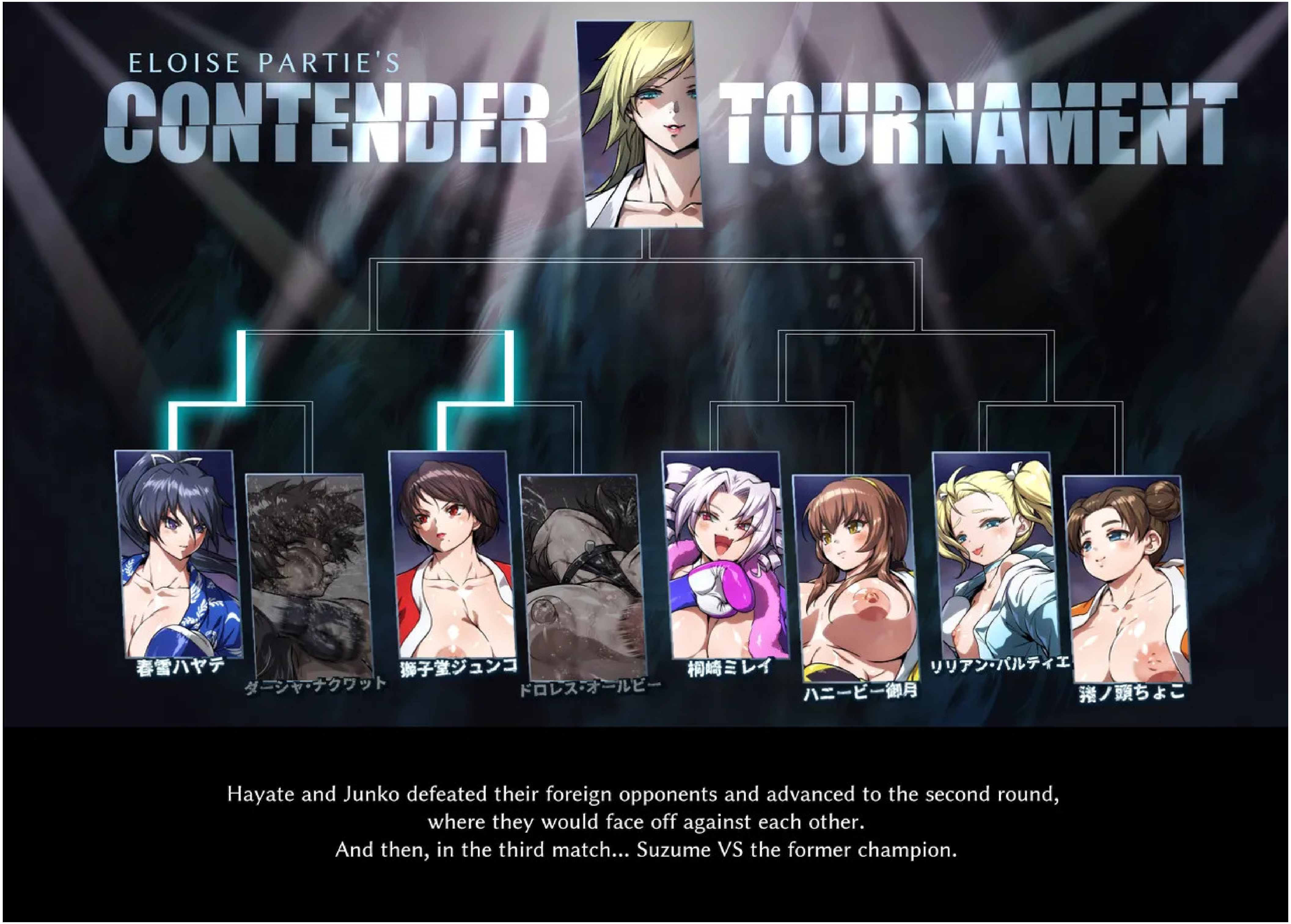
The female giant, with her upper body protruding
outside the rope, continued to moan in ecstasy.
The battle came to an end as she drowned in the pleasure
of consecutive orgasms.

The "loser" giant, who had been told the ten-count,
was submerged in the fountain of orgasmic fluid she had created,
twitching and convulsing,
continuing to revel in the endless orgasm.

As Eloise had schemed, this fierce battle became the trigger— Junko reignited the spirit of her prime.
With her target now clearly defined, the flames within her blazed even fiercer,
Driving her toward heights she had never before reached…


ドロレス・オールビー
VS
DEFEATED
獅子堂ジュンコ

"You said you'd make me feel good? It just hurt and didn't feel good at all.
What you did was just selfish."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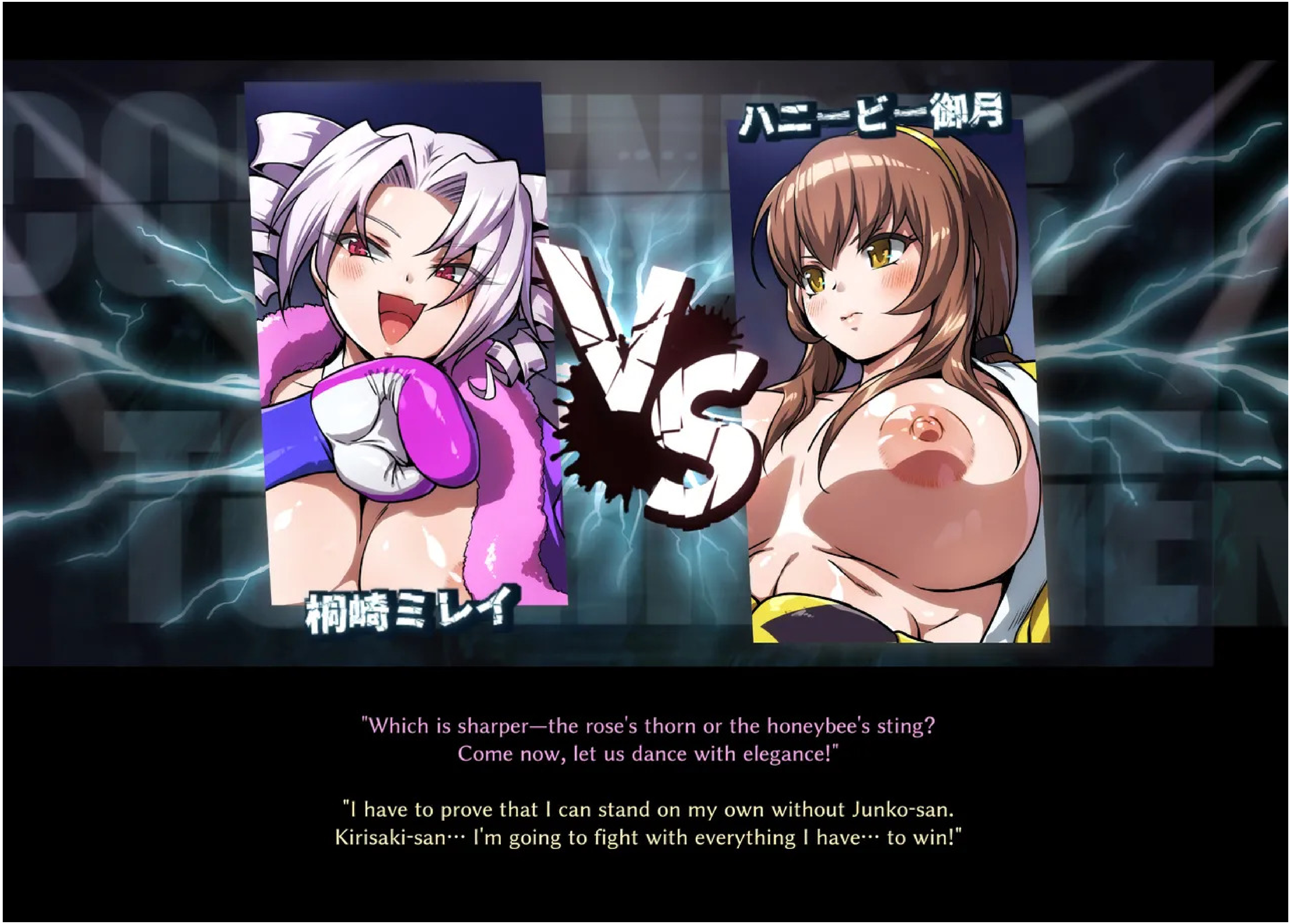
ハニービー御月
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

Hayate and Junko defeated their foreign opponents and advanced to the second round,
where they would face off against each other.
And then, in the third match... Suzume VS the former champion.



"Which is sharper—the rose's thorn or the honeybee's sting?
Come now, let us dance with elegance!"

"I have to prove that I can stand on my own without Junko-san.
Kirisaki-san… I'm going to fight with everything I have… to win!"

“Suzume-san··· As you are surely aware,
I’ve spent these past two months training alongside Miss Shishido
as her sparring partner.

But our relationship was strictly one of mutual benefit. I solemnly
swear I never did anything to hinder her return.
After all, I would never want to dishonor the resolve of someone
who chose to spread her wings and leave the nest.”

“...!”

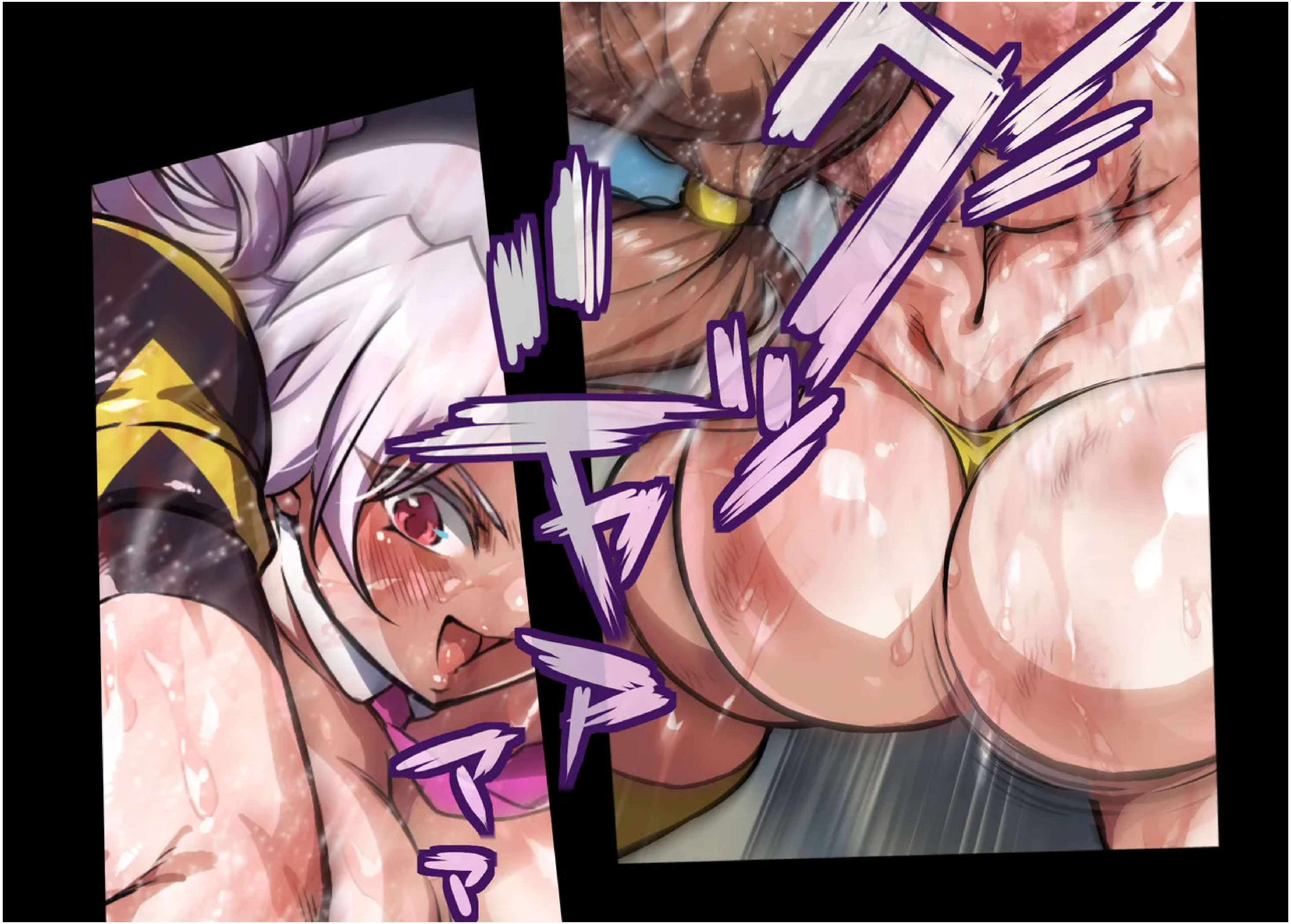
“Nor have I done anything as underhanded as trying to pry into
your weaknesses.
Any information I have about you comes solely from my own
research into your past matches.”

“...Yes. I understand!”

“Very well.
Tonight, the two standing in this ring have no strings attached!
The perfect stage has been set for me to shine as the victorious one!”

She may be eccentric, but when it comes to competition,
Mirei is earnest to a fault—
stripping away every excuse and obstacle to pursue a clean,
honest win.
Her sincerity draws a smile from Suzume despite the tension.

They both carry thoughts of Junko deep in their hearts.
And that’s exactly why··· neither of them can afford to lose this match.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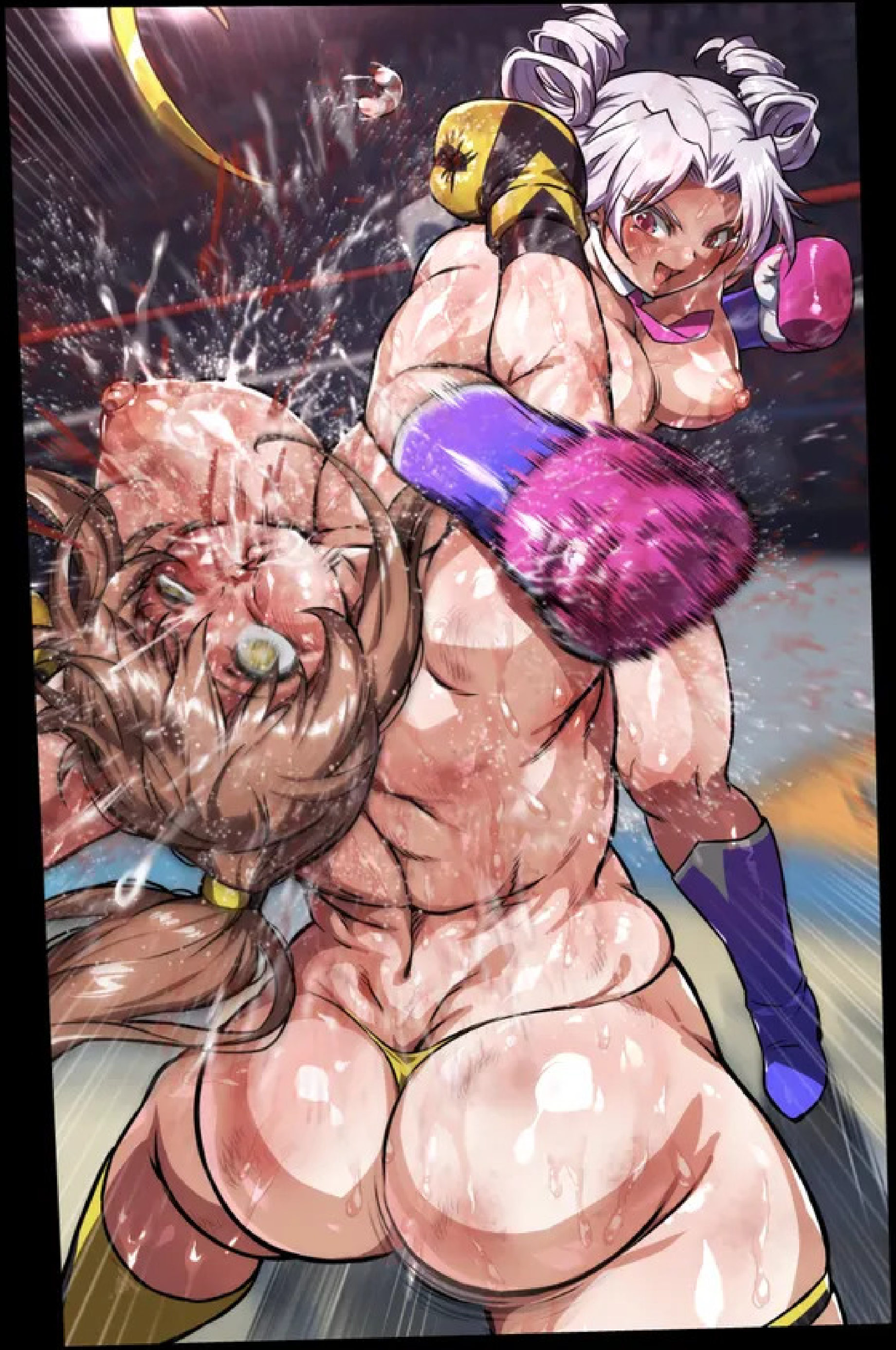


The Fallen Rose Queen Raises Her Banner Once More.
The “Killer Bee” of Suzume Mitsuki—defeated for the first time.

Though Mirei may not have the most naturally gifted physique,
her skill—the very same that once crowned her champion—
was no illusion.

A master of precision counters, crafted from sharp insight and
analytical poise.
She captivated the crowd of “servants” in the stands with her
flair and theatrical flair,
turning the atmosphere into an away game for her opponent—
a psychological trap laid outside the ropes.

She plays fair at the opening bell, but once the match begins,
Mirei employs every tool the rulebook allows.
Her expertise as a former champion showed in full force,
and as the audience swelled with chants of her name,
Suzume found herself increasingly on the back foot.

Cornered and desperate, Suzume unleashed her signature move
—the “Killer Bee.”
But that was exactly what Mirei had been waiting for.
She had engineered the moment, drawing the move out at
the perfect time.
And as the blow was released, she drove in a perfectly timed
counter.

A spray of blood flew through the air as Suzume collapsed to the mat—
felled by a former queen who had risen from disgrace to take
back her throne.

"Did you really believe such an obvious,
unchanged special move would work on me?
…How complacent."

The left straight into the right—the hallmark of the Killer Bee.
Its fatal flaw lies in its predictability. The setup motion
makes it easy to read,
and Mirei had seized upon that weakness with ruthless precision.

Any concern that Suzume might have refined
the Killer Bee for this tournament
had now proven to be nothing more than a baseless fear.

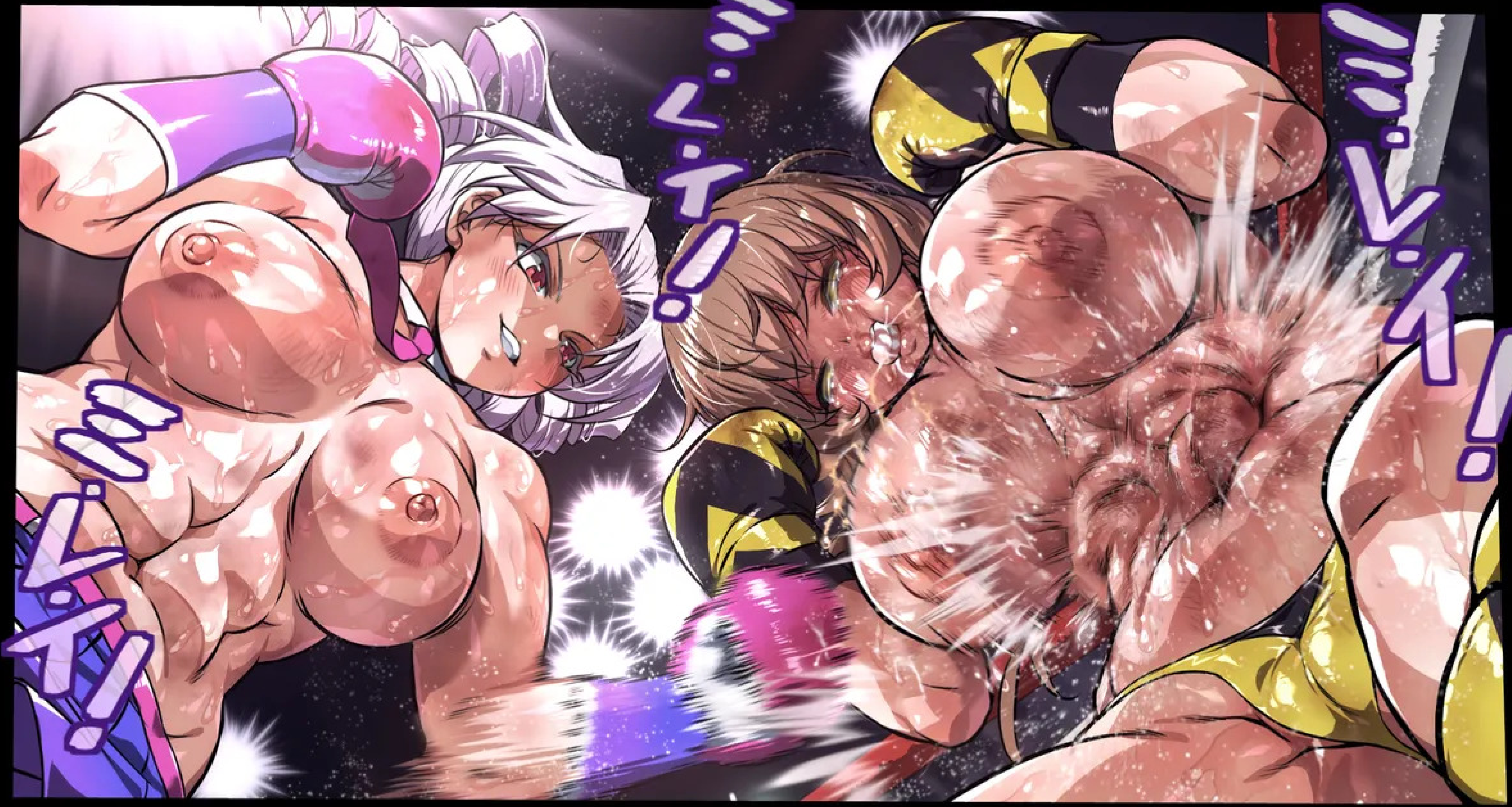
"Ugh… ahh…"

Covered in nosebleed and staring blankly at the ceiling,
Suzume's body slowly stirred—
and just barely, on the count of nine, she rose to her feet.

"You truly inherited your coach's stubbornness, didn't you?
…Very well then."

Mirei, assuming Suzume's spirit was shattered—both
from the devastating counter
and the psychological blow of having her trump card nullified—
unleashed a relentless flurry of follow-up strikes,
showing no mercy.

ドゥブッ
ドドボッ
ズドォ



Round 6… then Round 7… Outclassed in every exchange, unable to mount any real counterattack, Suzume was left helplessly at Mirei's mercy, being struck again and again.

(So… strong… This is… Kirisaki-san…
This is… what it means to be… a former champion…)

“Bweh—!! Bupu…! Buoh—eh…”

Her body battered past its limits,
Suzume’s lips let slip not just saliva, but bile.

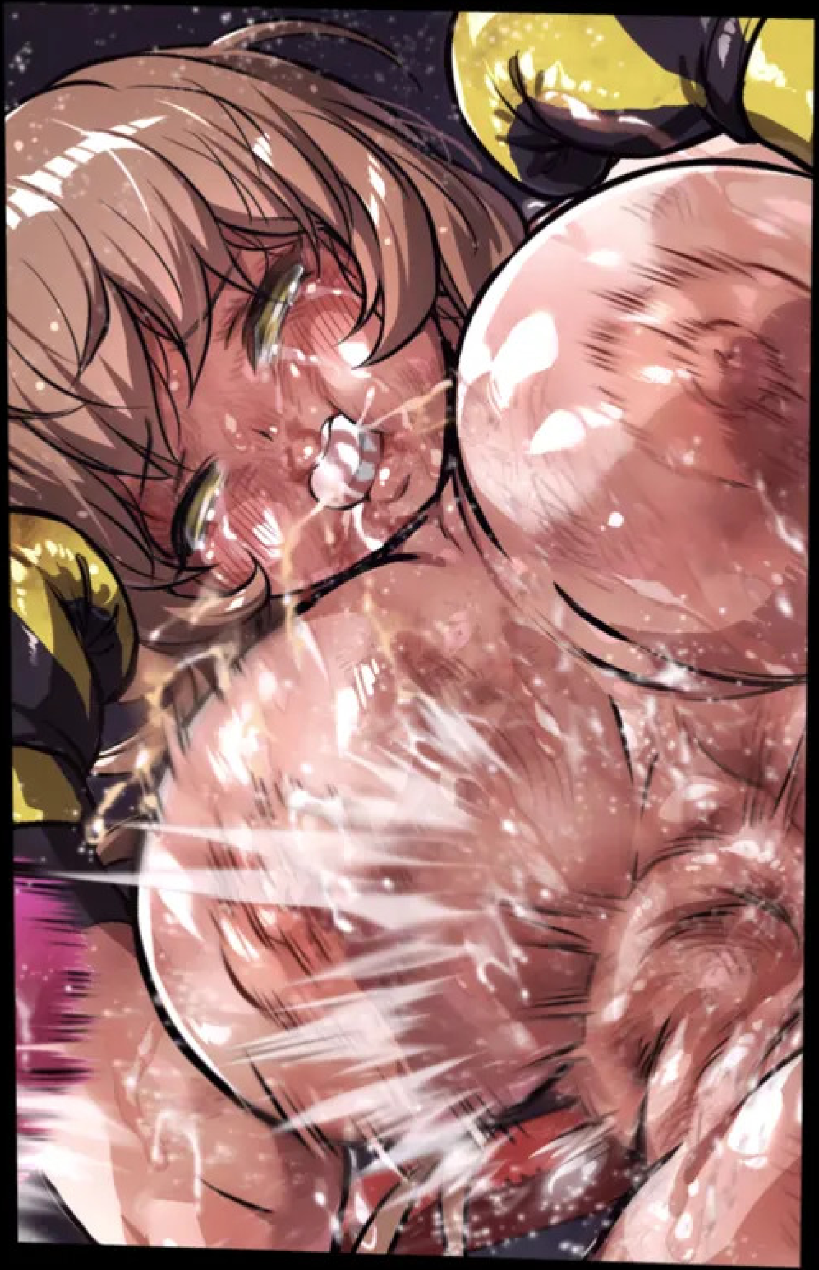
(M-move… move, damn it…
Just one more time… just once more… let me land… Killer Bee…!)

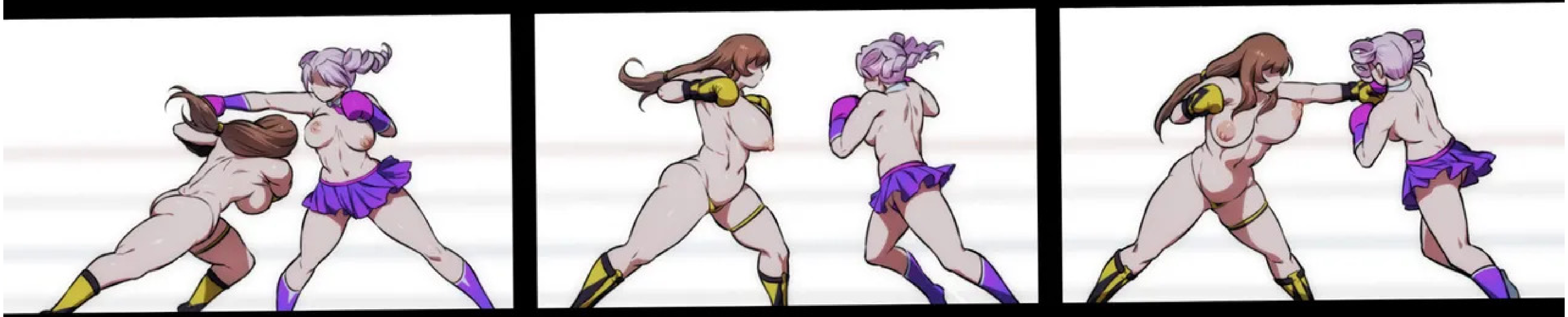
(Go ahead… show me your final resistance…!
This time… I’ll make you fall in the most spectacular way!)

Suzume threw a desperate left straight.
Mirei slipped past it smoothly—yes, the telltale
lead-up to the Killer Bee.
She prepared to land the perfect counter on the incoming right—
But suddenly, Suzume’s form vanished from her field of view.
The counter cut nothing but empty air.

(A feint!? No—it’s impossible!
If she could do something like that,
why didn’t she use it earlier… …!!)

In that instant of frozen thought, Mirei understood:
She’d been deceived.





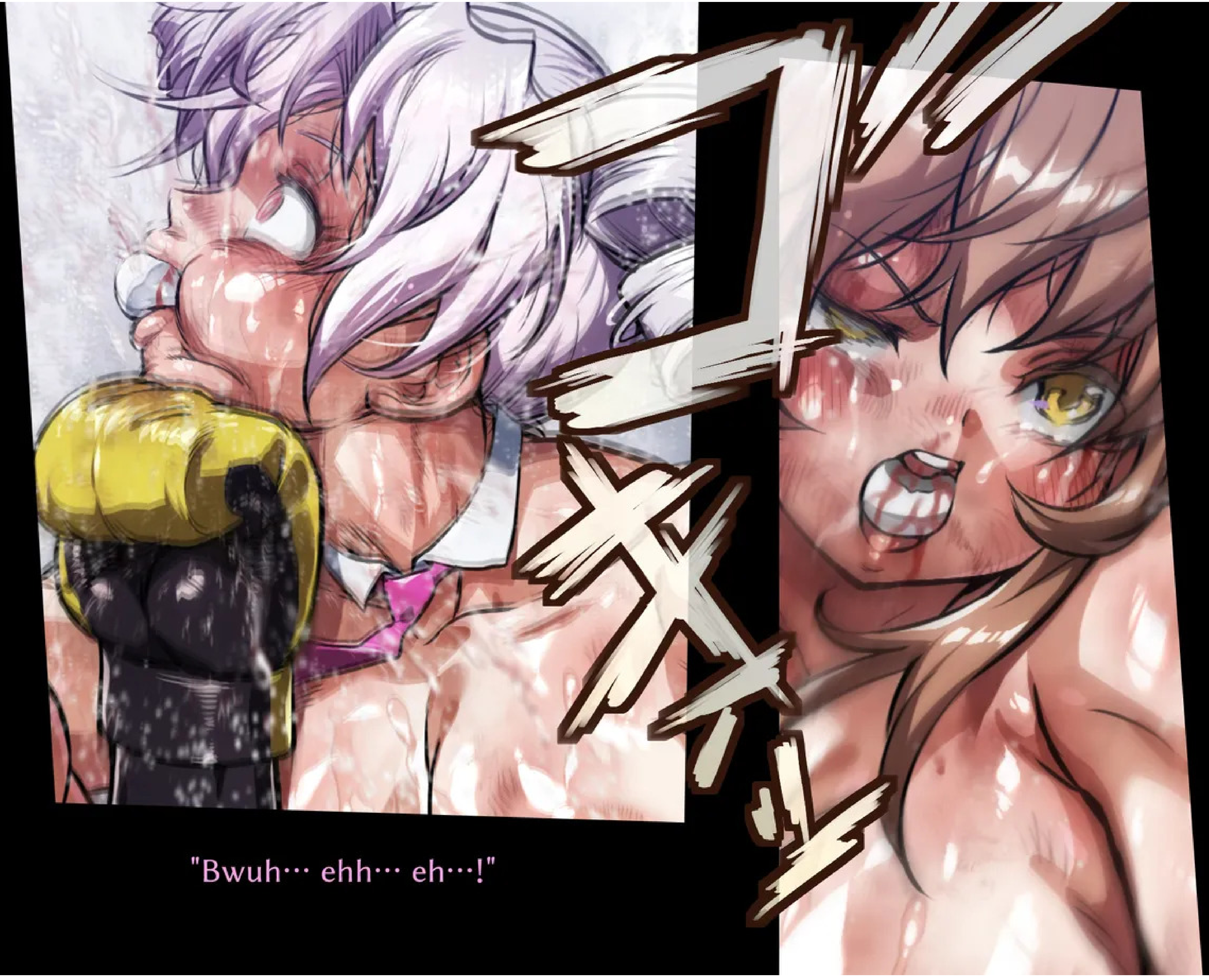
In order to completely conceal this evolved form of the Killer Bee from Mirei's predictions,
Suzume had deliberately unleashed a standard version of the move earlier—fully prepared to take a counter for it.

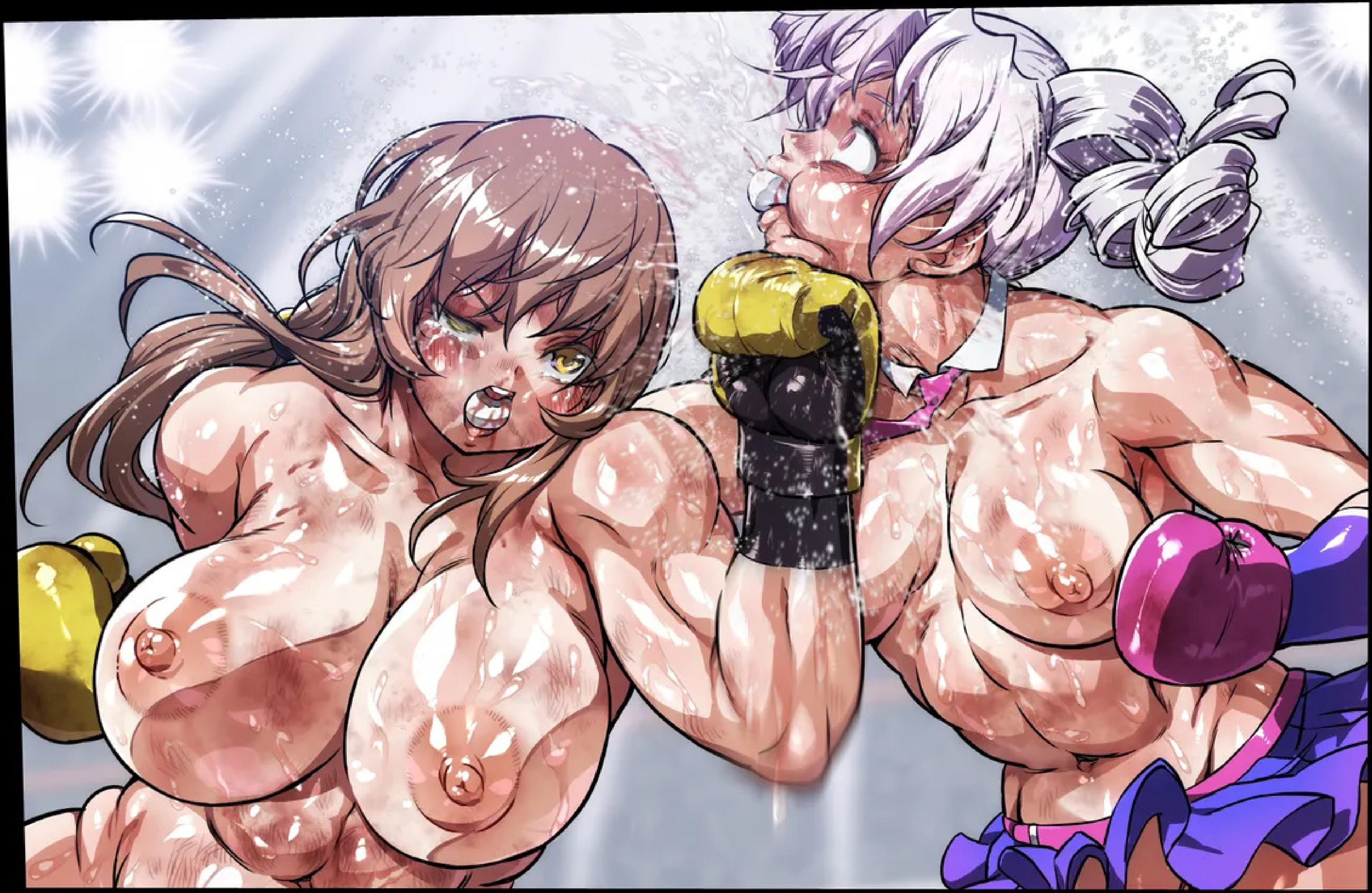
She knew she couldn't win through pure technique.
So instead, she gambled everything on a sacrificial strategy:
Let the flesh be cut, if it means breaking bone.
And now—That gamble had borne fruit.

The Killer Bee is a punch that throws one's full body weight forward—
Once released, it cannot be stopped. Feinting is fundamentally impossible.
So Suzume's answer, forged during her training with Yuzuki and the others, was this:
Then throw the punch—wildly, deliberately miss.

By swinging like a body hook and letting the punch whiff entirely,
her posture sank low, allowing her to evade the face-level counter she knew Mirei would throw.

And in that motion—The centrifugal force of her missed right redirected all that fatal weight
not forward, but back—Back to her starting point, back to her left fist.


"Bwuh… ehh… eh…!"



The retaliatory uppercut designed to punish those aiming to counter the Killer Bee…"Killer Bee Rising."
Mirai's chin was struck cleanly—her body lifted from the canvas,
twisting through the air before crashing down with a thunderous slam.

“It’s in—!!! Honeybee Mitsuki lands a shocking come-from-behind strike that turns the fight around!!!
Unbelievable! A Killer Bee delivered as an uppercut! That’s some terrifying power—!!!”

The crowd roared, the arena quaking with excitement.
In contrast, Mirei’s loyal followers, who moments before had cheered so fiercely,
fell silent—stunned by the devastating image of their queen sprawled helplessly on the canvas.

Her body, thrown backward by the impact, had flipped over, leaving her legs awkwardly askew.
In that unseemly posture, Mirei trembled faintly, her hips twitching with the remnants of the shock.

(I··· I did it··· Please··· let that be enough···)

Despite Suzume's desperate prayer, Mirei's legs suddenly thudded back down, flipping her onto her back.
She hadn't lost consciousness completely.

(N-no way…?!)

Wobbling like a newborn fawn, her entire body trembling,
Mirei somehow rose to her feet—just barely—at the count of nine.

"F… fuh… fuh…
Q-quite the… cheeky… move you pulled… there…"

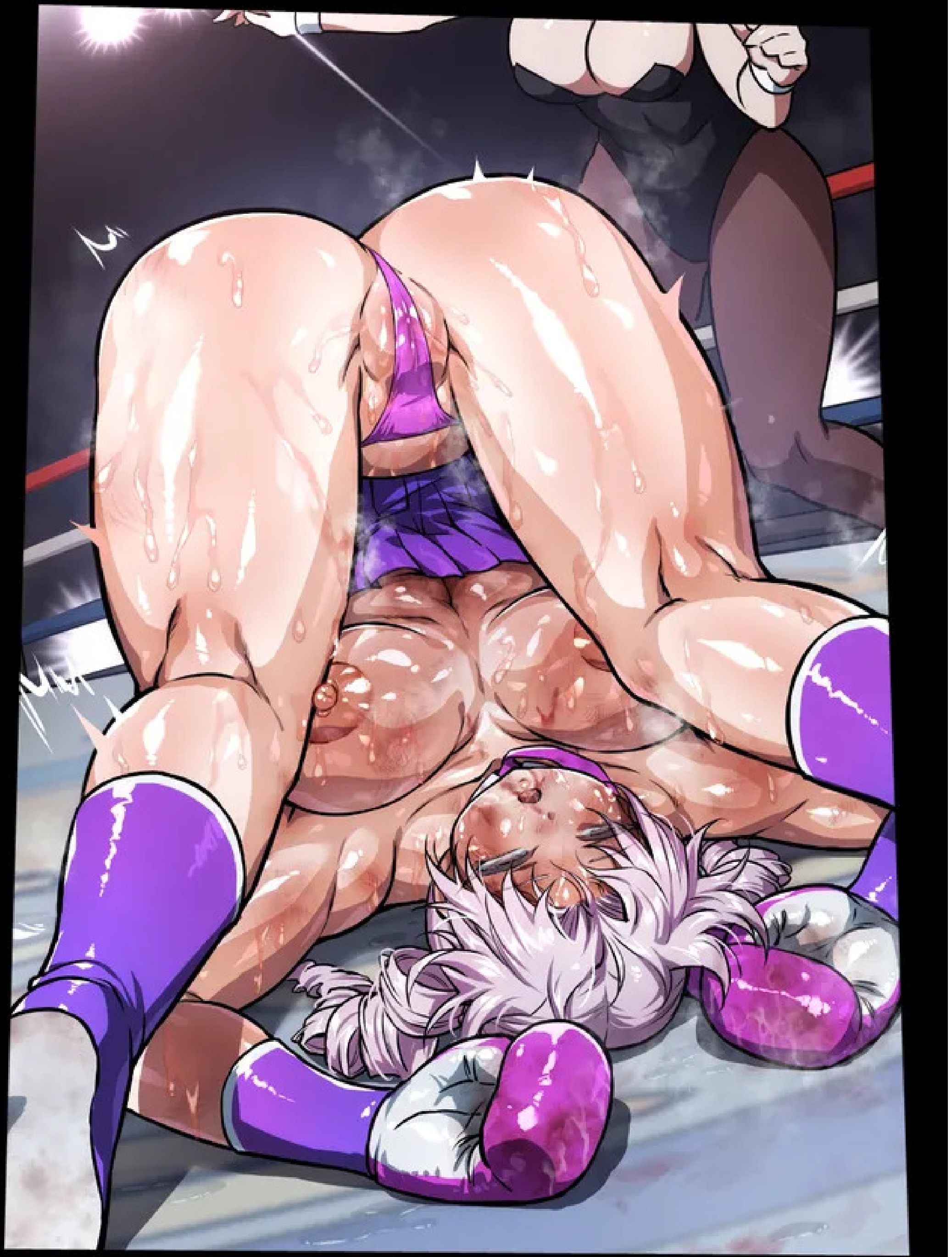
Her words were slurred, her tongue sluggish—clear signs of immense damage.
Mirei was a boxer who relied on precision and evasion, not endurance.
Her being instantly overwhelmed by Eloise in their title match had proven her vulnerability.

And yet… even after taking a direct hit from Suzume's Killer Bee Rising, she stood back up.

That tenacious will—Suzume now realized—wasn't born of pride alone.
It had been inspired by someone else.

(…I know who gave her that strength.)

"C-come now… Let's… continue… this match…"



Neither could properly raise their guard anymore.
It was no longer boxing—it was a brutal, desperate brawl, fists flung on sheer will alone.

But the devastating blow Mirei had taken earlier had already carved a fatal crack into her body.
Inevitably, she was driven into the ropes and turned into a living punching bag.

"F-fufuh··· buuh!! Y-you think this··· hurts···?
Your··· your puny punches··· do nothing··· obuuuuh···!"

(Kirisaki-san··· Kirisaki-san··· Kirisaki-san!)

Her face swollen, blood pouring from her nose, she clung to her pride with a trembling voice.
But there was no place for pity here.

Mirei, for all her bravado, was still gripping the ropes, standing with her own will.
And as long as the will to fight even faintly flickered within her opponent—
Suzume knew she had to fight with everything she had to snuff it out.

That was the law of this ring.
That was the lesson taught by her former coach.

Eventually, the referee stepped in, declaring a standing knockdown.
He checked Mirei's awareness as she stubbornly stood···

Then raised both arms above his head, crossing them.

The final bell rang. The match was over.

Though Mirei had maintained the upper hand for most of the match,
Suzume's miraculous comeback blow shattered all of her carefully laid plans.
She managed to show a flicker of resilience,but lacked the strength to continue the fight—
and in the end, she was forced to swallow her tears in defeat.

Having lost the match, Mirei refused to be carried out on a stretcher.
Instead, she walked off the stage on her own two feet, escorted by the applause of her loyal followers.
Suzume bowed her head deeply to the back of the noble loser as it faded into the distance.

(Kirisaki-san... thank you—so much...)

As soon as she stepped through the exit and out of the audience's sight,
Mirei's strength finally gave out, and she collapsed forward.
But before she hit the ground, someone gently caught her in their arms.

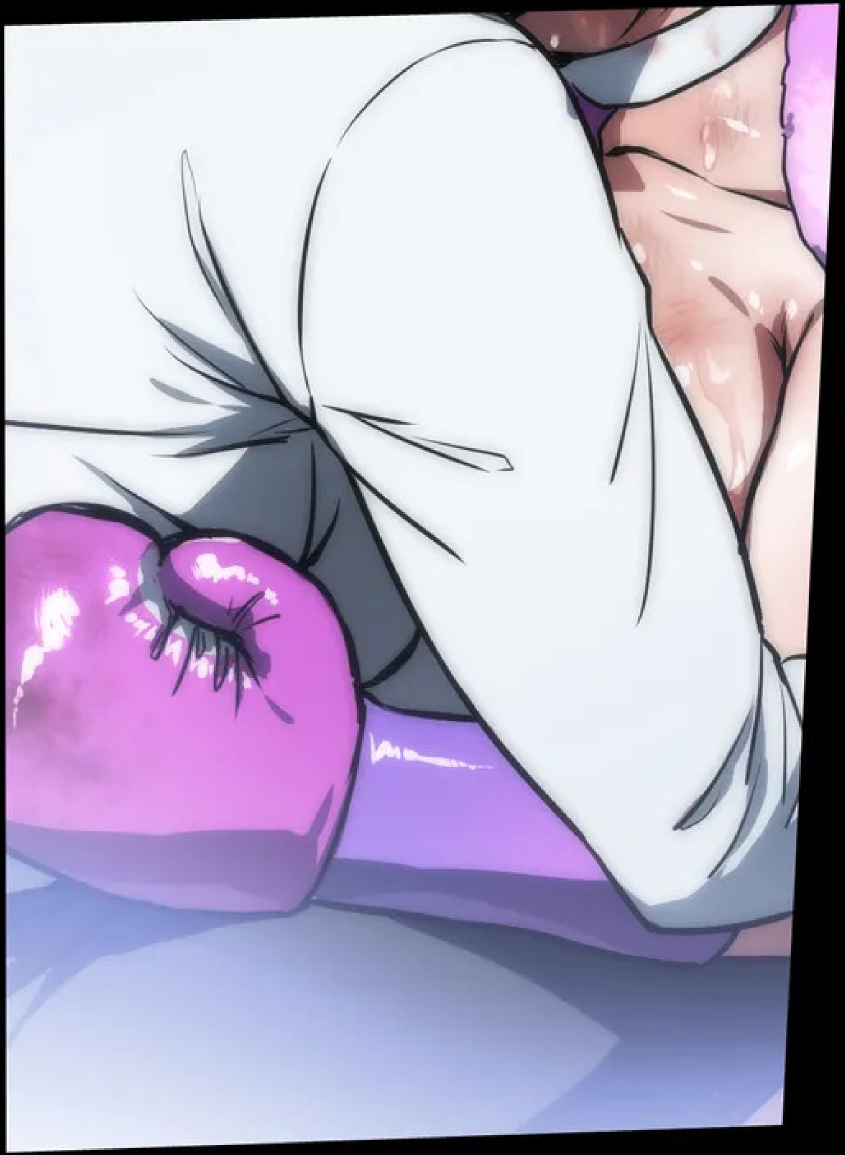
"...Hmph. This is hardly... dignified, is it...
Thanks to you... and all your brutal training...
I thought I'd become a little more resilient... but clearly not...

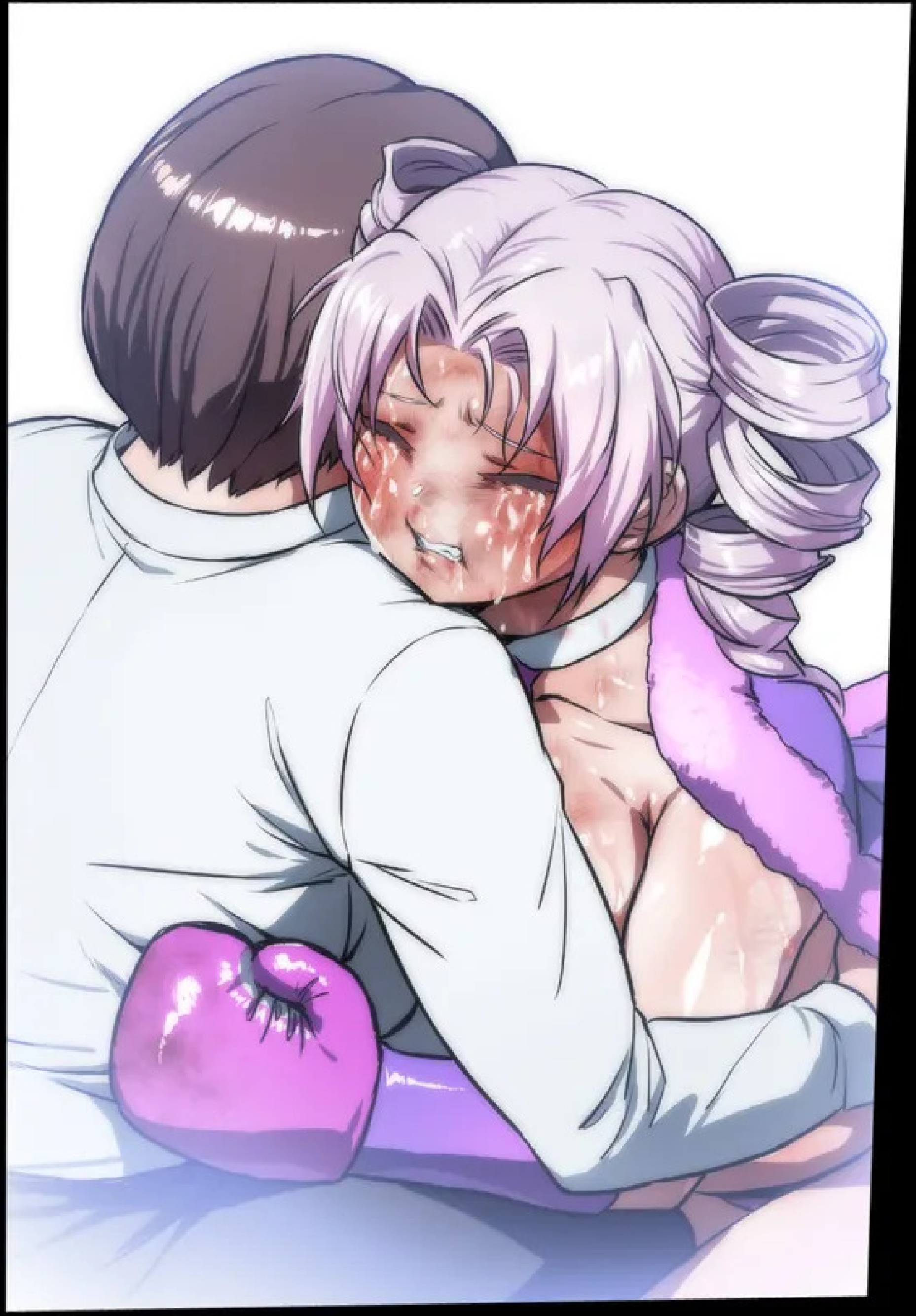
Honestly... you're such a meddlesome woman.
Telling me you were going to focus on your comeback...
You're always so selfish... and far too kind..."

"Mirei."

That quiet murmur of regret was gently interrupted by the voice.

"...Nice fight."





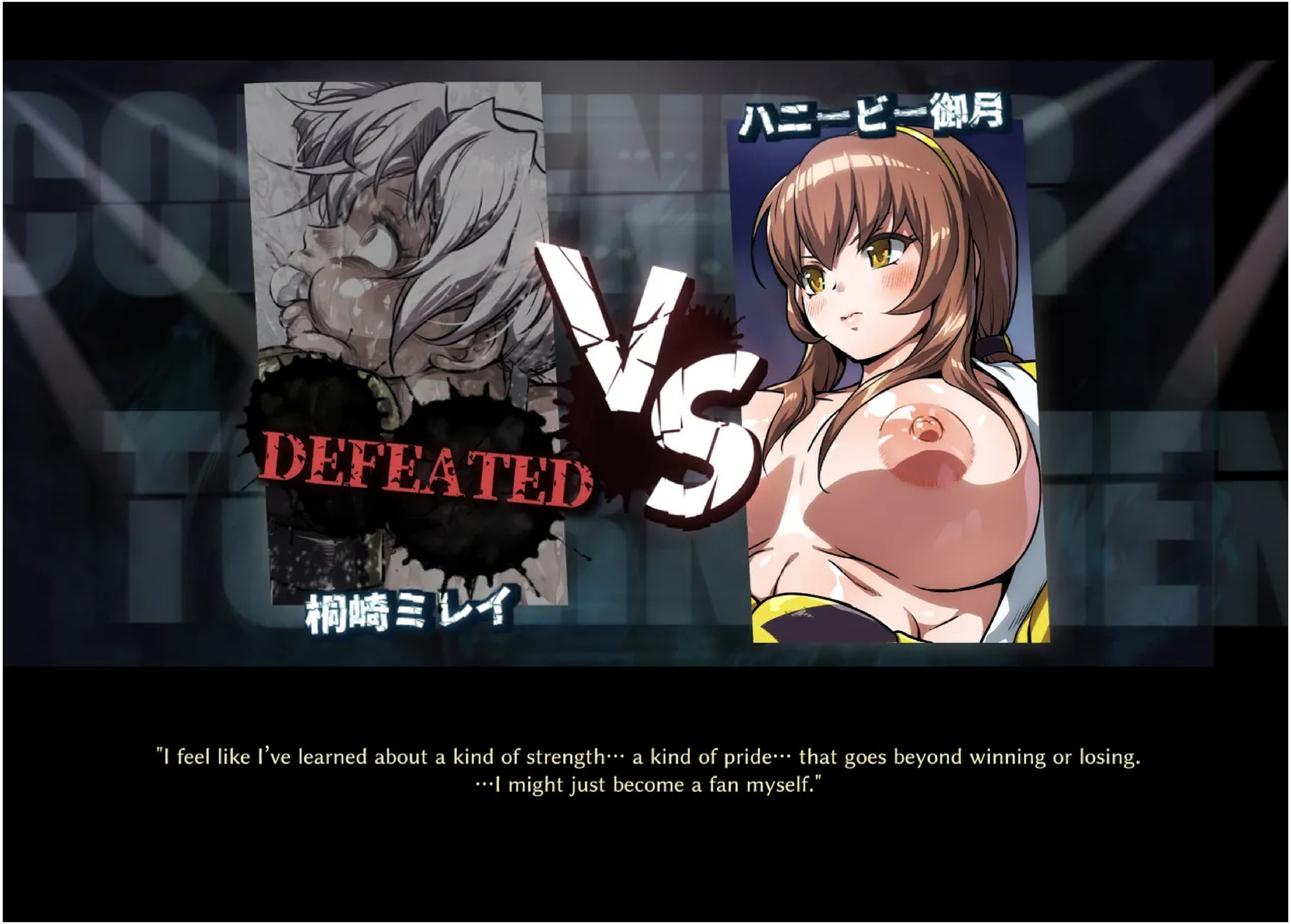
“………………uh…
…uhh… hic... ngh…

fghh, ngh… uhhh, uuhhh~~...!!
Uuuuuhhh~~!!”

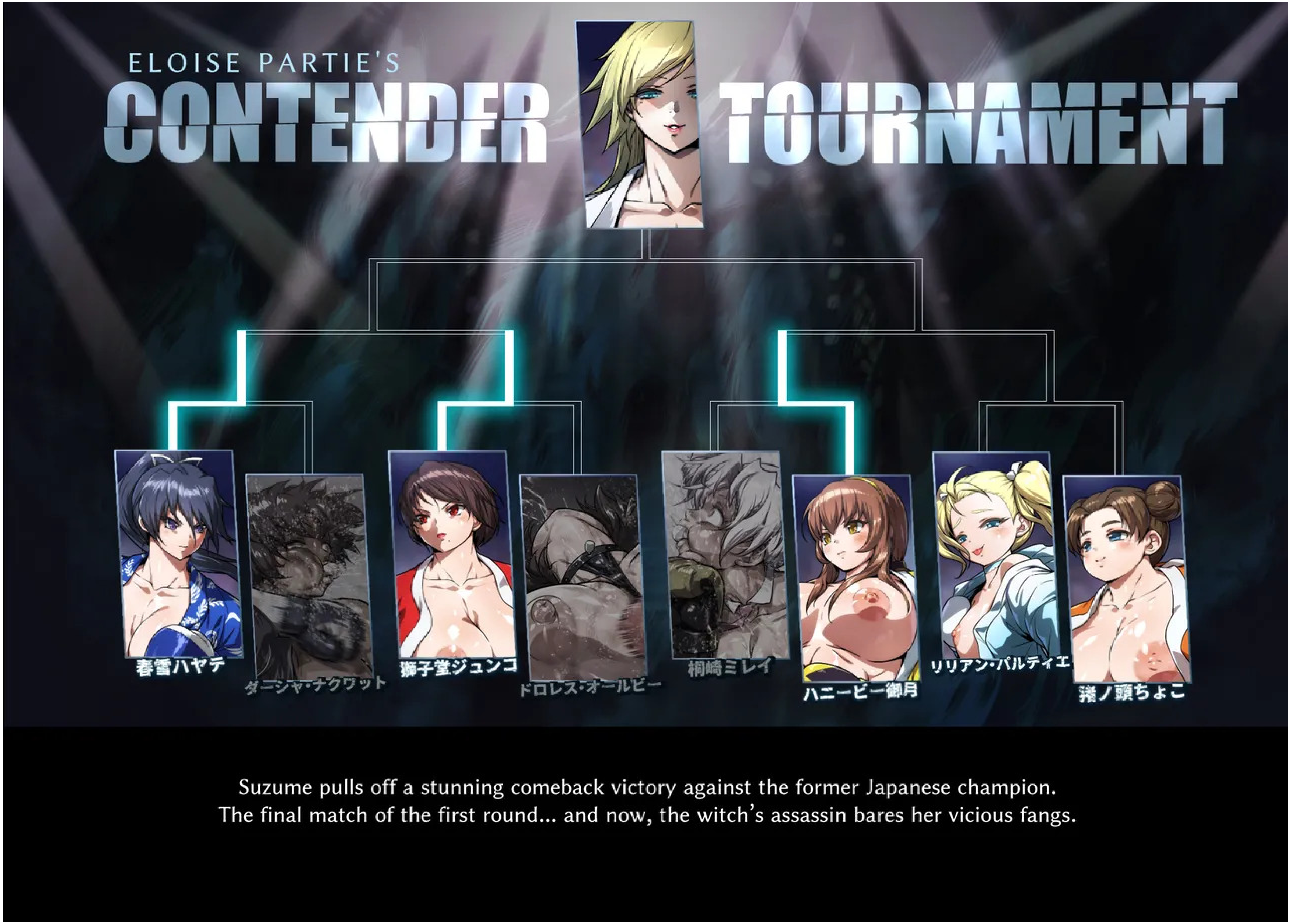
Former WTBJ Champion Mirei Kirisaki—
her dream of reclaiming the belt shattered,
she falls in the first round.

Dragged down from the throne like a sacrificial pawn,
forced to reveal a face swollen and disfigured in defeat—
yet even so, her devoted followers know.
They know what truly makes her worthy of reverence.

Even after two crushing losses at the summit,
the rose that blooms at the top never loses its pride—
never fades in color.


ハニービー御月
DEFEATED
VS
桐崎ミレイ

"I feel like I've learned about a kind of strength… a kind of pride… that goes beyond winning or losing.
…I might just become a fan myself."


ELOISE PARTIE'S
CONTENDER TOURNAMENT
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ハニービー御月
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

Suzume pulls off a stunning comeback victory against the former Japanese champion.
The final match of the first round... and now, the witch's assassin bares her vicious fangs.

猪ノ頭ちょこ
VS
リリアン・パルティエ

"What's that, your nipple? The tip is hiding.
I'll make it pop out with a punch right away♥"

"Saki-chan... watch me. I'll do my best."

"Tch... You're looking better than I expected.
After all that I pounded into you, you're still one tough bastard."

"You're just as tough as you look."

Hayate, on his way back to the arena after checking on Suzume's condition in the medical room, ran into an unexpected figure.

"Dasha... I heard you've got some history with Choco's opponent—Lilian Partie."

"My condolences. That Choco gonna get wrecked."

"What···?!"

Dasha remembered all too well what it was like to face Lilian.
A monster who saw every human being—except her sister—as worthless.
Someone who truly enjoyed destruction. A terrifyingly
unhinged kind of strength.

"Those damn Parties···
I don't know how they do it, but their punches don't just
hit muscle or fat— they stab right into your guts.
Feels like getting skewered with a blade.

I don't care how tough that Inogashira brat thinks she is...
In front of that little monster's punches, none of it
means a damn thing."

What Hayate saw upon returning to the hall was Choco being brutally beaten down by the second round.

“No way… She's overpowering Choco head-on with that kind of build!?”

“Tch, that brat… Still as ruthless with her attacks as ever.”

"Ah, it's so much softer than Dolores's♪ It goes in so easily♥"

"Buhyahhh!! Ibuhhh!! Buhyuuu...!"

Choco, who was supposed to be insensitive to pain and unable to be defeated no matter how many blows she took, was now screaming in agony from Lilian's small fists.
Saki, the second, stood there in shock at the unbelievable sight.

(No way...!
You're being beaten by a kid like that...!?)

Lilian jumped around the ring like a ballerina, digging her fists deep into Choco's flesh.
When Choco tried a desperate left straight, she managed to break her knuckles by hitting her fist head-on.

(How can such thin arms perform such a feat...!?
How can a punch in mid-air carry such weight...!?)

With both arms hanging limply, Choco staggered like a sleepwalker, drooling bodily fluids from his nose and mouth.

At this point, the outcome was already decided.

(Sa... Saki, chan... everyone...
Choko... I won't lose...)

With her last ounce of strength, she threw a final punch with her broken left fist.
However, a wet sound echoed as the fist stopped in midair.

“Nmp... Ooeh... Eeeee...”

Lilian's slender arm was buried deep into Choko's abdomen, almost up to her elbow, like a knife.

Lilian slowly twisted her fist inside Choko's body, torturing her internal organs.
The immense damage caused Choko's entire body to twitch, and her sunken nipples became erect, their tips protruding.

"Kyah... It's out...♥
Those pathetic nipples hiding the tip, they got nice and big, didn't they?♪"

With a final uppercut delivered as if satisfied, blood and saliva sprayed into the air,
and Choco's body collapsed onto the canvas like a fallen tree.

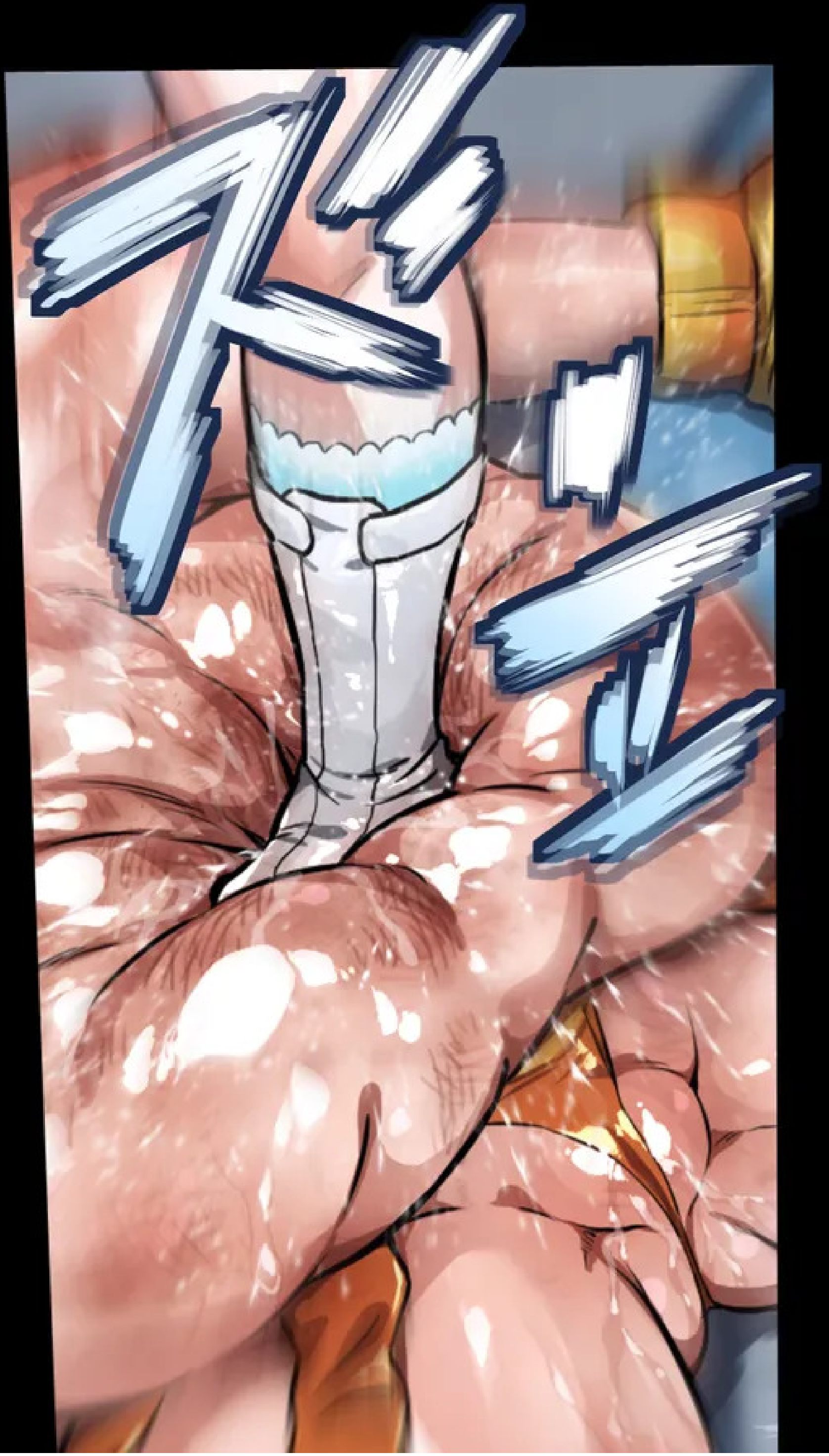
The referee ended the match immediately without counting, and the gong sounded loudly to signal the end.

However, the little devil's destruction was not yet over. Lilian jumped up and stomped on the motionless body of the defeated opponent with both feet.

“Ha ha♪ You're broken♪ You're broken♪ ♪
You tried to challenge Lilian and her sister even though you're so weak?
You're such a weak-minded pig. Ha ha ha ha♪”

“What... What are you doing... What the hell are you doing, you bastard!!
Get off Choko!!”

As Saki lunged forward in a fit of rage, Lilian landed a counter blow, sending even Saki, the second, crashing to the canvas.



The sparrow's fist, clenched tightly,
trembles as it stands with its head bowed.
An eerie power seeps from its back, enough to confuse even Hayate.

“Why... Why can you do that...?”
The battle has already been decided...
Don't you have any respect for someone who fought so hard...?“

”Ah, I knew what you were going to say... That's meaningless♪

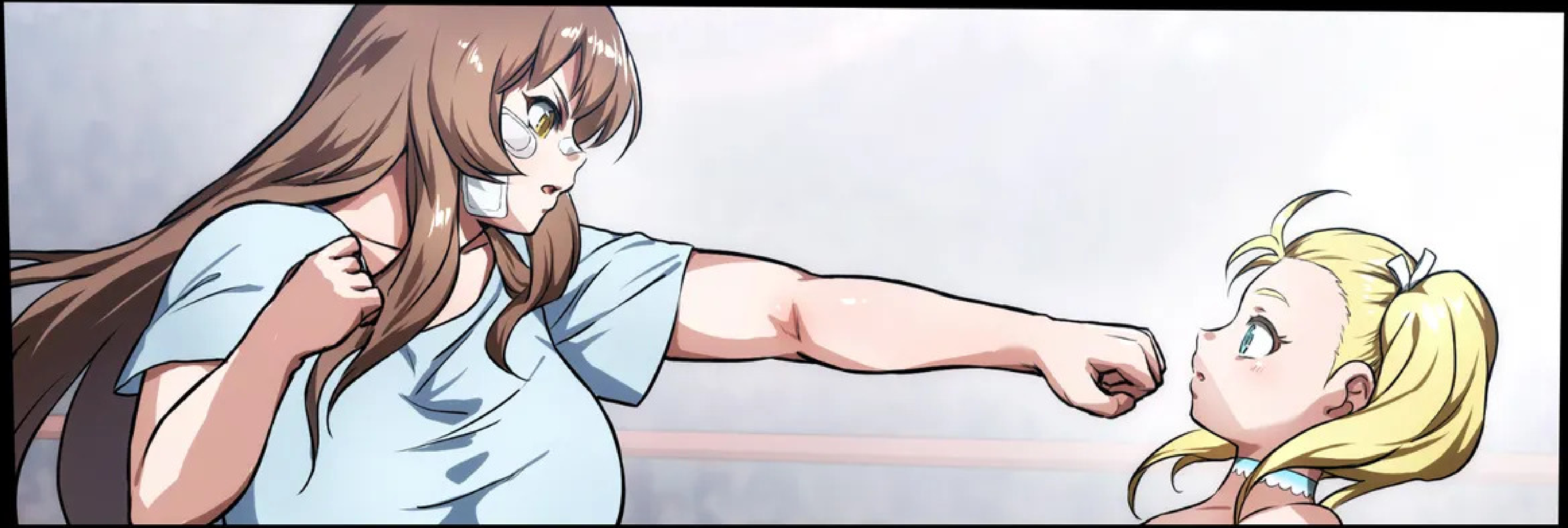
Lily won, so you can do whatever you want to a loser.
If you don't like getting beaten up like this,
you shouldn't have gotten on the ring in the first place♪
...Right?“

Lilian twisted her foot on Choco's cheek.
...At that moment.

”!"

A flash cut through the tense air.
Suzume's jab stopped just inches from Lilian's face,
but Lilian's feet, pushed back by the force of the punch,
naturally came off Choco's body.

“…It's not meaningless.”



“………Hmph.”

Lilian blinked in surprise for just a moment, then her mischievous grin returned as she licked her lips.

“You really are one of those sweet little types with syrup for brains, huh? All the way down to the core.
Lilian reeeally can’t stand girls like you.”

With a twisted gleam in her eye, she leaned in.

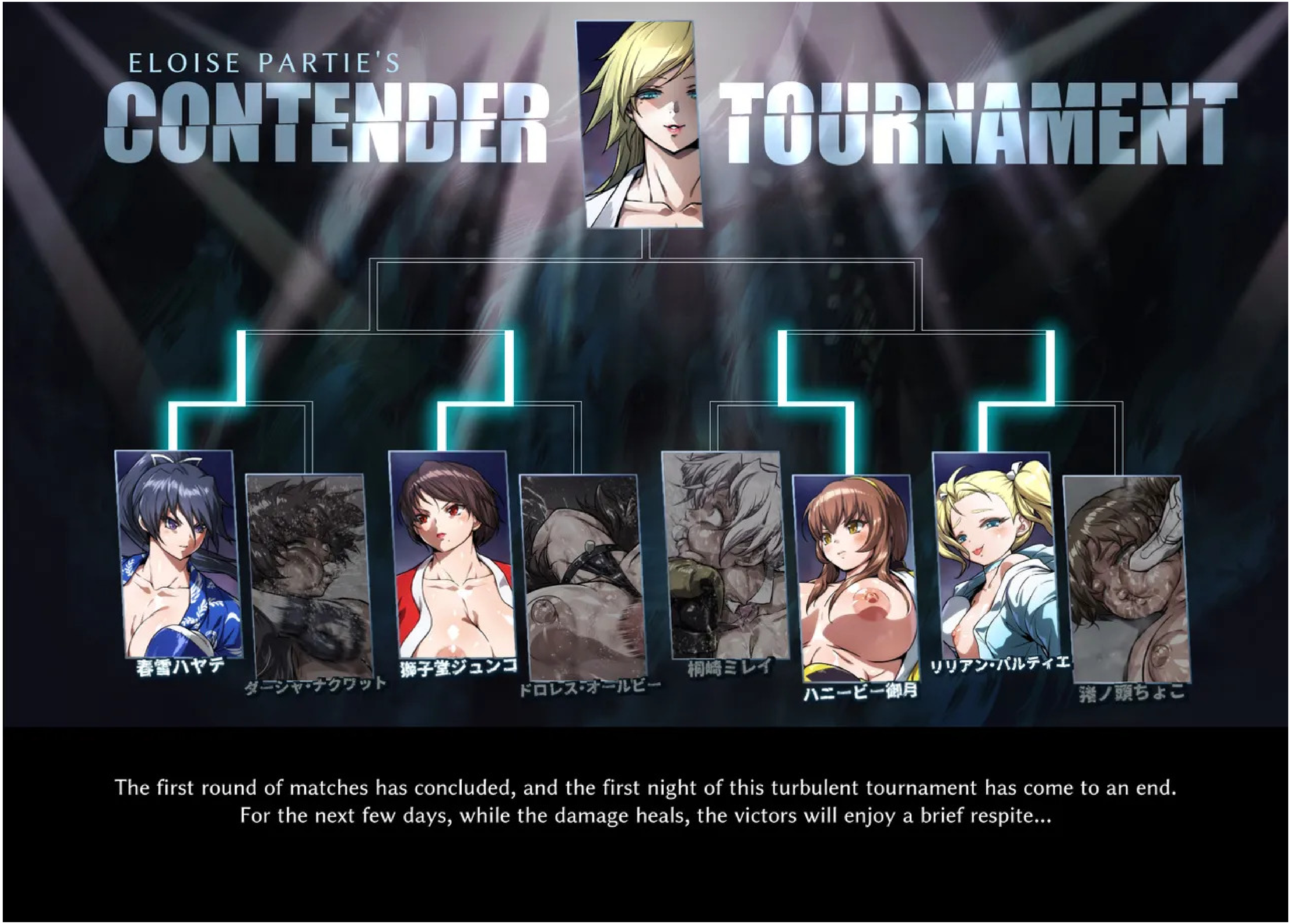
“The bee lady… I’ll be waiting ever so eagerly for our second-round match.
I’m gonna smash your face, your belly, and those big boobs of yours—until you’re whimpering in disgrace.”

The staff around them shrank back, visibly shaken by the overwhelming malice pouring off Lilian.
But Suzume stood her ground, unwavering.

“This is the angriest I’ve ever been in my life.
I don’t recognize what you do as boxing. And I will never… ever forgive you!”

猪ノ頭ちょこ
VS
DEFEATED
リリアン・パルティエ

“Hey, hey, you don't have to get up anymore?
Oh, you've already passed out, haven't you? Kyaha♥”


ELOISE PARTIE'S
CONTENDER TOURNAMENT
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リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

The first round of matches has concluded, and the first night of this turbulent tournament has come to an end.
For the next few days, while the damage heals, the victors will enjoy a brief respite...

Though Choco had been in critical condition immediately after the match, by the second day she had recovered enough to lie in bed and grumble that hospital food wasn't cutting it.

"That idiot Choco··· she's pretending like it's nothing, but the truth is she still can't walk on her own. And that loss... it really got to her."

Saki clenched her fists, frustrated at her own helplessness.

"Saki-chan···"

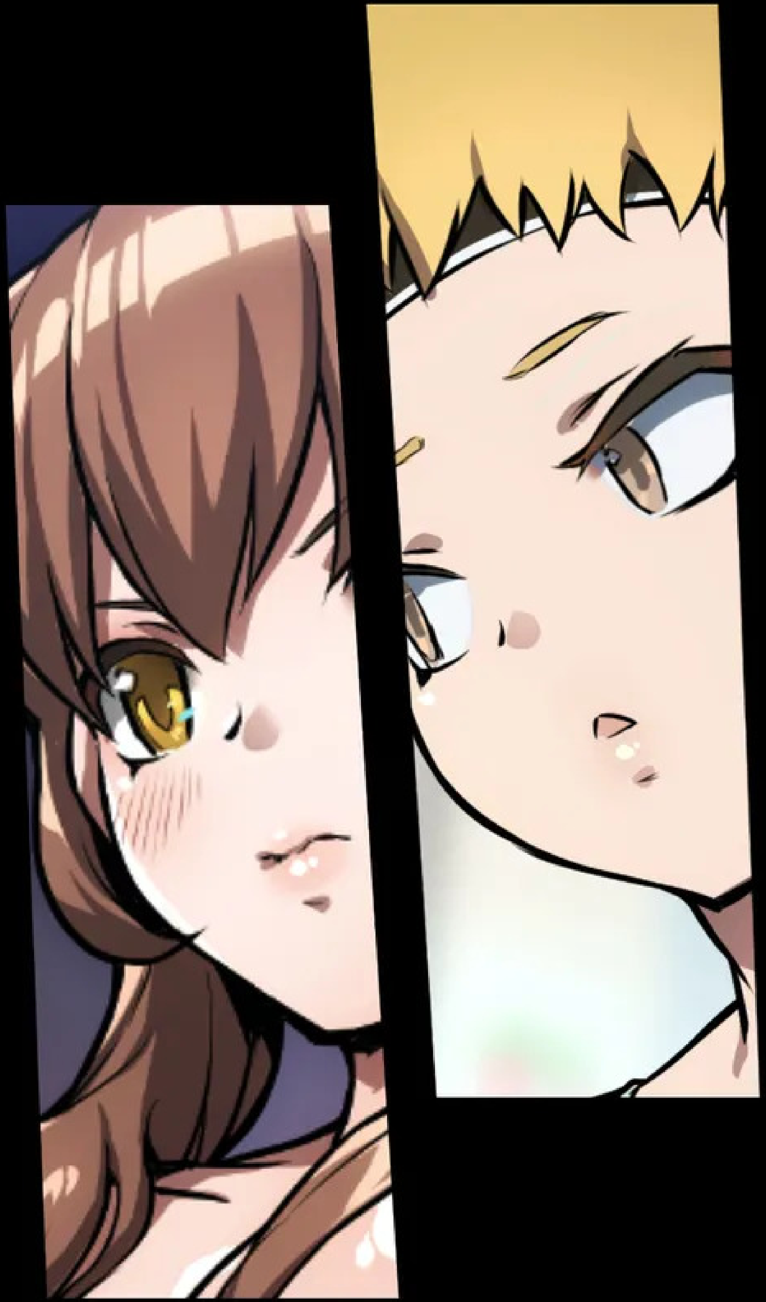
"That brat Lilian—she doesn't know what hesitation means, and she's got the scariest kind of strength to go with it. She's seriously bad news."

"I'm scared too··· really scared. But I won't lose. I can't lose to someone like her."

"Heh··· who would've thought? The old timid Suzume's turned into such a badass."

Saki lowered her eyes, voice tight.

"···Guess I need to get my act together too. If I keep running like this··· I won't be able to face Choco again."



Meanwhile, at the gym that served as Suzume and her team's base, Mirei made a sudden and rather forceful visit—resulting in an impromptu sparring session with Hayate.

“My, my··· You seem to have far too much energy for someone just coming off an injury.”

“Who are you calling a bored first-round loser!?
Come on now, Hayate-san! You’re lacking serious intensity!
At this rate, you won’t even have a one-in-a-million chance of beating her!”

(···So she really is just bored.)

“She’s heading into uncharted territory with her eyes fixed on the ultimate goal. More fired up than ever before, hungrier than ever before! If you step into that ring with anything less than total resolve, she’ll reduce you to ashes in an instant.”

“Hmph··· So you came all this way just to offer me some advice?”

“Watching a one-sided match is so dull. So do try your best to be at least somewhat entertaining—enough that I forget how bored I am! Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!!”

(···Definitely just bored.)

With the second round of the tournament fast approaching, Suzume and Hayate were pushing through the final stretch of their training.

After a grueling sparring session, Suzume, completely exhausted, stumbled—only to be caught by Hayate, and the two ended up leaning together against the corner of the ring.

"I'm sorry... Hayate.
You and Junko... you're both so, so important to me.

That's why I don't want either of you to lose in the next match.
No matter how much I think about it, that's the only answer I can come up with... I want to cheer for you both."

"I figured that's what you'd say.
Even with your own match coming up, this is what you've been worrying about?
Heh... that's so like you."

"I've been stuck in my head the whole time.
No matter how hard I train, I'm still scared before every match.
I wonder... am I really getting stronger?"

"I told you before, didn't I?
You are strong. And no one knows that better than I do."

"True strength is not losing to your own weakness.

People tend to give in to fear and anxiety—they find ways to escape.
They lash out at others, pretend to give up on everything...
Or like I once did, try to lock away their heart and emotions.

But that's just being defeated by your own weakness.
And the one who taught me that⋯ was you, Suzume."

"M–Me...? I didn't do anything like that⋯"

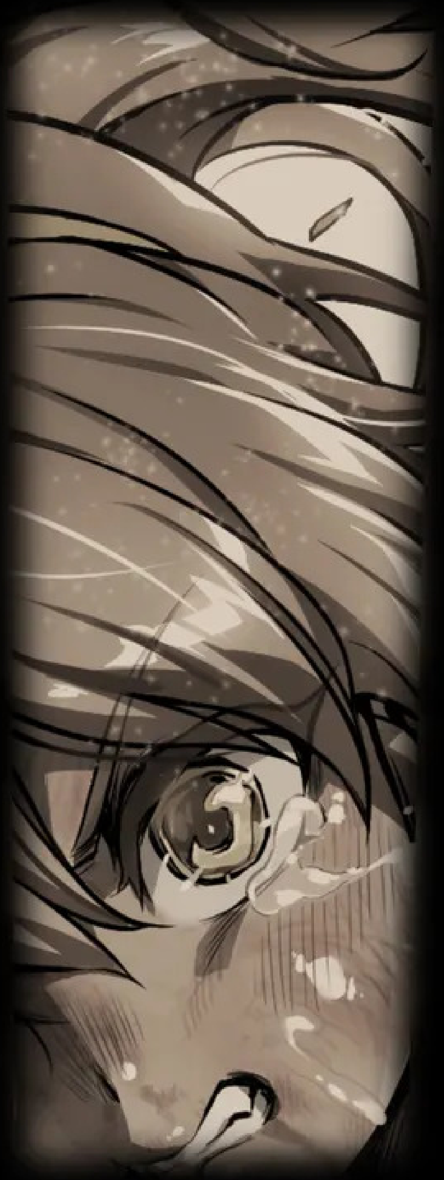
"When we fought, I saw you face your own weakness head-on.
If that isn't strength, then what is?

Your eyes in that moment⋯ I still remember them clearly.
It was those eyes that captivated me, and that's why I⋯"

"⋯?"

"N-No, I just mean⋯ you should have more confidence in yourself.
Though, maybe my words alone aren't enough?"

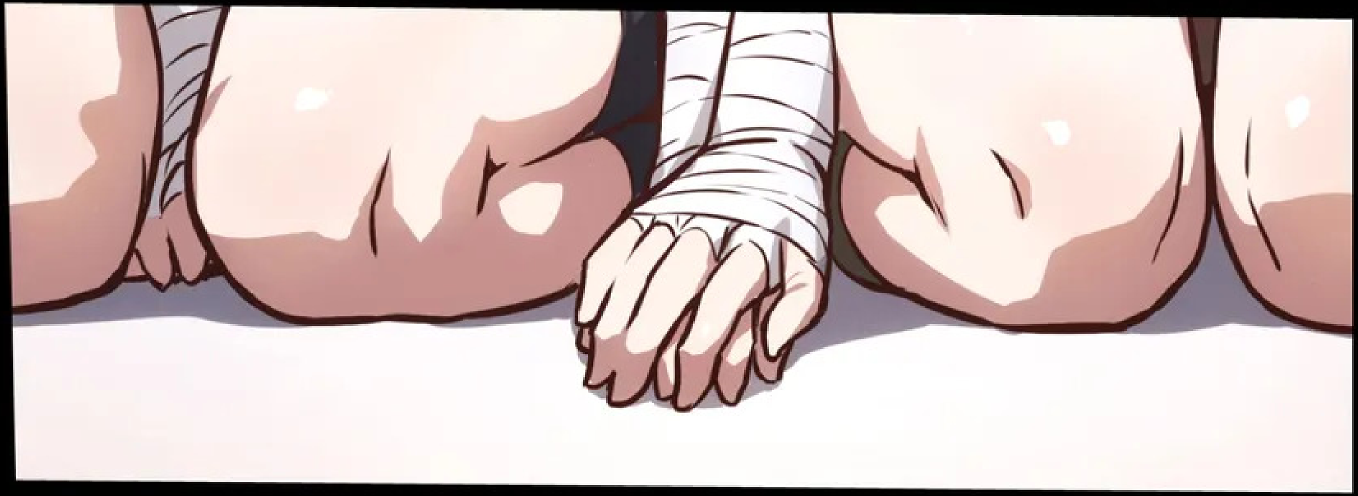
"⋯No.
⋯⋯⋯⋯Thank you, Hayate."



(And now··· the time has come for me, too, to put the results of facing my own weakness to the test.
The one who inspired your desire to become strong··· Shishido Junko.
She's still the number one in your heart, isn't she?
So if I can defeat her··· maybe then I'll finally have the courage to tell you how I feel.)

(Did I manage to give Hayate something in return···?
Just like how Junko-san once gave me light when I was little···?
Lilian Partie··· Even against someone like her, can I do the same?
Even in front of someone who did such horrible things to Choco-chan···
Someone who feels like fear itself···)

The two of them, each battling their own inner doubts, place their hands together—
as if to draw strength from one another's warmth.



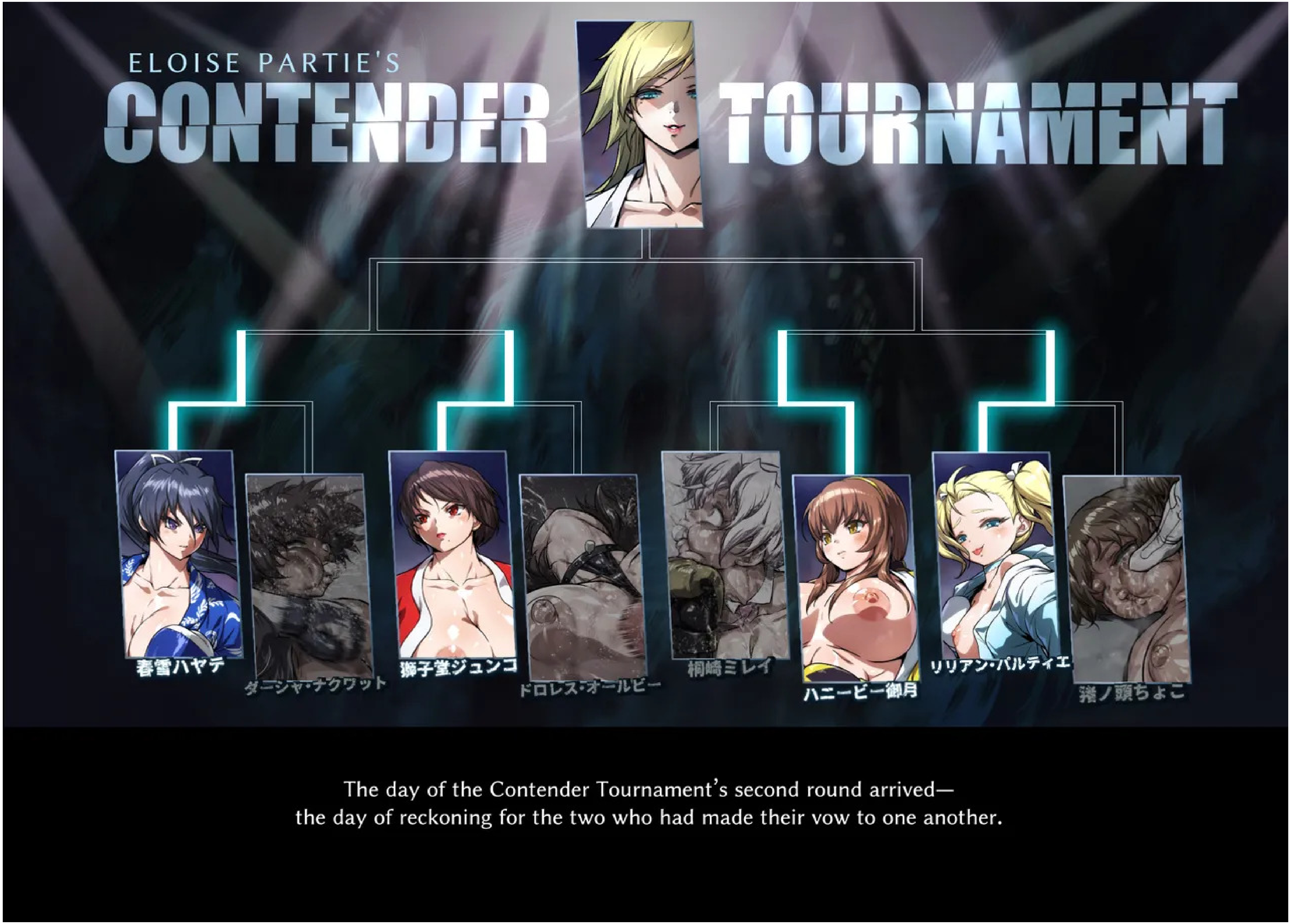
We'll win—together, no matter what.

After finishing preparations for dinner, Yuzuki discovered the two of them peacefully asleep in the quiet gym, their gentle breathing filling the silence.

"…Huhu. Your food's going to get cold."

She whispered softly, so as not to wake them, and quietly stepped away.

(As your second, I will do everything within my power to support you both…
Please—may these feelings you hold for one another find their way to the light…)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リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

The day of the Contender Tournament's second round arrived—
the day of reckoning for the two who had made their vow to one another.

獅子堂ジュンコ
VS
春雪ハヤテ

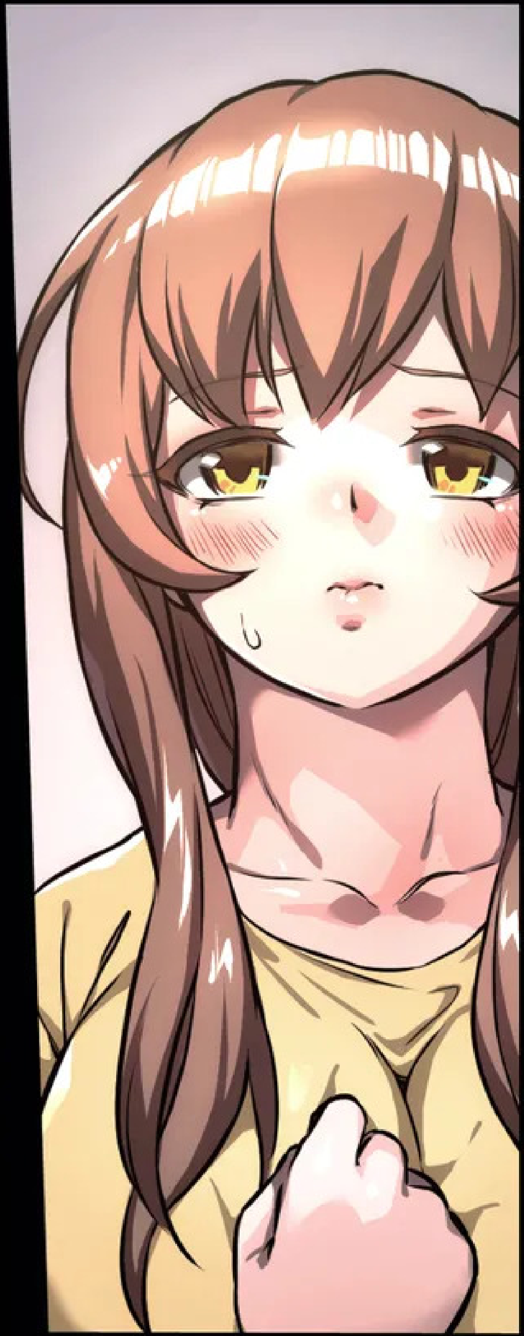
“I will prove the Haruyuki style that I once told you about.
Junko Shishido... Today, I will surpass you.”

“Very well. I accept... Hayate Haruyuki.”

(Hayate… Junko-san…)

Sitting on the edge of her seat, Suzume watched the match unfold with a heart too torn to favor either side. She could only pray for both as they clashed in the ring.

Yet, against her hopes, the match brutally revealed the stark difference in skill between the two fighters—
a merciless display of overwhelming dominance that left no room for doubt.



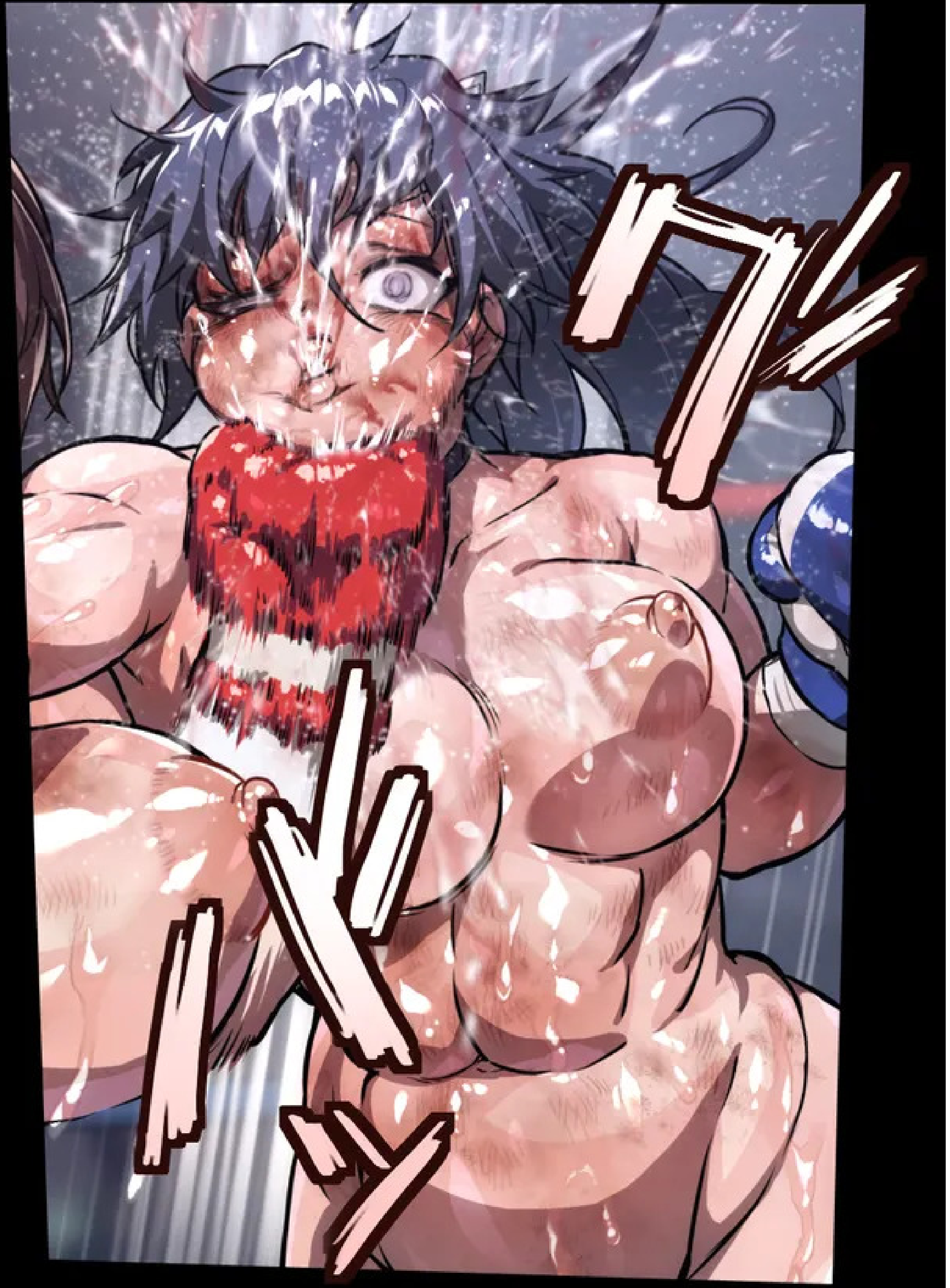
"Another follow-up—!! Shishidou shows no mercy!! Haruyuki's legs are clearly giving out!!"

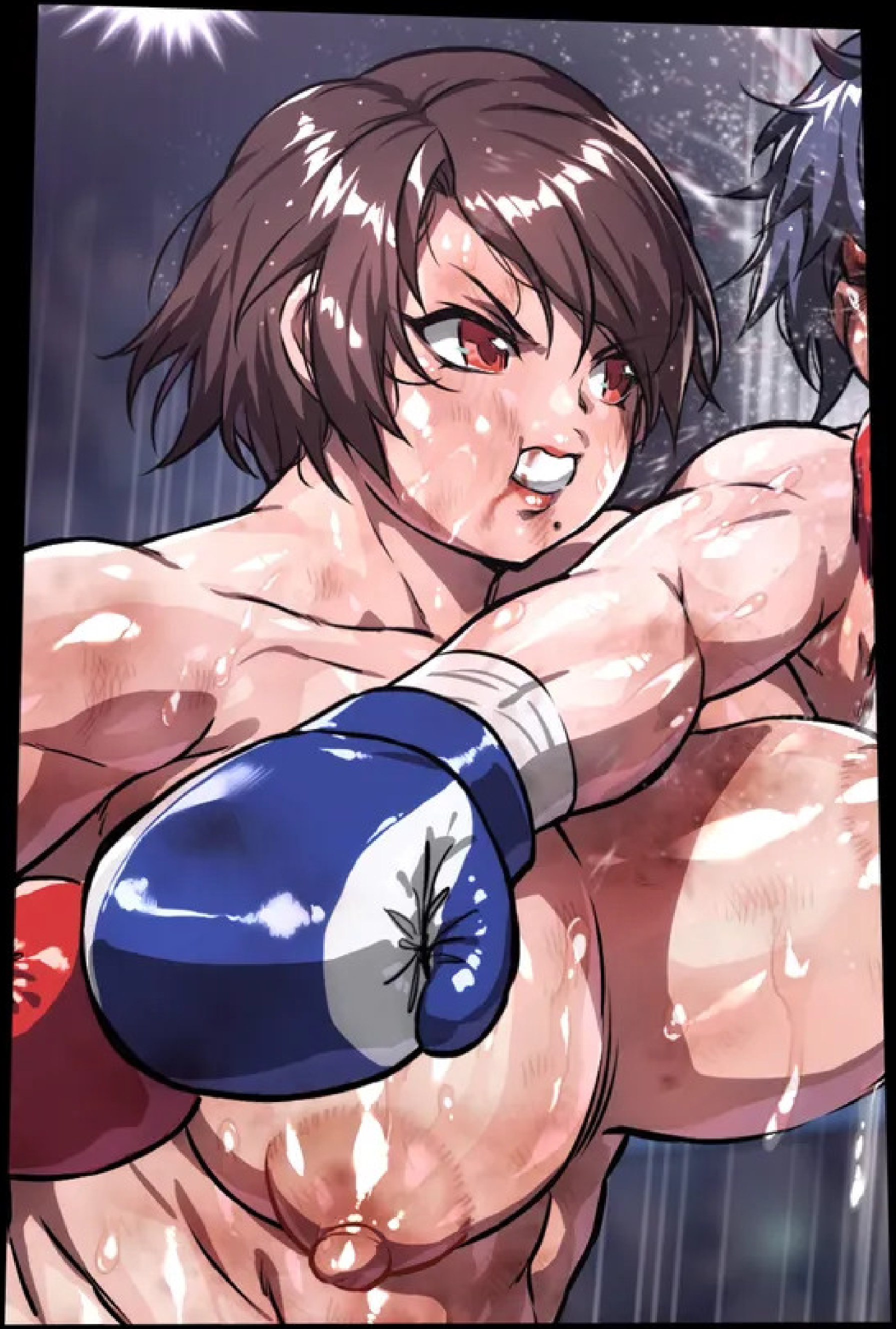
There was no longer any room for doubt—
Junko's skill had ascended to a realm beyond anything seen before.

The secret technique Hyouu Momotabane
(Ice Rain – Hundred Stings) contained a critical flaw a vulnerability in the moment between the start of the combo and when her fists reached their maximum velocity.

The evasive ultimate Kannagi (Divine Calm), which relied on slipping impact by redirecting it into open space,
became useless when cornered—especially in the ropes or against the ring post. And above all, it could not counter attacks that were completely unpredictable.

Junko instantly saw through every weakness in the techniques Hayate had honed. As if reading her mind, she slipped perfectly timed, pinpoint-accurate blows through every gap in Hayate’s defense.





("C-Could there really be··· this much of a gap···?
Between me··· and this woman···?")

Battle-hardened instinct. Godlike perception. Cunning, veteran tactics.

Overwhelmed by a strength on a completely different level, Hayate could do nothing but take the punishment.

By the 8th round, their bout could no longer be called a proper match.

Rising on the verge of collapse from a fourth knockdown, Hayate's body had lost all tension—her arms hung limp, her legs barely supporting her.

Almost the moment the fight resumed, Junko's merciless hook came crashing in. The mouthpiece, which had just been put back in, was immediately spat out as Hayate suffered her fifth knockdown within two seconds of resuming.

Face down and motionless, a faint whisper escaped from deep in her throat.

"Suzu··· me···"

Stripped bare by the relentless damage, the emotion she had hidden so carefully bled into the open—spoken aloud in her weakest moment.

(I see now··· Haruyuki-san··· you're in love, aren't you···)

"If you have any regrets, then stand up no matter what.
Put everything you've been hiding into your fists…and try to bring me down — Haruyuki Hayate!"

With these words, Junko halted her footwork, choosing to settle the fight with a head-on slugfest against the fallen Hayate.

A groggy Hayate, her body already well past its limits,
threw a desperate punch.

Junko didn't dodge. She didn't guard. She took the blow head-on.

A clash of raw instincts — a trial of will beyond technique.
Their bodies seemed to merge, locked in a test of who desired victory more.
And once again, the scales tipped in Junko's favor.

"Buoh··· ehh···"

Her solar plexus carved out by a deep body shot, Hayate collapsed to her knees with a wet thud.
And yet, as if refusing to let even her upper body fall,
she instinctively clung to Junko's legs in front of her.

"I··· I don't want··· no··· I don't want to lose···
Not to you··· I don't··· want to lose···"

It wasn't about proving herself as a daughter of the Haruyuki family anymore.
It was about the feeling buried deep in her heart.

···But the mountain she had chosen to climb was far too high —
and far too steep.

I don't care if I look pathetic. Let them call me a fool who doesn't know when to quit.
If I can just—just in one way—become someone more important to Suzume than her...

That's what Hayate's battered body seemed to cry out, as she stood again with no hope of winning, only to be struck down again and again in a losing slugfest.

(Hayate··· Hayate···!)

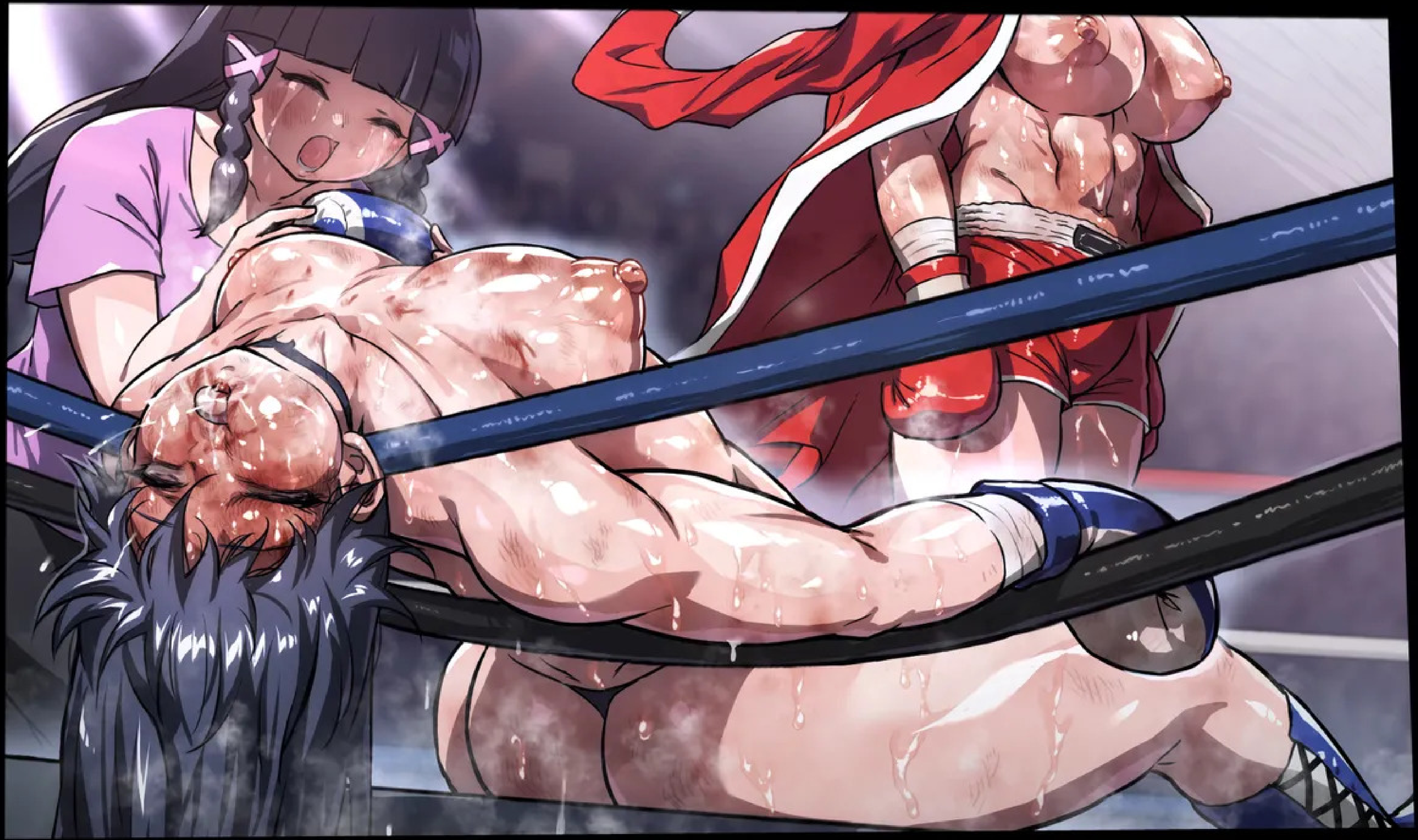
Suzume, her face contorted with tears, refused to look away.
No matter how brutal the beating, no matter how agonizing the sight before her—
she would not avert her eyes from the one she cared for, the one who kept standing back up.

Despite repeatedly getting knocked down and getting back up, Hayate finally suffered a decisive change.

The referee confirmed that Hayate had gotten back up and announced the resumption of the match with a shout of “Box!” At that moment,
Hayate's body swayed backward and collapsed onto the bottom rope.
Her body, slack and swaying on the ropes, began to convulse violently, causing her breasts to shake.

...The referee immediately crossed her arms above her head and ended the match.
Hayate was completely unconscious, but she continued to throw weak punches into the air.

"Nooooo! Stop... Stop, Sister...!
It's enough... The match is over... So... so... Ugh... Uwaaaaahhhhh!!!"



Unable to bear the agonizing sight any longer,
Yuzuki grabbed Hayate's battered fist, clutching it tightly to halt her movements.
And perhaps that prayer was heard. She melted into the canvas, motionless, the last of her strength gone.
Thus came the end of Hayate Haruyuki's grand battle—
both of her pride as a fighter and her silent pursuit of love—in a complete and devastating defeat.

(H-Hayate··· Yuzuki-chan···)

As the gravely injured Hayate was carried away on a stretcher,
Yuzuki followed with trembling knees, sobbing uncontrollably.
Unable to bear it, Suzume started to move after them—
but then she felt it. A gaze from the direction of the ring.

“Junko··· san···”

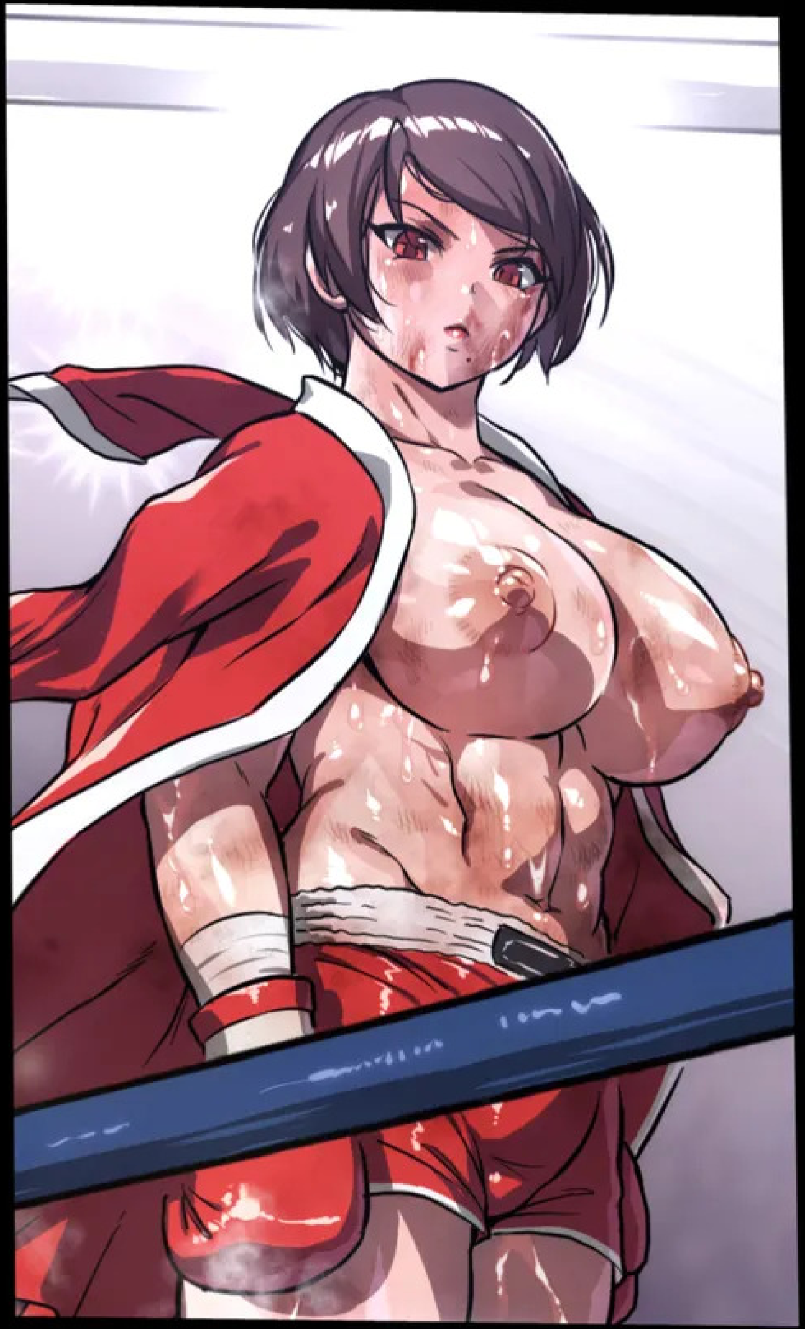
You were the one who gave me that first spark.
You were the one who reignited the fire inside me.

This is who I am now—this is the strongest version of me,
Shishido Junko at my very best.

Make it to the finals.
That’s what her eyes seemed to say as they stared
straight into Suzume’s.

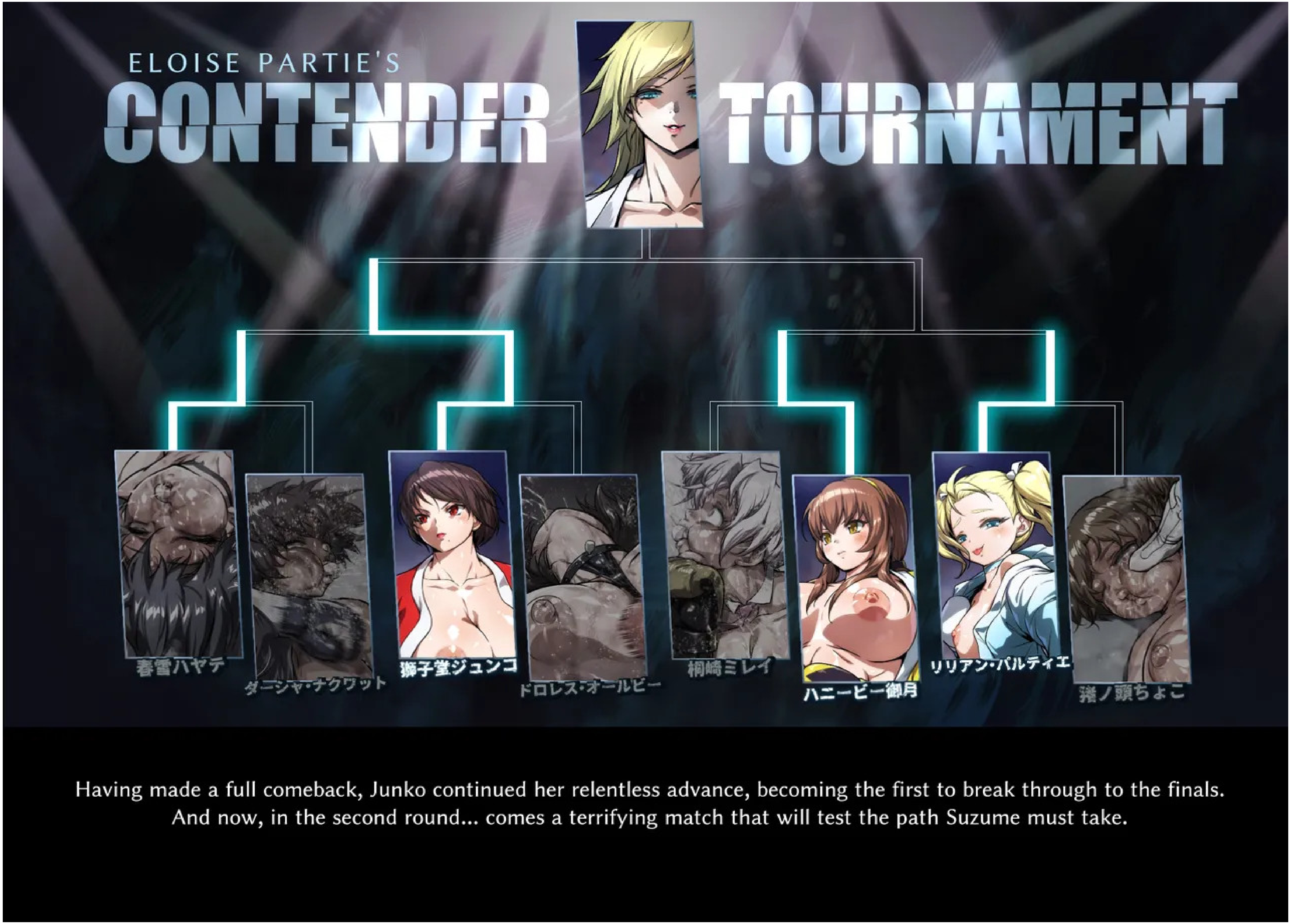
Gratitude as her disciple, anger for her fallen friend, pride,
ambition··· Whatever fueled her fists—
the path they’d chosen would inevitably bring them to face
one another.

They were destined to fight.



獅子堂ジュンコ
VS
DEFEATED
春雪ハヤテ

"She had the eyes of a stubborn, single-minded young woman who never gives up.
Being young is ...nice."


ELOISE PARTIE'S
CONTENDER TOURNAMENT
春雪ハヤテ
ダーシャ・ナクワット
獅子堂ジュンコ
ドロレス・オールビー
桐崎ミレイ
ハニービー御月
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

Having made a full comeback, Junko continued her relentless advance, becoming the first to break through to the finals.
And now, in the second round... comes a terrifying match that will test the path Suzume must take.

ハニービー御月
VS
リリアン・パルティエ

"I'll make your face all puffy, your stomach and breasts all squishy, and make you cry for your life...
I'll torture you until you beg for mercy♪"

"Even if it's scary, you have to face it...
Like everyone else who is trying to get back up after losing... Be brave!"

Yuzuki, who remained in a state of panic after the previous match, was in no condition to serve as Suzume's second.
At that moment, an unexpected volunteer stepped forward—Mirei.

"Some of my maids also happen to be fighters, you know.
I've served as their second before, so I assure you, I can perform better than some third-rate corner coach."

"Kirisaki-san… Th-thank you so much!"

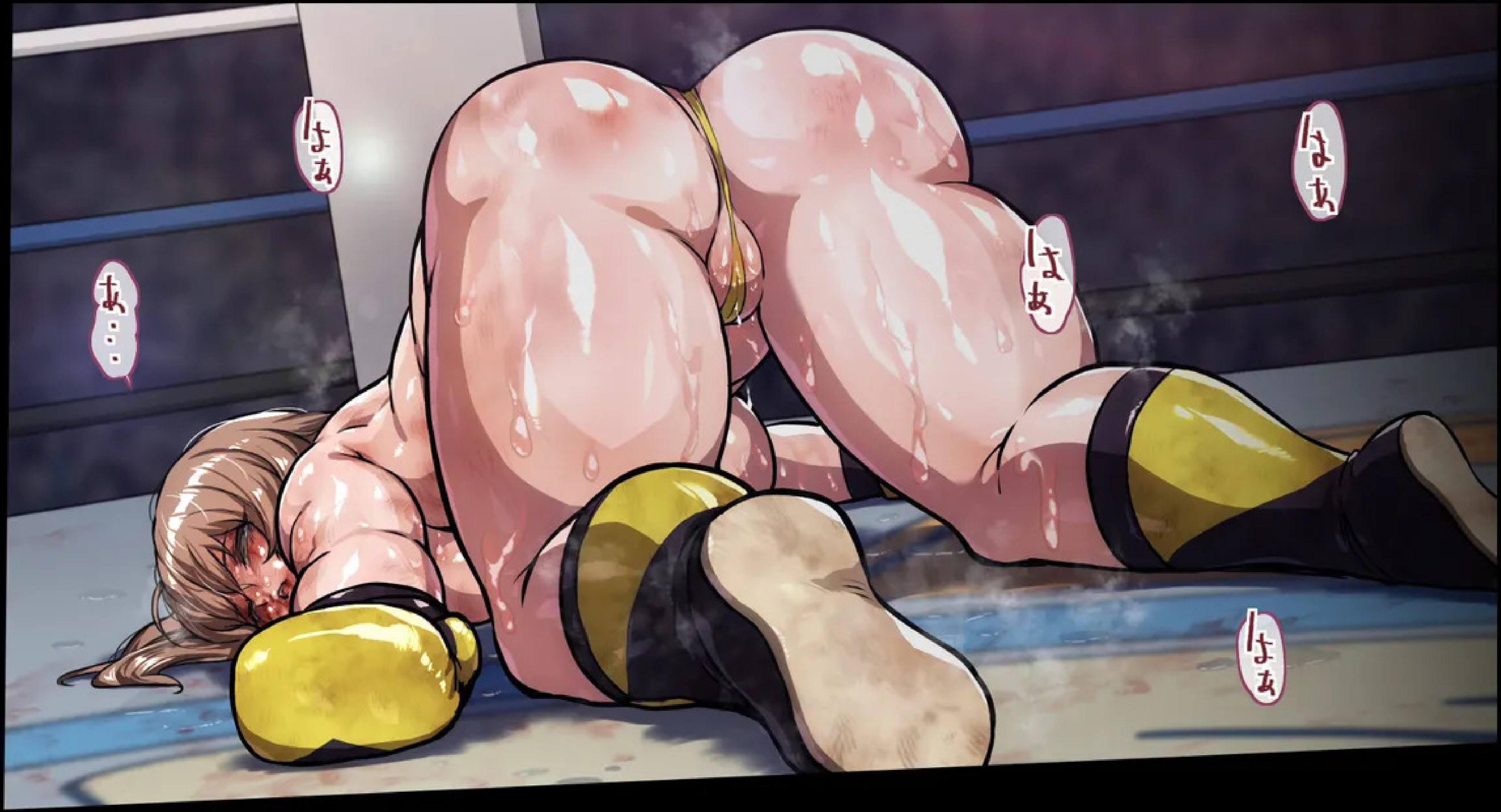
"No need for gratitude. I simply want to teach those insufferable blonde sisters a lesson."

With this unexpected but powerful ally joining her corner,
Suzume stepped into the ring to face Lilian with full preparation.

As a second, Mirei's support was impeccable.
Using her keen analytical skills, she repeatedly offered Suzume
the precise advice needed to turn the tide during unfavorable moments.

And Suzume responded in kind—displaying the best performance of her life, boldly trading blows with Lilian.

But then…



"The Honeybee, Mitsuki, is down!! Another devastating knockdown!!
The Honeybee's desperate trump cards are being crushed one after another! The terrifying Lillian Partie strikes again!!"

What awaited Suzume was—
an overwhelming despair that effortlessly swept away
all her resolve and determination.

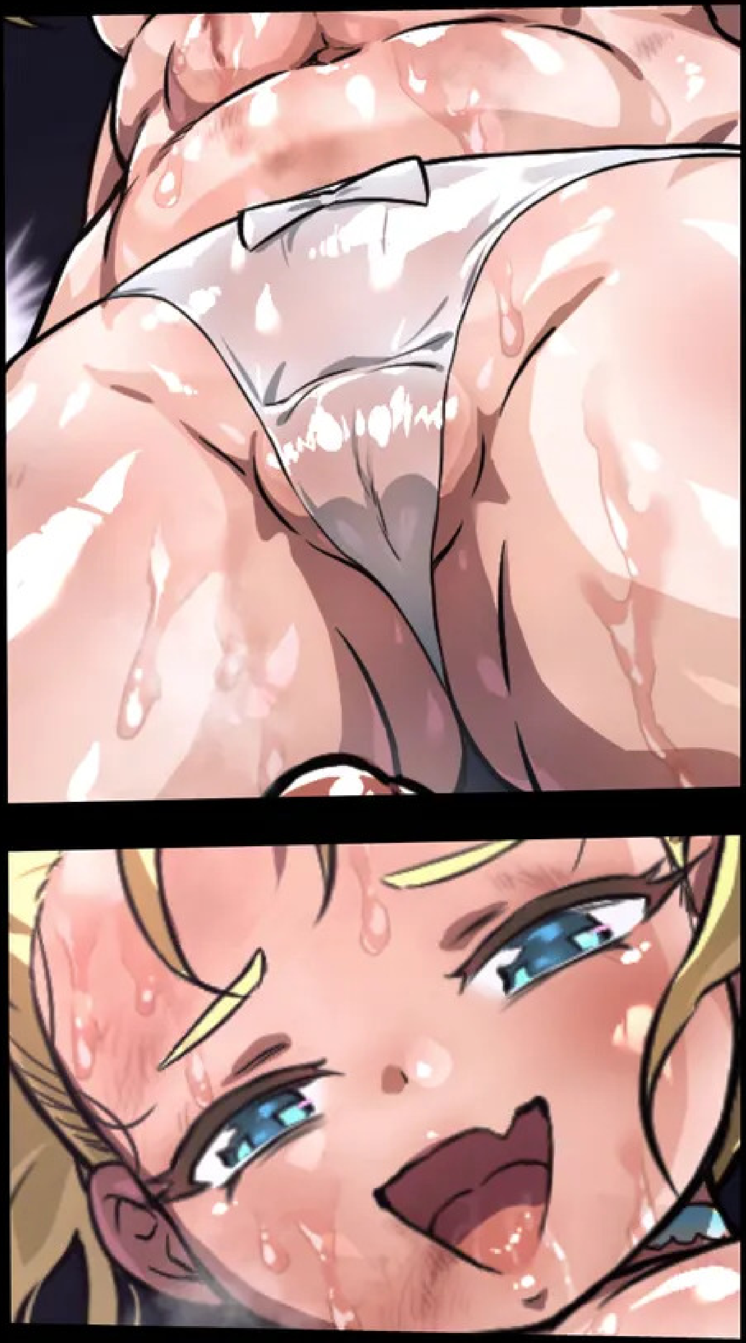
Limbs hardened to a degree comparable to metal,
capable of destroying the human body with ease.
And through a mastery of body mechanics that defied the
principles of martial arts,
she employed Shifting of the Center, a technique enabling
inhuman movement.

Trained as a combat doll from the time she could form thoughts,
Lillian was forged through merciless physical conditioning and
a secret fighting style passed down in the Partie family.
That was the source of her utterly unreasonable strength.

Lillian's bounding speed far outmatched the sting of any bee,
and her relentless barrage of attacks left no opening for any
major technique.

Suzume seized a moment to unleash her comeback trump card—
Killer Bee Rising.
Yet even that was evaded with Lillian's Shifting of the Center,
and she intercepted it on first sight with a counterattack executed
in perfect control.

To make matters worse, Lillian unleashed a signature technique of
the noble Partie family—The Spear.
Ironically similar in form to the Killer Bee, this full-body straight punch
carried far greater destructive force,
and with it, she drove despair deep into Suzume's heart.



No matter what skills she possessed, the difference in their abilities was so overwhelming that it was hopeless.
The little devil smiled innocently and destroyed Suzume like a child playing a game.

When Suzume opened her eyes after being knocked down and unconscious for a few seconds, she saw Lilian looking down at her with a mocking smile.

"Hey, you pervert...♥
Do you want to look at Lili's panties from below like that?
You're such a pervert, aren't you?♪“

The distance between them is too close for the countdown to start.
In fact, Lilian seems to be deliberately standing next to Suzume to prevent the countdown from starting.

”This isn't the end, is it, Honey Bee?
Lili, my sister told me to do this.

Junko told me to hate my older sister even more...
To destroy you, the precious Mr. Honeybee, so much that you can't return to the ring for the rest of your life."

(...What... What are you... saying...?)

Her face was so swollen that her features were unrecognizable, her abdominal muscles were completely destroyed by body blows as sharp as knives, and her nipples, which had been mercilessly tormented by punches, were so erect they were terrifying.

To prevent herself from going mad from the pain, her instincts forcibly converted the physical damage into sexual pleasure, and she couldn't even tell how many times she had been made to climax.

(Break me…… No more… What… ?
…No more……… I……………)

“No, no, no♪ You can still get harder, you know.

Honey Bee, weren’t you supposed to avenge the piglet? Where did all that bravado go when you said you’d never forgive Liri?”

“……Uu……… ……Uu…………”

The pain and fear of an unprecedented depth… carved a fatal crack into Suzume's heart.

“So… you know? Don't just lie there like that… Try harder, and you can get hard again ♥”

With her heart crushed by despair, Suzume trembles and stands up.

“That's good♥ Mitsubachi-san, you're still full of energy♪”

“Booohh!! Buhhh!! Bukk, Byuhhh...”

A hellish barrage of body blows from steel fists.
Fists pierce her battered abs, reaching her internal organs,
and vomit splatters the canvas with a disgusting slurping sound.

“What are you doing, Suzume-san!!
Raise your guard! Get ready!!”

Even though she knows Suzume doesn't have the strength to do so, she can only shout.
Despite using every trick in her arsenal, the gap between her and Lilian remained unbridgeable.
Facing Suzume, who continued to be mercilessly tormented without resistance, Mirei clenched her teeth in frustration.

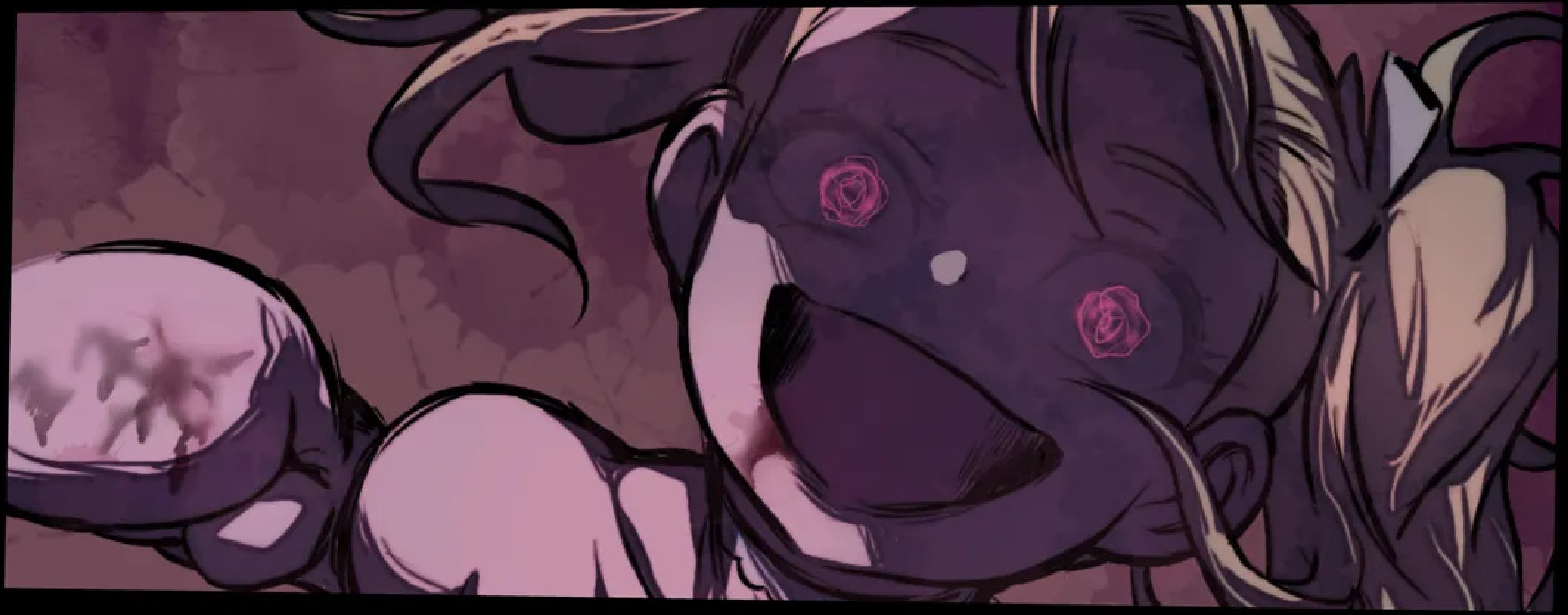
It hurts. It hurts... It hurts...

Primitive sensations swelled within her heart to the point of bursting, and through the cracks that formed, Suzume's human emotions began to spill out.

The harsh match rules—
and a matchmaking format where one might be pitted against an opponent of vastly different class—
bring about tragedies that befall the fighters. Crises so absurd they threaten even one's survival instincts.

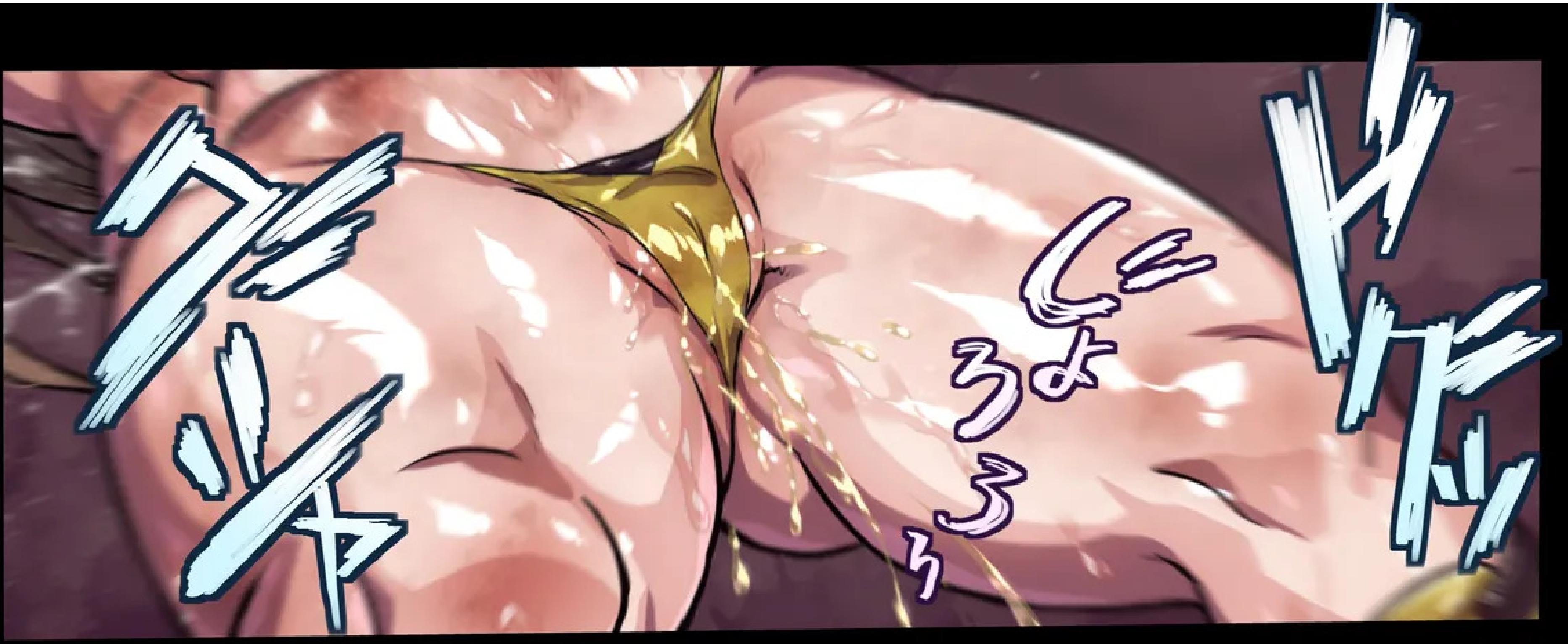
What Junko had foreseen as the true horror lurking within topless boxing···
That terror now comes to pass—tragically—
at the very moment Suzume has stepped out from under Junko-san's protection.

(Choco-chan... I'm sorry... I...)



(I... I can't win...)

That silent cry from her heart felt like a confession—
a plea for forgiveness as she teetered on the brink of surrendering to fear.


ドクドッ
じょろろろ
グシャッ

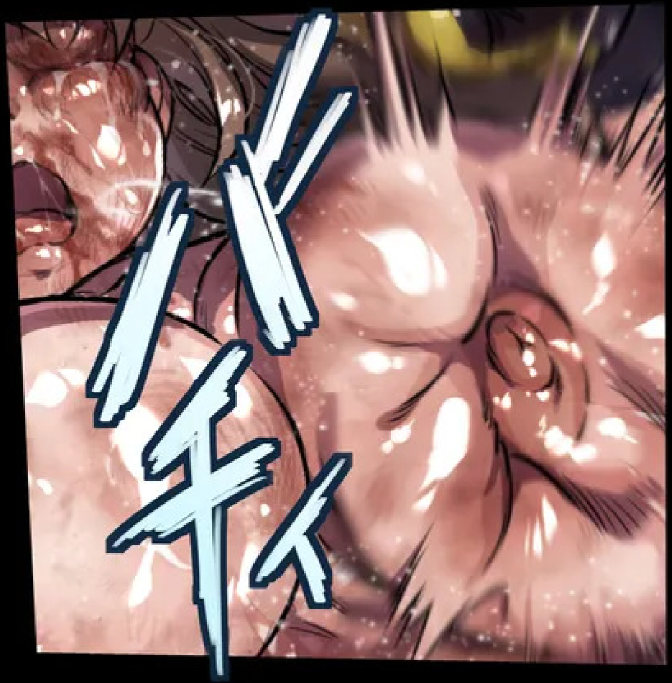
“Hii… Hiiii…”

“Aaah, Honey Bee has wet herself! Is it from accumulated damage or loss of will to fight? Honey Bee has finally wet herself!”

Suzume's drooping arms rise, but not to take a fighting stance. She turns her palms toward her opponent and begs, “Please stop.”

“Gyah, ah…”

Of course, she paid no heed, and Lilian struck Suzume's nipple, crushing it along with the surrounding flesh with her blood-stained glove.



If Suzume's knees buckled, an uppercut would forcibly straighten her spine.
If she collapsed backward, a body blow would bring her weight forward again.

Having judged that Suzume would never stand up again if she fell one more time,
Lilian used precise control to keep her forcibly upright and continued the torment.
Suzume's eyelids, battered by a series of teasing jabs,
were now completely swollen,
and finally, the left side of her vision was consumed by darkness.

“Kyaha, it’s completely shut now♪
Well then, next is... your right eye♥

C’mon, the bee lady, don’t you have something to say to Lili?
If you can properly say you’re sorry···
maybe I’ll stop hurting you, okay～?”

“Hi··· ah··· bubehh!!”

Before she could answer, a hook smashed into Suzume’s cheek.
Stringing together lies that a fear-stricken person would want to cling to,
Lilian cornered Suzume not only with her fists—but with her words as well.

No... I don't want to......

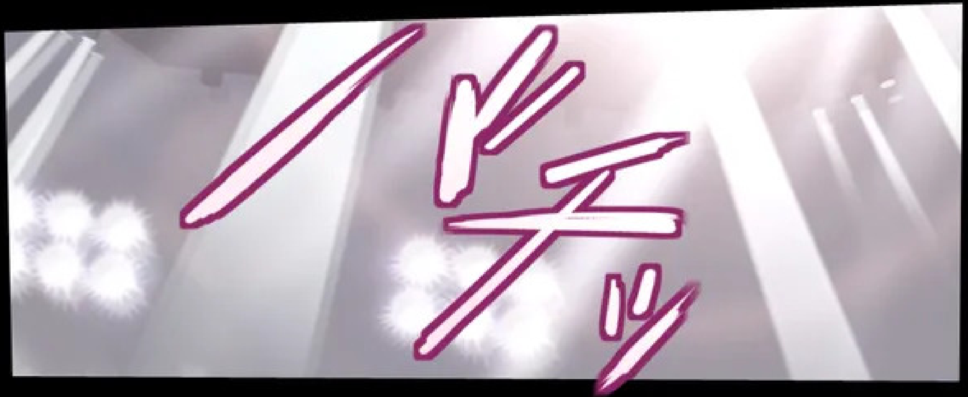
It hurts... I don't want to...

Please forgive me... Someone... Help me...

(Miss Junko... Are you watching somewhere?
Watching my beloved honeybee being humiliated by my plan...)

Watching Suzume, who has been reduced to a pitiful, humiliating state, trembling and crying while wetting herself, I wonder how much hatred she must be feeling...
Eloise, beneath the ring, scans the audience and lets her thoughts wander.

Junko crosses her arms and watches the outcome of the battle in silence.
Gripping her own arms so tightly that blood seeps through her fingers...



(………Huh?)

Suzume, lost in fear, felt a blow different from all the ones she had taken so far—and for a brief moment, her thoughts returned.
It was during the interval before round 10. A stinging slap from Mirei struck Suzume's cheek as she sat slumped in exhaustion. The hand that delivered the slap was trembling, and Mirei's eyes were filled with tears.

"…Kiri…saki…-san…"

"What is that pitiful state…? I… absolutely cannot forgive you for this."

"You're scared, aren't you, Suzume-san?
So scared that you're starting to think none of it matters anymore—as long as the pain stops, who cares about winning or losing... And you're right. Match outcomes are trivial…
Compared to the true defeat you're about to suffer."

(…True… defeat…?)

"Even a loser has their pride.
No matter how overwhelming the opponent—there's a spirit that must never be lost."

The slapped cheek burns. Mirei’s tears fall onto Suzume’s thighs—hot.
Despite her body being so battered that all sensation should be numb··· that warmth alone reaches her clearly.

Mirei··· even in defeat against Suzume, never lost her nobility.
When she was crushed by Eloise, stripped of her title, mocked and humiliated—how much fear must she have faced to crawl back from that abyss?

“Suzume-san··· no, Honeybee Mitsuki.
I won’t allow you to end this way—unable to overcome your fear.
There’s no way you can’t do it! You... you're the woman who defeated me!”

“······!!”

Even Junko—she too had faced despair time and again.
But had she ever once tried to run away, cowering in fear?

Hayate kept fighting the fear within herself until the very end, even when faced with overwhelming odds.
Choco, too, stood her ground until her strength gave out.
The fear Suzume feels now is the same fear Saki felt after losing to Dasha.
And Saki is still fighting desperately to overcome it. But Suzume… she doesn't believe she has that kind of strength.
If she loses here, she'll just keep running—from everything—and never step back into the ring again.

(I don't want that… I want to stand in the same place as everyone else. I want the kind of strength they have…!)

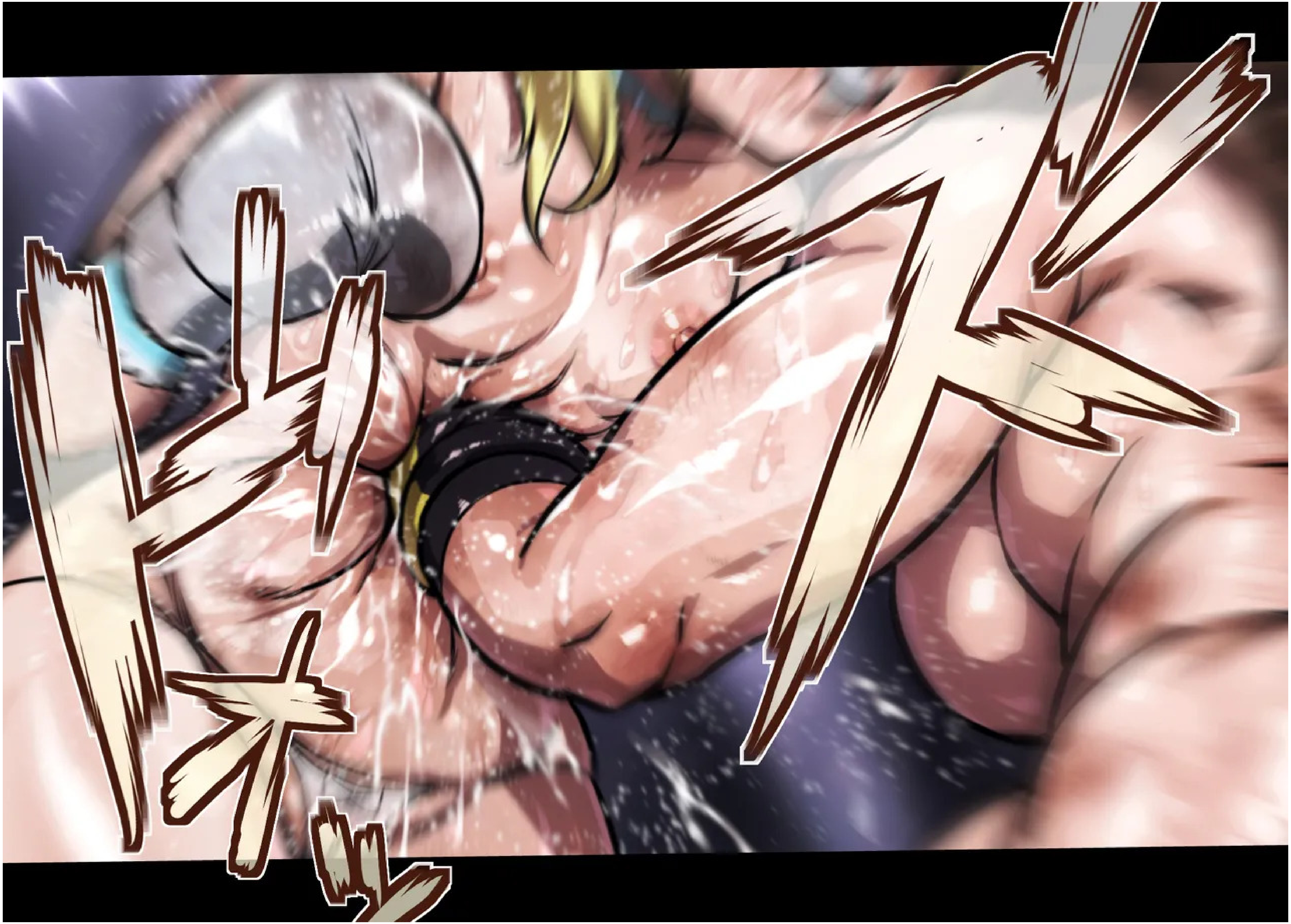
The strength to never give up. That's the light she had always been reaching for, from the very beginning.
To return to being that lonely, cowardly girl from back then…
No…

"…Guess I need to get my act together too. If I keep running like this… I won't be able to face Choco again."

True strength is not losing to your own weakness.
And the one who taught me that… was you, Suzume.

"Stand and fight.
No matter how many times you're knocked down
—keep getting back up.
That… is what it means to be a boxer."

No way... I'd rather die!!!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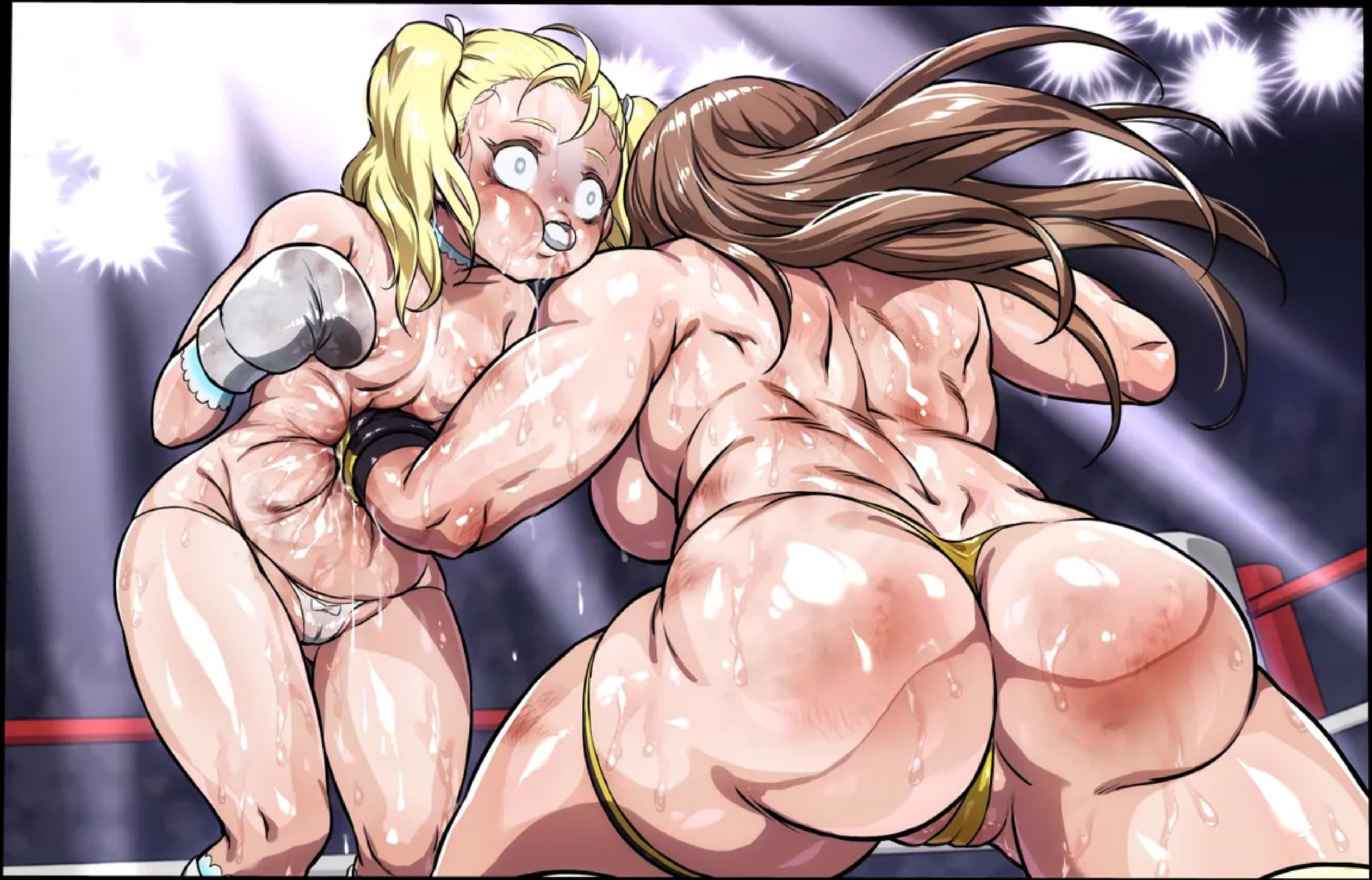


"......Buh...... Eh......"

Round 11··· Lilian was certain that Suzume had been completely broken—
that no matter how many punches she landed, the girl could no longer do anything but moan vacantly.
And that's exactly why she never expected it.
As Suzume collapsed from Lilian's finishing blow, she suddenly launched a shocking counterattack.

Once someone has been consumed by fear, it takes a long time to recover—
especially not during the middle of a match.
Lilian, who had dragged countless fighters into the depths of terror,
had always believed this to be an absolute truth.
But Suzume shattered that belief.

Lilian had completely relaxed, thinking she was facing a helpless, broken toy.
She made no effort to shift her weight or deflect the blow with her body techniques.
In that utterly unguarded state, she took Suzume's body blow—fully and deeply.

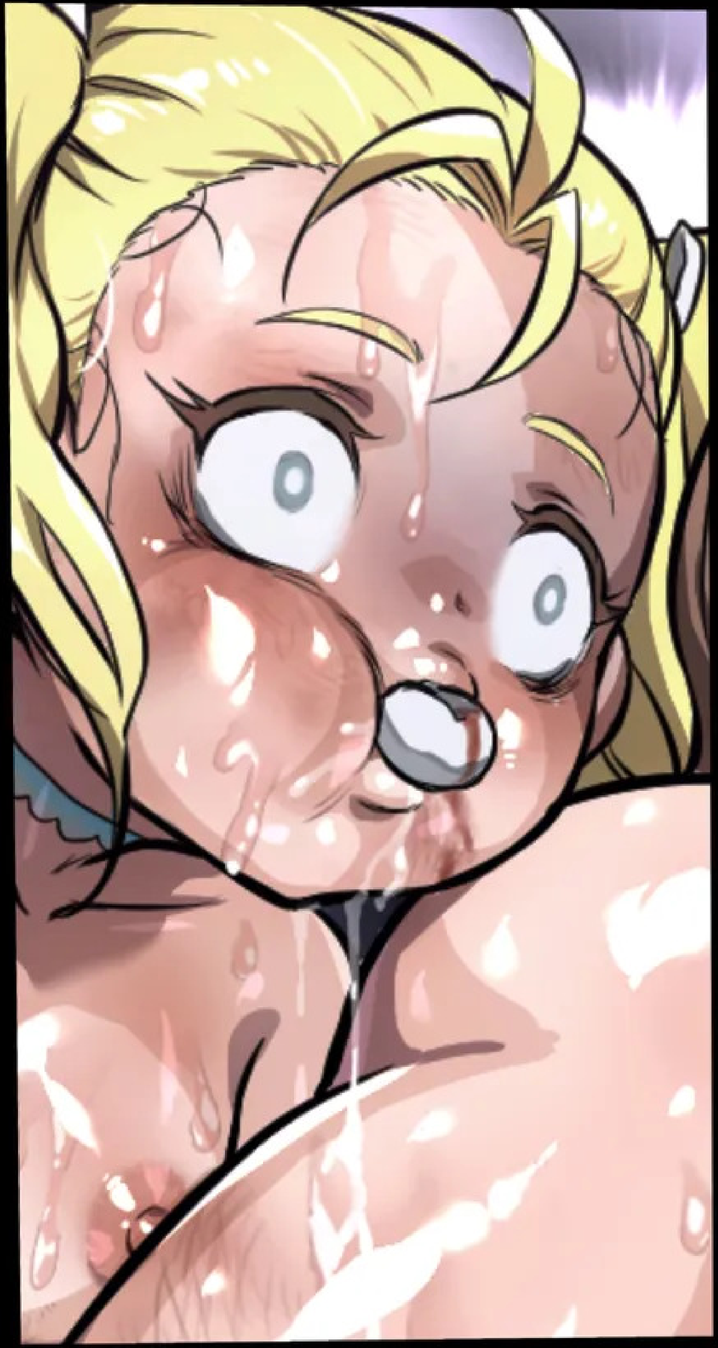
No matter how rigorous the Partier family's training was,
without using her light frame and skill to absorb or redirect impact,
Lilian's slender body had only as much durability as it looked.

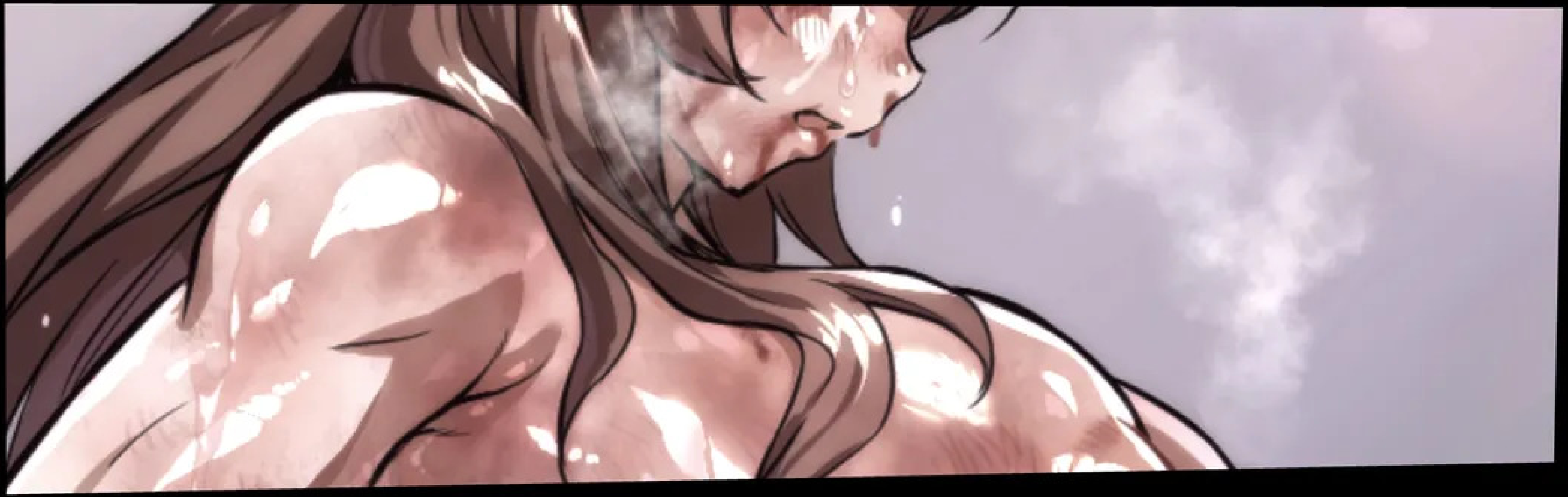
For the first time in her career inside the ring···
Lilian had taken a perfect clean hit.

“Guhh··· bghh··· wha··· wh-what··· the···?”

Her face turned pale, and she clutched her stomach, knees turned inward.
She tried to strike back—
but the legs that formed the core of her jumping techniques refused to move.

That one decisive blow had sealed away Lilian's aerial fighting style.





With her legs disabled and Suzume half-dead, their grueling slugfest dragged into the final round—Round 12.

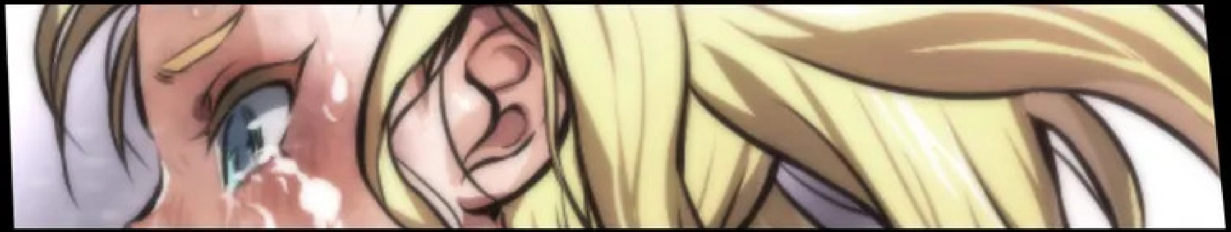
Using the little strength she'd regained during the interval, Lilian executed the same "fist breaker" technique she'd used against Choco: She met Suzume's straight punch head-on with her own, and with her steel-forged knuckles, she shattered Suzume's right fist.

"Ahh··· ah··· uuuh··· nghh···"

Even so, Suzume didn't stop. Her eyes lifeless, drooling blood-tinged saliva, she wildly swung her destroyed right hand with everything she had.

"Ghh··· just DIE··· just DIE already!! Hurry up and DIEEEEE!!"

Lilian struck Suzume's body over and over like a madwoman—
but by now it was driven not by dominance, but by fear.
It was Lilian who had fallen into terror, shaken by an incomprehensible, unprecedented situation.



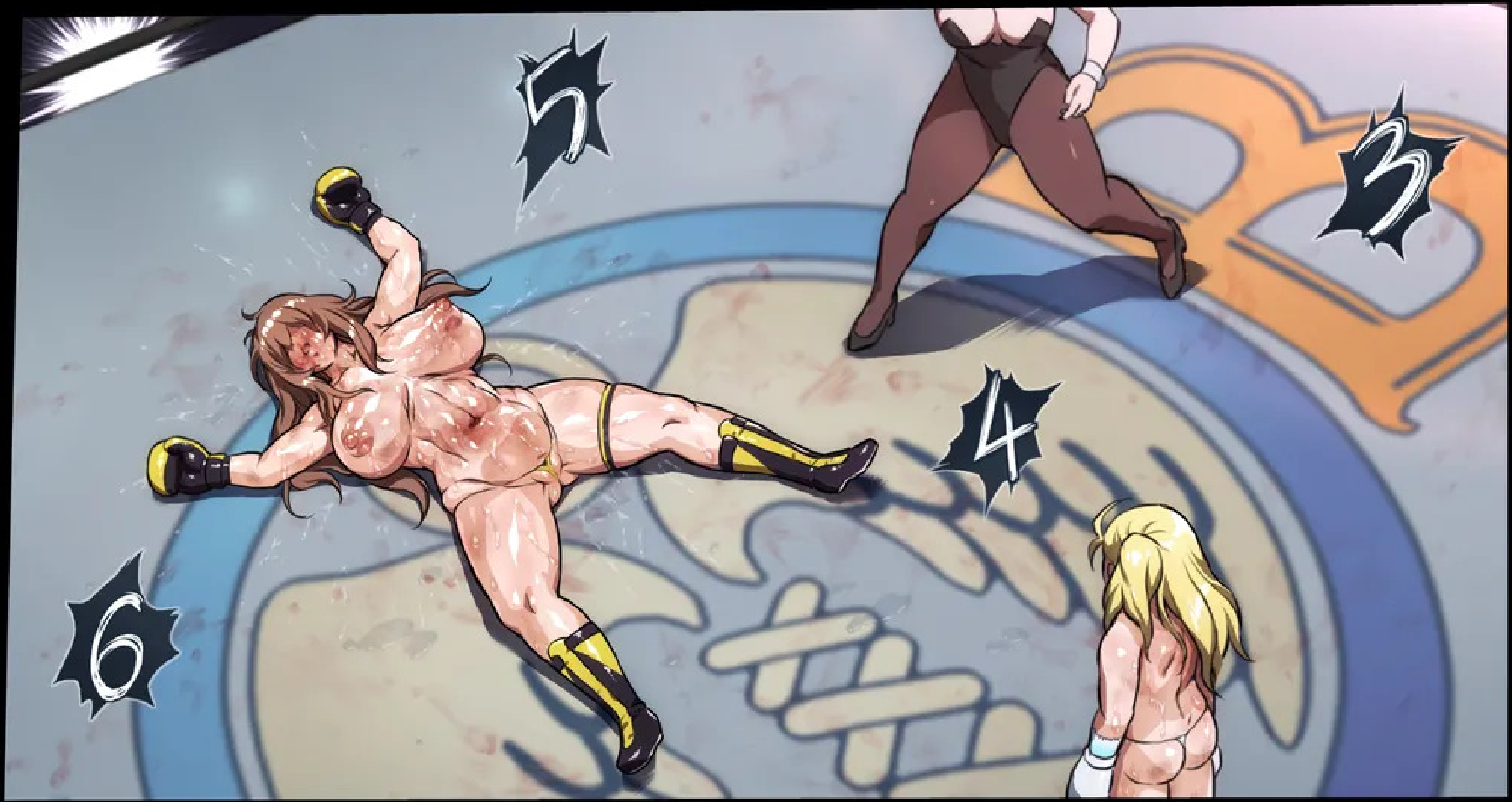
In the midst of unbearable pain and an utterly broken mental state,
Suzume could see the emotions seeping out from the fists pounding into her body.

Lilian was crying.
Not the girl standing in front of her now—
but the much younger Lilian from long ago, crying in silence.
She just wanted to be spoiled. She just wanted to be loved.
But without the courage to scream or ask for it,
she had simply curled up alone in her room…

(…Why… are you crying…? Why… are you…)

DOOOWN!!
ダウーン!!

To achieve a miraculous comeback victory… Suzume had already taken far too much damage.



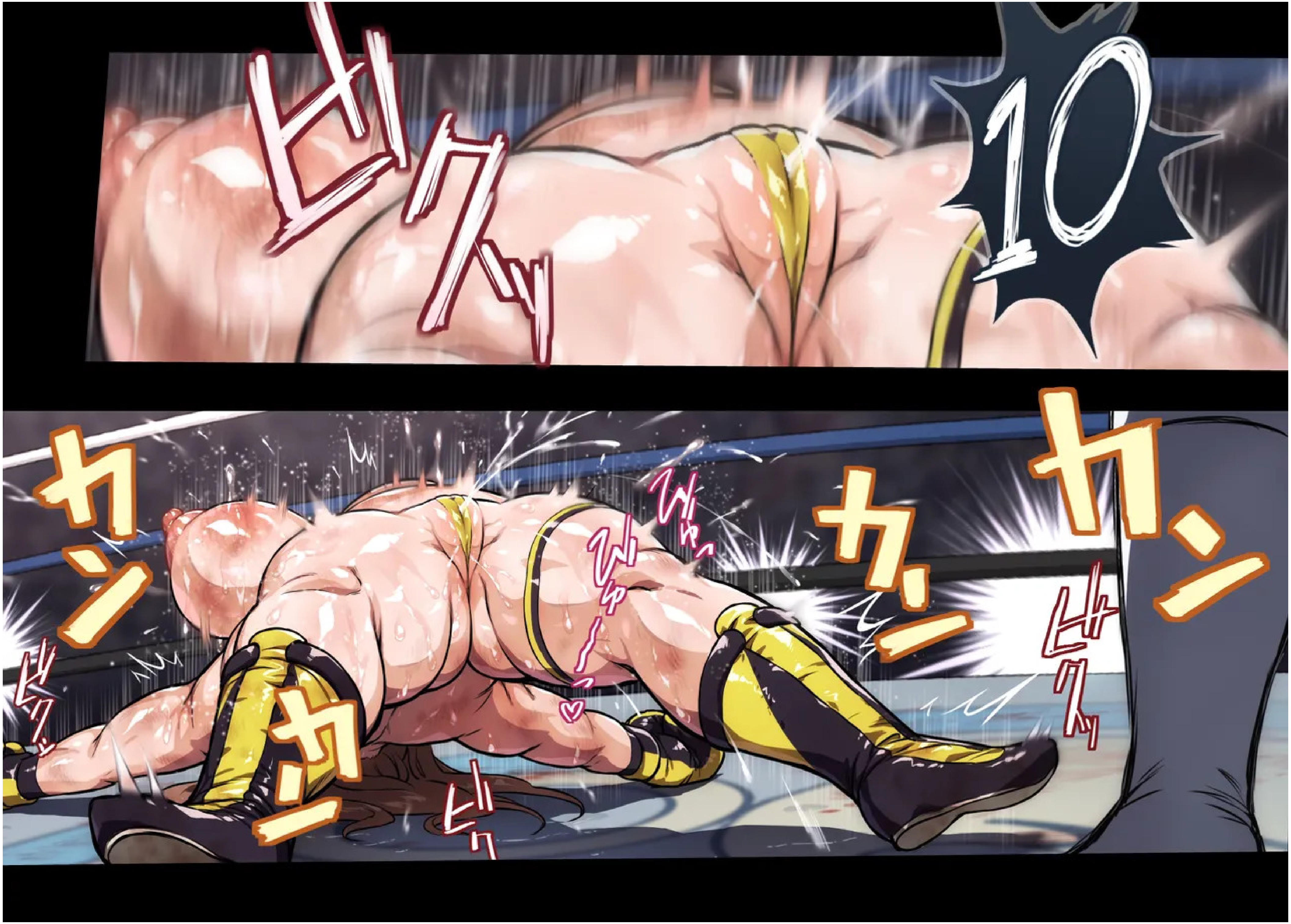
In a hazy twilight, she could faintly hear someone counting from somewhere far, far away.
Her mind had melted to the point where she could no longer even remember what the numbers meant—
and yet, her body and instincts clung to one undeniable truth.

When that count reaches ten…
everything will be over.

There was nothing left.
All that remained inside her was... this throbbing sensation.

Regardless of Suzume's intentions, her instincts as a woman and as a female were eagerly awaiting the moment when she could release the throbbing sensation that had built up during her previous battles.

And then... the moment came.


10
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ビクッ
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ぴゅっ
ぴゅ～～っ♥
カン
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カー
ビク

“Ten count! The fierce battle has finally come to an end!
Junko Shishido's former disciple, the promised child
Honey Bee Mitsuki!
She showed her determination in the final stages,
but was ultimately crushed!”

Suzume's back stiffened, and her soft flesh trembled violently.
A huge fountain of climax wet Lilian's lower half.

Eventually, her floating back thudded onto the canvas,
and her massive breasts trembled sadly like her final breath.

“……Hu…Hu.……What the hell?
You were broken after all, weren't you?”

Lillian, who had stood there in a daze, her expression twisted
into a mocking smile, stumbled toward the fallen Suzume.
Just like when she knocked out Choco, she swung her leg down
toward the defeated body to humiliate her further.

However, someone suddenly covered Suzume's body and
stepped on her, taking her place.

ピクッ
プシャーーッ
ピチャ

It was Hayate—waking up in the infirmary and dragging her injured body to the ring—who cried out.

“Guh··· L-Lilian··· Why? Why is it you can still do things like this without a second thought?
After everything—after trading fists with Suzume··· did nothing stir inside your heart?”

“···She lost··· She’s a pig··· Losers··· have no value. There’s no reason··· for me to feel anything···”

“Don’t lie to yourself···! You were afraid of Suzume, weren’t you?! You fought her with everything you had just to beat her!
Losers aren’t worthless. Winning isn’t everything! Deep down, you already know that!

And if you say you don’t··· then why, even though you won—why do you look like that!?”

“···I··· don’t··· understand···”

"...!?"

Hayate notices something unusual about Suzume's body, which is lying on top of him.

She's barely breathing.
Her body lies still, without even a single spasm.
Her nipples, which had been so erect, now droop limply, and her breasts themselves lose their firmness and begin to melt under the force of gravity.

It was the body of a defeated person who had given everything and reached the end.

"Su... Suzume... Suzume!!"
"Hurry up! What are you doing? Over here!"

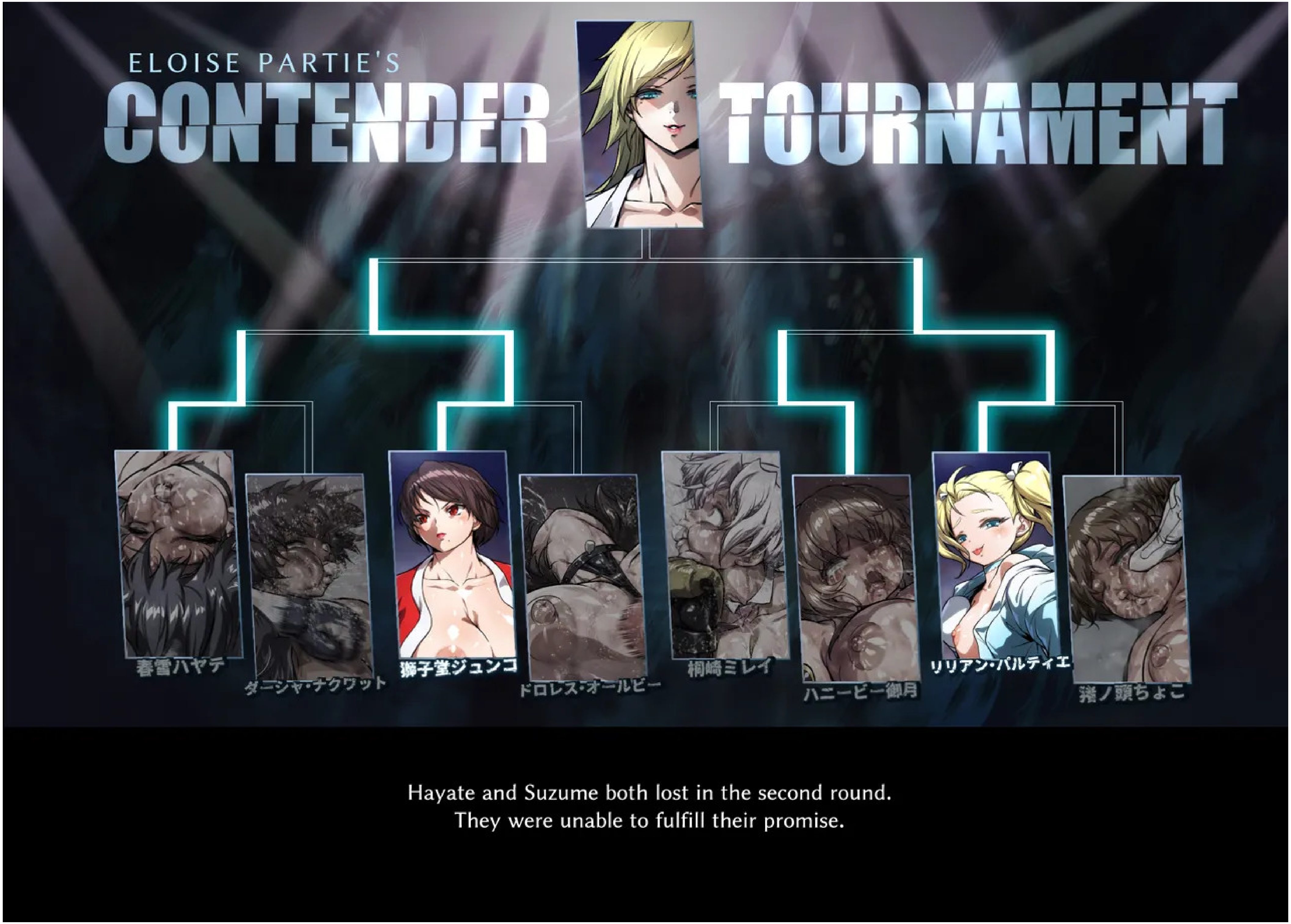
Prompted by Mirei, medical staff brought a stretcher.
The doctor checked her pupils and genitalia.
This is because when an athlete whose mind and body are pushed to the limit experiences a severe orgasm-induced knockout, there is a risk of life-threatening complications where the individual continues to experience repeated orgasms even after losing consciousness.

Amid the chaos of people moving around the ring, Lilian stood at the center, gazing down at the defeated body as if time had stopped.

Contender Tournament Second Round Loss.
This was Honeybee Mitsuki's first official defeat in a match.

DEFEATED
ハニービー御月
VS
リリアン・パルティエ

「………………………………」


ELOISE PARTIE'S
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桐崎ミレイ
ハニービー御月
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

Hayate and Suzume both lost in the second round.
They were unable to fulfill their promise.

Though Suzume eventually regained consciousness,
she remained withdrawn in her hospital room for days,
consumed by guilt and self-blame.

What troubled her most wasn't the damage to her body,
but the wounds left on her heart.
Unable to stand by and watch any longer,
Hayate, after much deliberation, decided to visit the one
who had defeated her.

"…I won't see her. It wouldn't help that child."

"Why not…!?
You're the only one who could give Suzume the courage
she needs right now!"

"The one who can do that… is you, Haruyuki-san."

"……!?"

"You're truly serious to a fault.
My relationship with Suzume… is like that of a parent and child.
That match we had—I never saw it as some love triangle or
fight over her."

Hayate froze in place, her cheeks quickly turning red.

"You don't have to hide your pain or pretend to be strong.
Because you carry the same wounds, you'll understand each
other even more deeply.
You're a far more incredible woman than you give yourself credit for.
So stop trying to look cool… and go bare your heart to Suzume."

“Suzume··· you don’t have to be afraid.
I’m the same as you··· someone who couldn’t keep her promise.”

There was no reply from Suzume, huddled under the blanket on her hospital bed.
Even so, Hayate continued to speak.

“···Shishido-san really was strong.
I thought my determination could make up for the gap in experience and technique.
But in the end, it wasn’t even a contest.

I heard she told you as well—that it was too soon for us to take on this fight.
And she was right··· we were far too inexperienced.”

“·········Junko-san··· she···”

“…!”

For the first time in days, Suzume stirred and peeked her face out from the blanket.
Her hair was messy, and painful swelling still marred her face.

“Junko-san··· she still believed in us.
She said maybe··· just maybe, one of us···
might make it all the way to the finals···”

(“Stop trying to look cool,” huh...
That person understood exactly what Suzume needed right now.
It wasn’t encouragement or motivation.
Even just sharing the pain—it didn’t matter...)

“...fuh... eh... Ehh, ehhh……
...Eeeeeeehhhh～～～～～～……!”

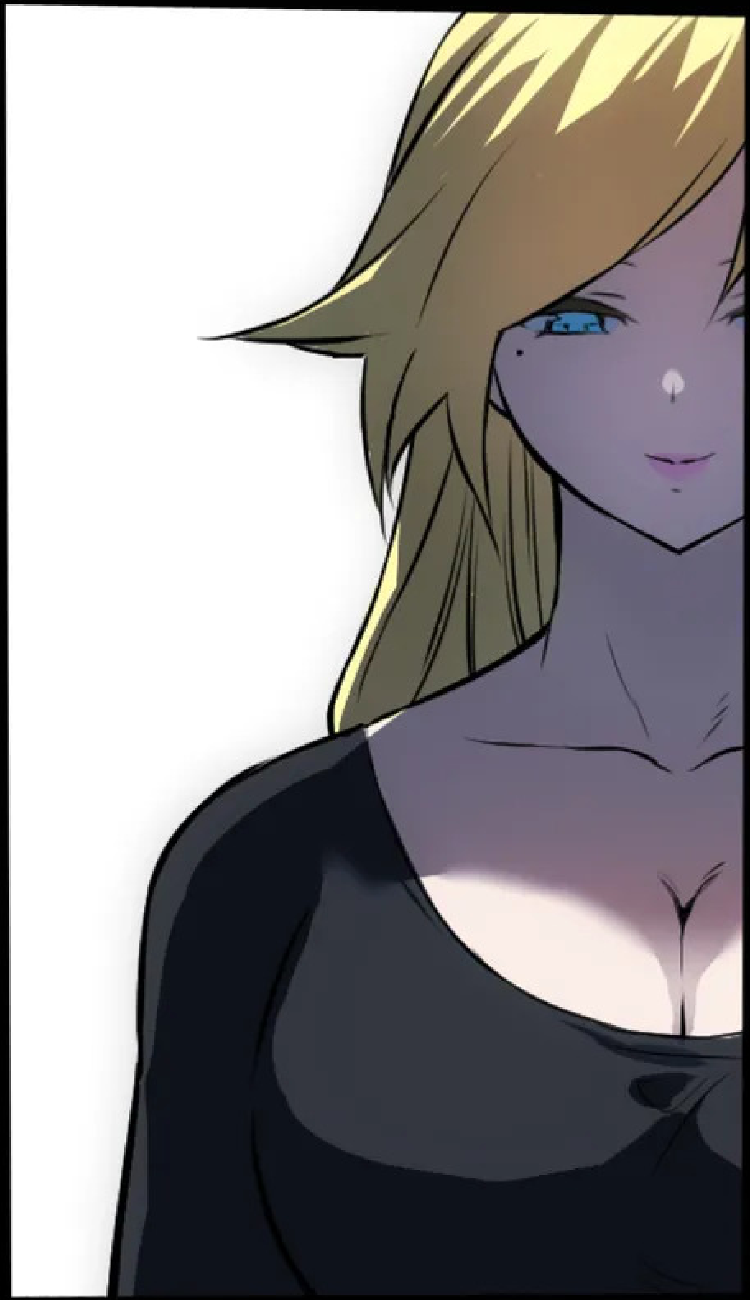
Before long, Suzume clutched the blanket to her mouth and let her emotions pour out in sobs.
Her first real defeat—one that made her painfully aware of her own inadequacy.

So this is what it feels like to lose...
So bitter... so overwhelming...

(It’s a complete loss... to her...
Both inside the ring... and out...)

“Suzume... Losing··· it really does hurt, doesn’t it···
It’s... so frustrating... isn’t it···”

Sharing the same regret, the two of them shed endless tears together.
Their way had ended here. All that remained now was to watch, and witness the path Junko’s fight would take—



“Eloise's goal is to face Junko Shishido at the pinnacle of her power—on the perfect stage, under the perfect circumstances.

Dolores and Lillian acted under her orders, either to forgeShishido-san into an even greater fighter… or to provoke her by tormenting those close to her, stirring up hatred.”

“Just as she planned, Shishido-san now stands at a peak higher than even her prime as a boxer.
But why is Eloise so obsessed with her…?”

As the final match between Junko and Lillian drew near, both Hayate and Mirei found themselves wrestling with a troubling realization.

Eloise's ultimate goal was to fight Junko herself.
Which means—Lillian must not win the upcoming final.

Could it be… she intends to order Lillian to throw the match?
Would that woman go as far as rigging the fight for her own ends?

Though they had no proof, a shadow of doubt took root in Hayate and Mirei’s minds.

However—at that very moment, the words Eloise spoke to Lillian…
...were the complete opposite of what they feared.

“B-Big sister··· what··· what did you just say···?”

“In the match, I’ll offer you advice as your second.
But unlike before, I won’t be giving you any orders.
In the final, you are to fight however you wish··· freely.”

After Eloise left the room, Lillian stood there alone in stunned silence.

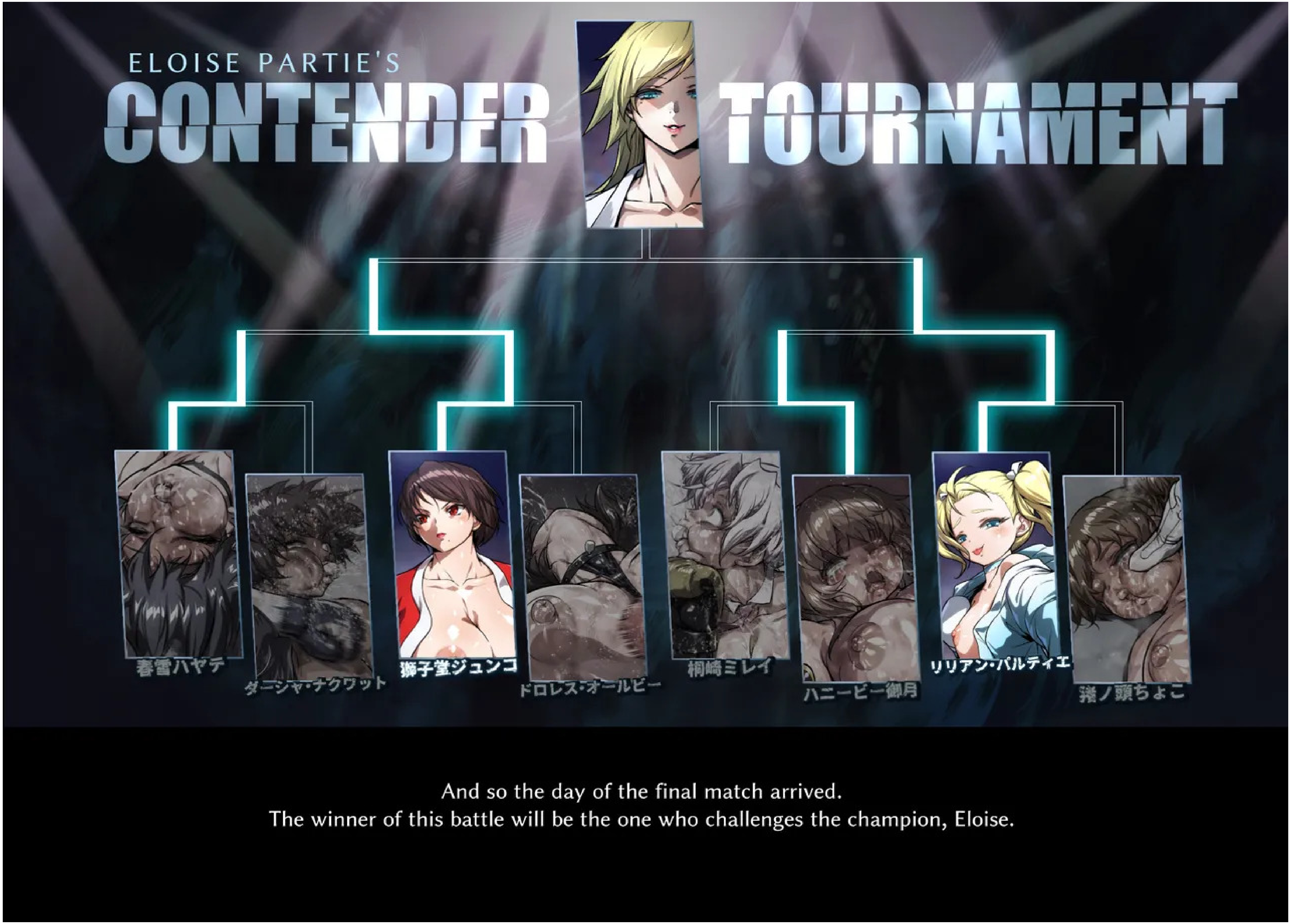
Whether in daily life or in the ring, she had always done exactly as her sister said.
That obedience was her way of proving her love—her entire sense of self.
And now, she couldn’t even begin to grasp what “freedom” meant.

Something was wrong. Lately, her sister had been··· strange.
Why? Why was she acting like this···?

···Of course. That woman.
Ever since she met her, Onee-sama started to change.

Miss Junko. That annoying bug getting between her and her sister.
Every time her sister spoke that name, something inside her twisted—an unpleasant, hazy feeling.

It’s all her fault.
If she just disappeared··· then everything would go back to the way it was···


ELOISE PARTIE'S
CONTENDER TOURNAMENT
春雷ハヤテ
ダーシャ・ナクワット
獅子堂ジュンコ
ドロレス・オールビー
桐崎ミレイ
ハニービー御月
リリアン・パルティエ
猪ノ頭ちょこ

And so the day of the final match arrived.
The winner of this battle will be the one who challenges the champion, Eloise.

リリアン・パルティエ
VS
獅子堂ジュンコ

"Kyah... kyahaha♪
I can finally crush you... Miss Junko."

"………………"

Eloise's words—"Fight as you wish"—had given
Lillian her answer.
To utterly destroy Junko, she unleashed her fury from the very start, launching a relentless barrage of blows with murderous intent.

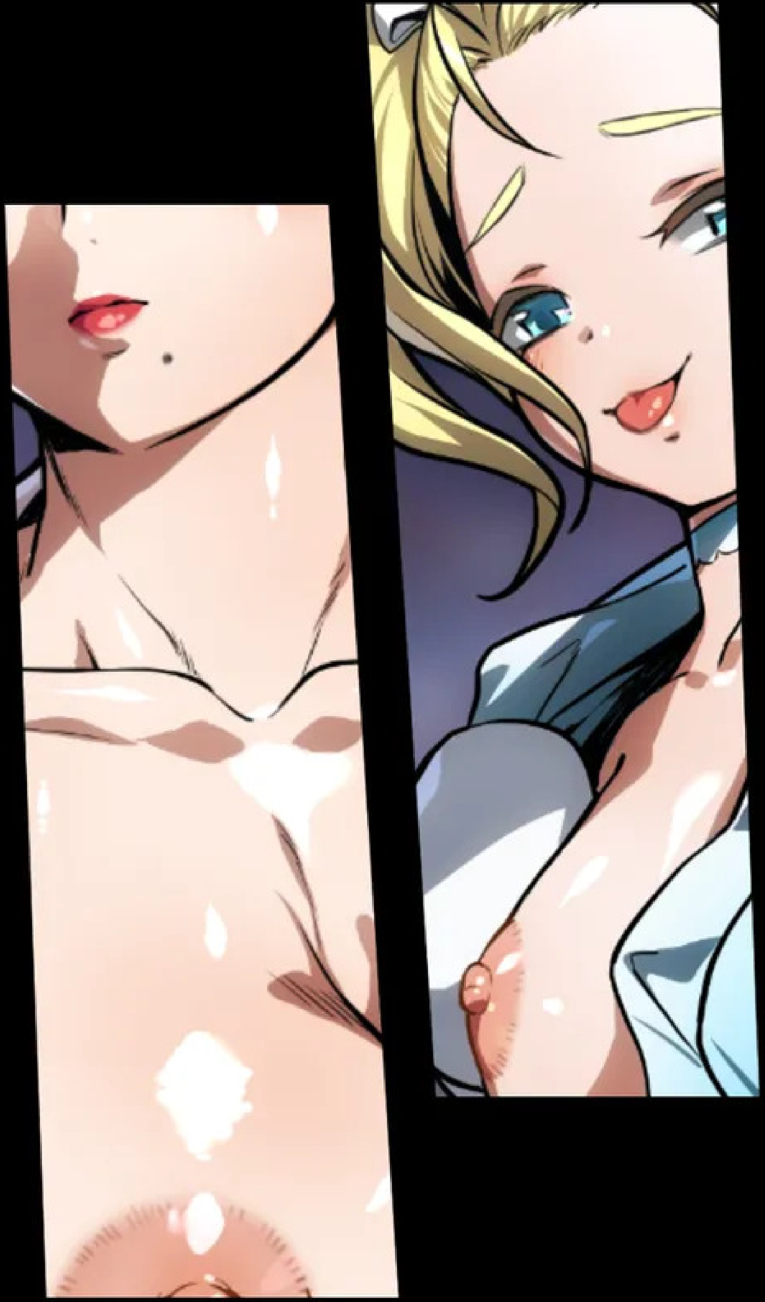
As Junko was forced onto the defensive and barely able to fight back, Suzume and Hayate watched the live broadcast from their hospital room.
They could sense something ominous in Junko's silence...

"Byukyahh!!?"

In the second round, as Lillian continued her unrelenting flurry of attacks while darting around the ring,
she suddenly let out a shriek and collapsed like a swatted insect.
A precisely aimed jab had pierced her chin in a flash.

Azami, her second, felt it right down to her bones from up close—
the terrifying rage that seeped out without Junko saying a word.

(This isn't just poking a hornet's nest··· Partie sisters···
You've gone and stepped on a lion's tail.
I've never seen Junko like this··· not ever.)



“A-Ah...? Huh···?”

Lillian tried to get back on her feet immediately, but as soon as she got to her knees,
she toppled over onto the canvas again.
That single blow had thrown her sense of balance into complete disarray.

“When you defeated Suzume, I thought I saw a glimmer of hope in you.
A chance that you might stop being a foolish child who takes pleasure in destruction···
And start becoming a true boxer.”

It wasn’t Suzume.
The one who had harbored the greatest anger toward Lillian’s cruelty··· was her.

“···With those filthy feet of yours. You trampled on the pride of my students, again and again.”

“You're going to take responsibility—right here and now.
If no one’s ever taught you what real pain is, then allow me to do so, thoroughly.

Now then, young lady···········”

“………… it’s time for your punishment.”

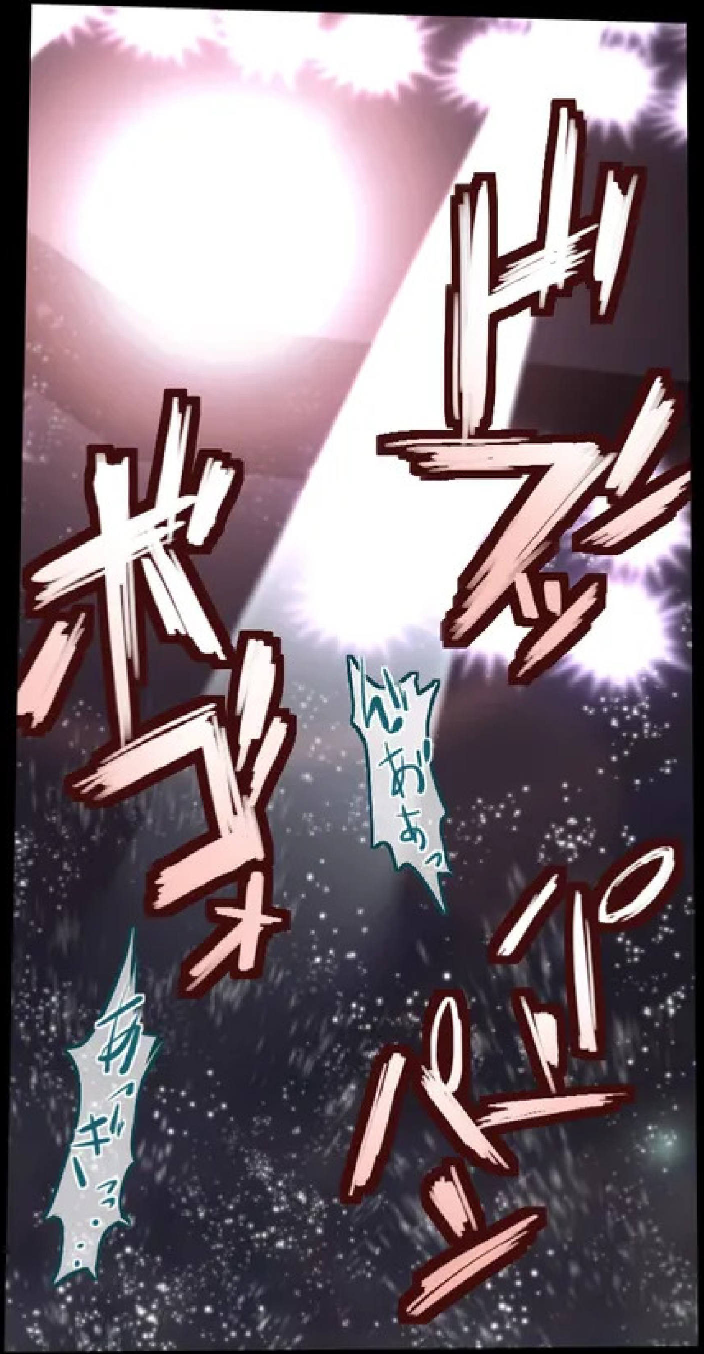
The tournament reached its final match—only for it to become a completely one-sided affair.

Junko's strategy was as simple as it gets.
Keep her guard up, observe her opponent carefully, read her offensive habits and patterns, then counterattack…
No tricks, just pure fundamental boxing.

And yet, that very simplicity was utterly overwhelming Lillian.
Because every single movement Junko made was executed with flawless precision.

Against punches that showed no warning signs,
even Lillian—who had effortlessly seen through Suzume's machine-gun jabs— was helpless, taking clean hit after clean hit.

What made that possible was a technique only Junko could have reached,
after countless grueling matches over so many years—
"a punch without intention."


ドブッ
んぶおあっ
パンパン
ボゴォ
あ゛っぎーっ…

Just before throwing a punch, everyone inevitably gives off tiny signs—eye movements, shifts in expression, tensing of muscles, the stirrings of the heart.
A punch from which all those preliminary signals—intention—have been stripped away to the extreme is a punch without intention.
Among active fighters, perhaps only Eloise operates in that same perfected realm.

If one can't read the opponent's attacks at all, even Lillian's signature technique—her weight-shifting movement—becomes meaningless.
Unable to find any opening, she continues to be struck down again and again, accumulating serious damage early in the fight.

“B-Big sister··· why, why···?
Lillian’s moves, they’re not working at all···
Tell me, please··· what should Lillian do···?”

In the interval after Round 2, a panicked Lillian clung to her second, Eloise.

“Your usual jumping style has been completely seen through.
You’ll have to mix in more basic movements to break her rhythm.
Even then...
It’ll be difficult for you to face Miss Junko head-on as you are now.”

"If you wish it, I'll throw in the towel at any time. Whether to continue or not…
that's for you to decide on your own."

"…N-No… nooo… I don't want to… Lillian… won't lose… not to her, not to that one…!"

Driven by sheer stubbornness, Lillian refuses to abandon her usual fighting style.
But in less than a minute, she takes on damage far beyond what even her jump techniques can handle,
and ends up in a groggy state, slumped helplessly against the ropes.

“Ah··· abuh··· ahuu···”

Despite being in a hopeless situation, Lillian raises herself to her feet. Staggering along the ropes, she bares her desperate, tear-streaked face to the crowd···

“·········!”

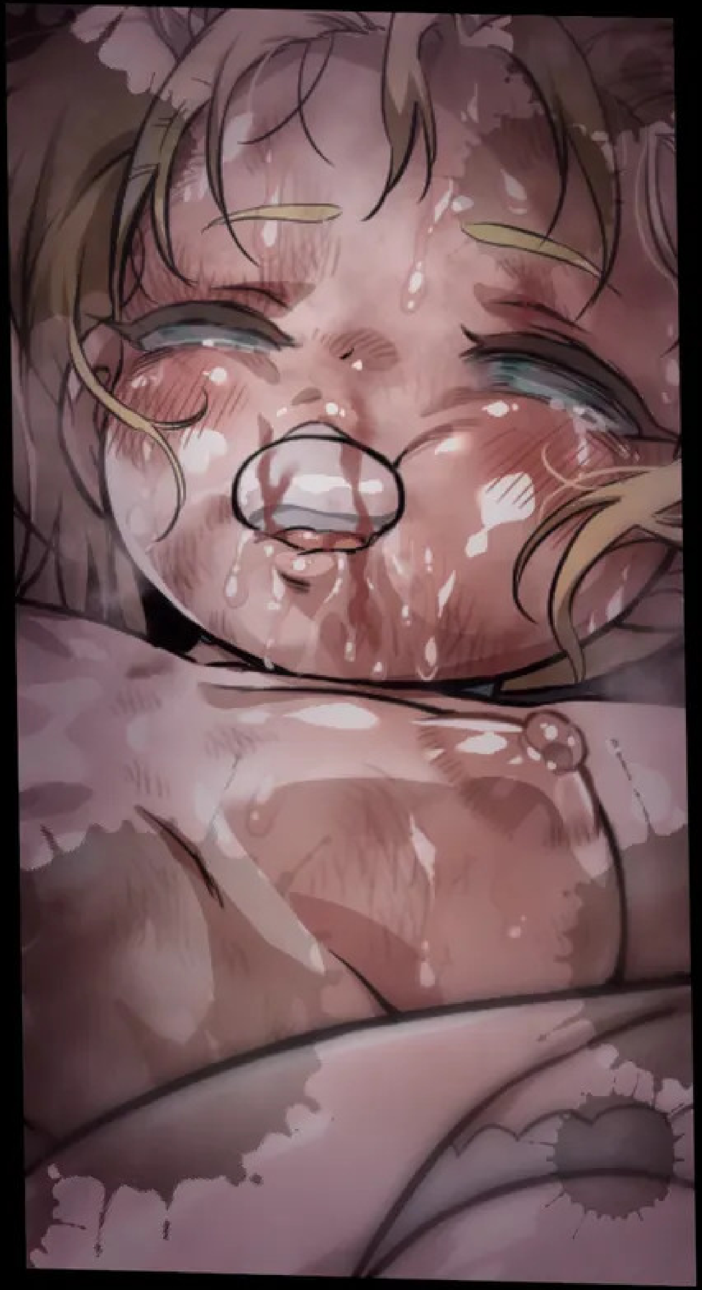
Suzume, Choco, and Dasha—each of whom had been defeated by Lillian in the past—
couldn’t help but feel something unexplainable as they watched the once-vicious brat struggling to rise again, no matter how pitiful she looked.

Someone without any convictions would have broken long ago. Could it be that even Lillian··· has something truly irreplaceable inside her?

“That’s right··· this is your first step.
You may be knocked down again right away. It may never pay off.
Even so, you stand. That’s finally your first step as a true boxer.”

“Uu··· sh-shut ub··· sniff···
I-I’ll beat you··· I’b gonna··· buh··· I’ll beat you··· I··· will···”

With trembling fists raised, Lillian slurs through her tears, putting on a pitiful show of bravado.



“Box!” “Buuuehh!!”

Almost simultaneously with the referee’s call, a straight punch smashed into Lillian’s face,
sending her blood-covered mouthpiece flying into the crowd.

Two, three, four more strikes follow her staggering, unsteady steps—Junko mercilessly drives her fists into Lillian’s frail frame.

“It's so strong it's frightening...”

Junko had completely broken down Lillian’s fighting style—
the very style that Suzume herself had been helpless against—
with pure, orthodox boxing technique.

Suzume once again felt the painful sting of her own immaturity…
the raw difference in skill that separated her from true mastery.

And at the same time, as she watched Lillian continue to be beaten down,
a feeling stirred inside her—something other than anger or hatred.

“Buhyaaah!!?”

When the hook is thrust into her, Lilian jerks her chin back, stretches her legs straight, and begins to convulse on her tiptoes.

Her screams are mixed with lust... An orgasm while standing.
The damage has already surpassed the critical point.

As her awareness melted into a fog from punch drunkenness,
what drifted through Lillian's mind was···

(The bee lady···?
Why··· why am I even thinking about her···?)

She'd hated her.
That lucky girl, living in a sweet little world full of friendship and respect,
getting all cozy with her pals and playing at being a fighter.
Lillian had bullied her hard—and just like all the other cocky brats before her,
she'd crumbled into a terrified little pig, and it felt great.

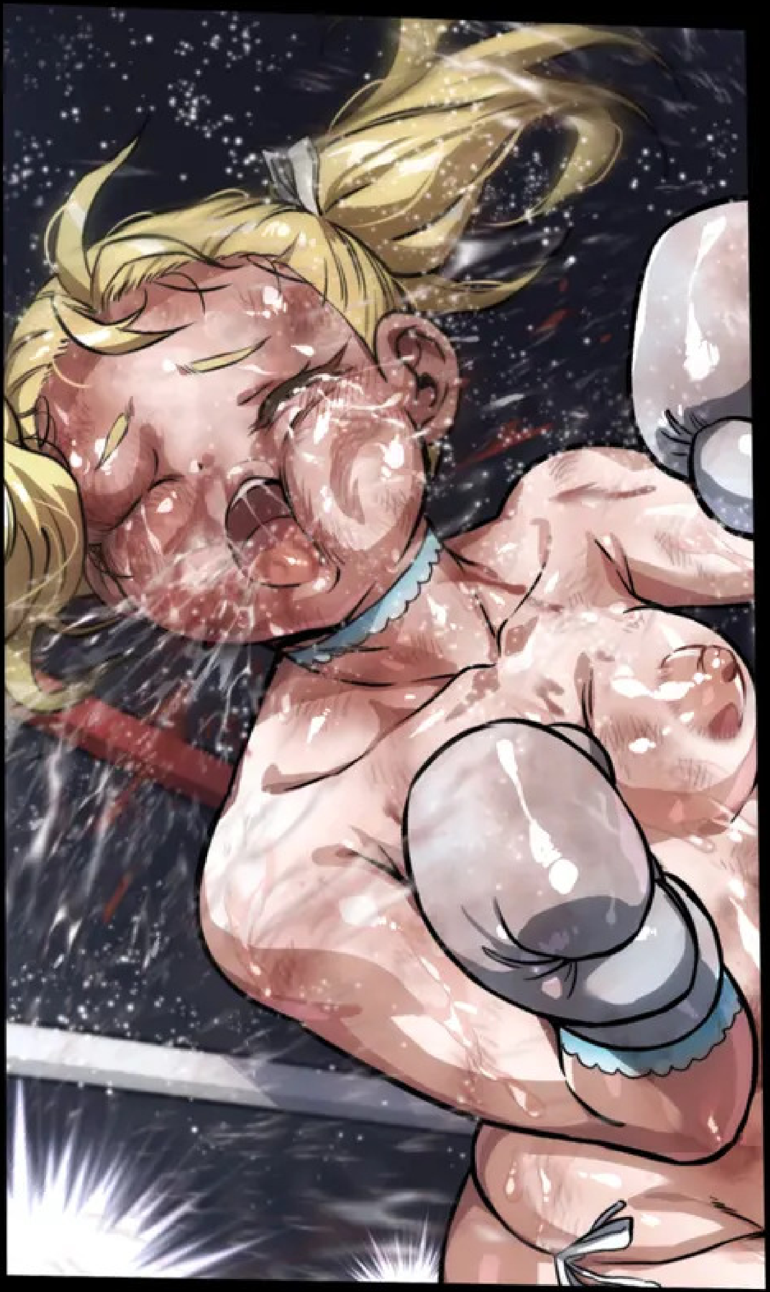
But··· even after being humiliated like that,
she was the only one who'd come back and dared to defy her.

"You're not capable of it."

Junko's voice snapped Lillian back to reality.

"Not like Suzume or Inokashira-san···
Fighting on with their hearts, even when their technique is broken and their bodies are wrecked.

To do that, you need something to believe in—
and you don't have it. You left everything you should've carried with you in someone else's hands."



“Ahhh, Lilian finally lost control and wet herself!
I can't fight back! Will this end with me helplessly at her mercy!?”

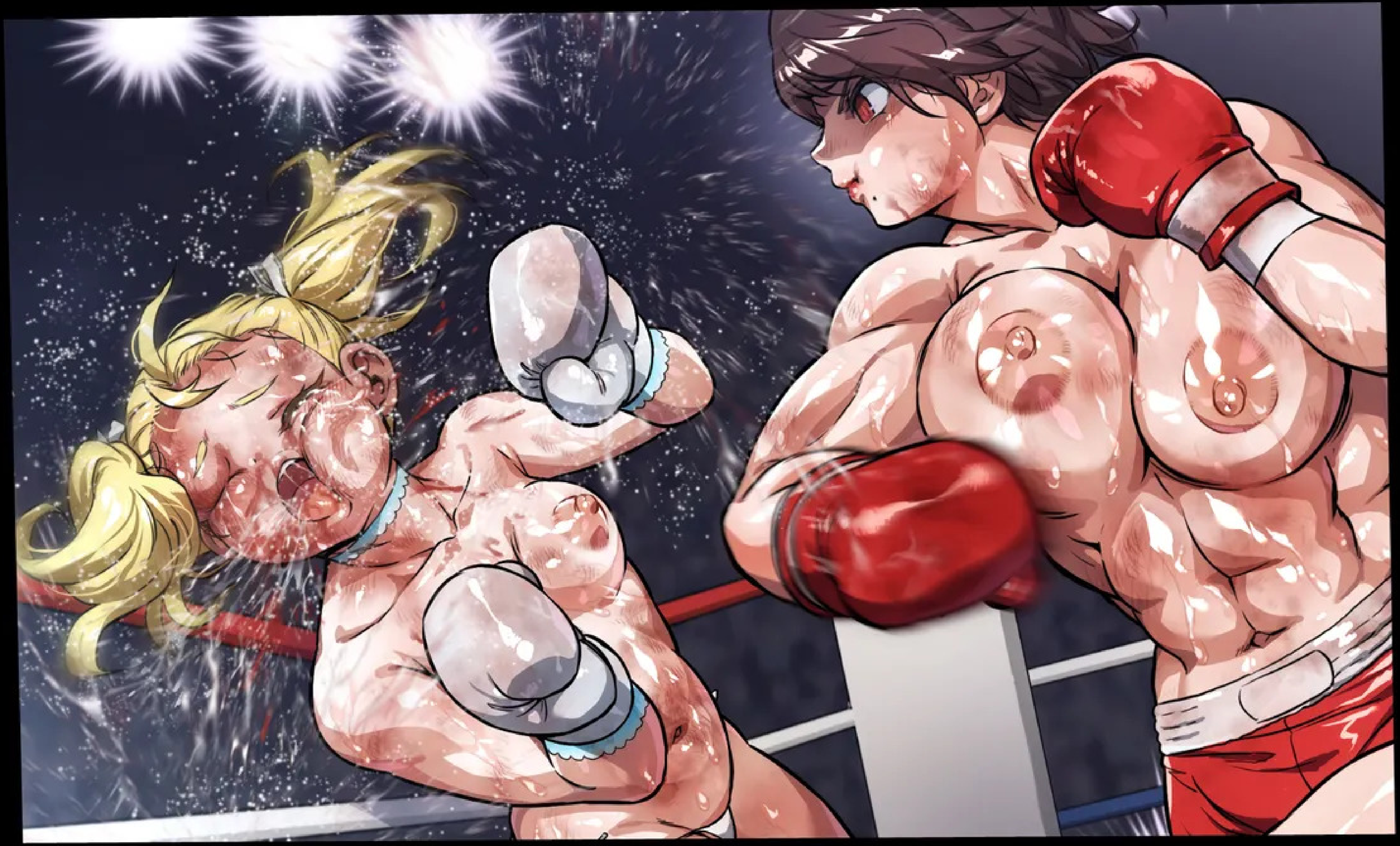
A tiny spark of hope began to grow in Lilian's heart.
However, that spark was blown away by the red storm.

She had brought fear and pain to countless people with her innocent smile.
At this moment, when she herself was on the receiving end of that terror, her instincts, unburdened by anything, chose... escape.

"I... Ibb!!
Iyaaaahhh!! Nooo... I can't... I'm gonna lose it!
Buhhh!! ... No, no... Stop... Hibuuu!!
Lily, Lily... Please, don't... Gyabuu!!!

Help me... Oh, big sister!! Oh, sisterrrrr!!!!"

Lilian screamed for her life, her high-pitched voice echoing throughout the hall.
Every orifice in her body was dripping with every fluid imaginable...



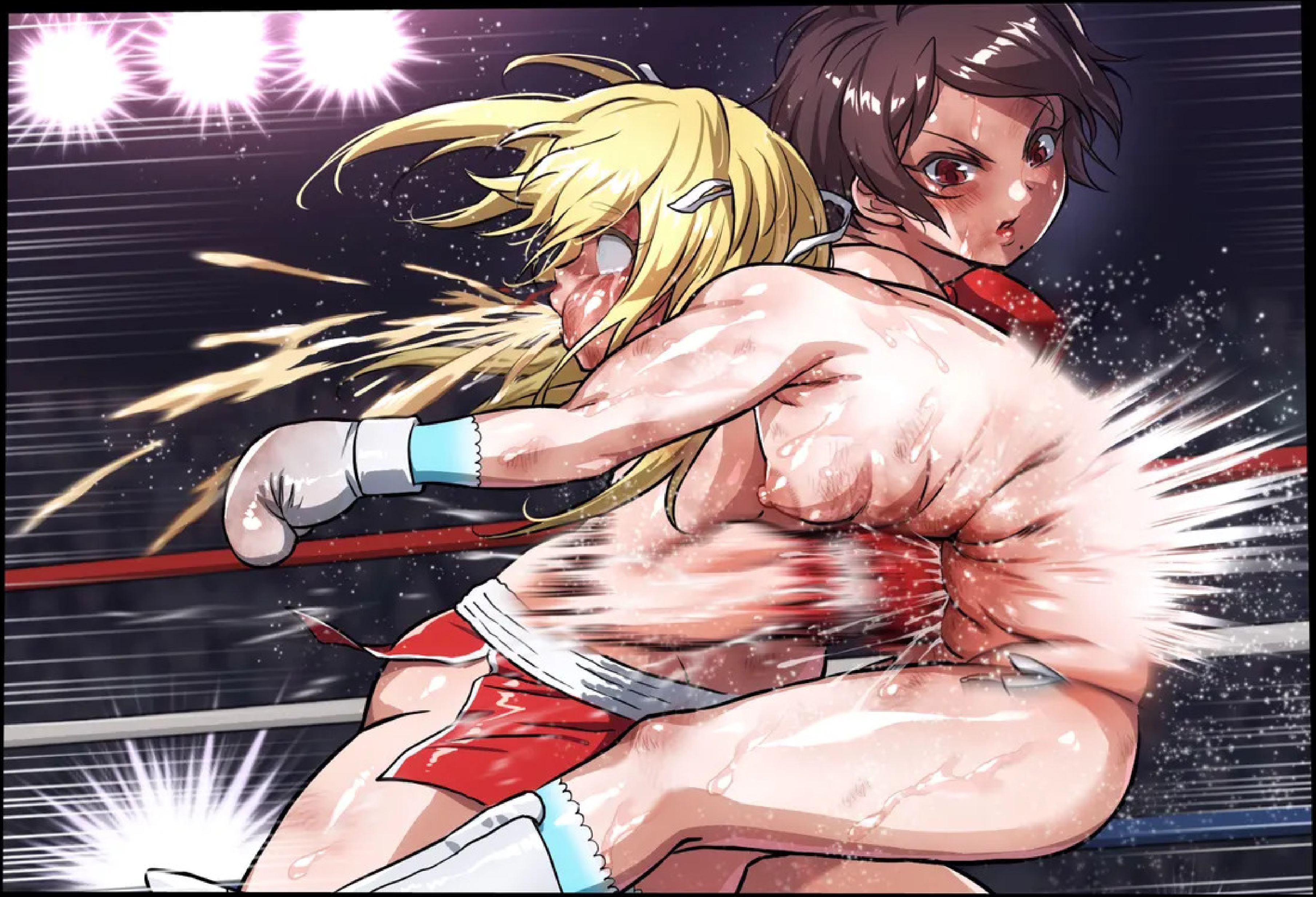
Before she knew it, a single tear traced down Suzume's cheek.
She didn't understand why, but watching Lillian cry out for her beloved big sister's help made her seem unbearably alone.

They looked nothing alike. Their personalities were completely different.
And yet… in some way, they felt the same.

Even if you were to truly change today··· the world isn't kind enough to reward you right away.

The pain, the fear, the despair you've inflicted on others—
don't ever forget what it felt like to be on the receiving end of it today.
Start over from the very beginning, and devote yourself to steady, honest effort.

If you can do that———



——I’ll face you again anytime.

Lilian vomited as she folded over, slipping beneath the ropes in a hunched position—only to be caught by Eloise before she could fall out of the ring.

It was a blatant foul for a second to make contact with the fighter during an active round.
But even without the violation, the referee would have ended the match immediately.
One look at Lilian, her eyes rolled back and completely unconscious, made it obvious she wouldn't rise—not even after a hundred counts.

At 2 minutes and 34 seconds into Round 3...
The final match of the tournament ended in a swift and one-sided victory.

"Lili··· you still weren't ready to carry your own desires.
Even so··· you did well to hold on this long."

カン
カン
ワァアアァ
カン
カン

Eloise spoke to Junko.

The elite brainwashing education forced upon the children
of the Parthier family—
what is lost in exchange for gaining superhuman strength.

"Be a doll without a heart, one who slaughters her opponents
with cold precision."

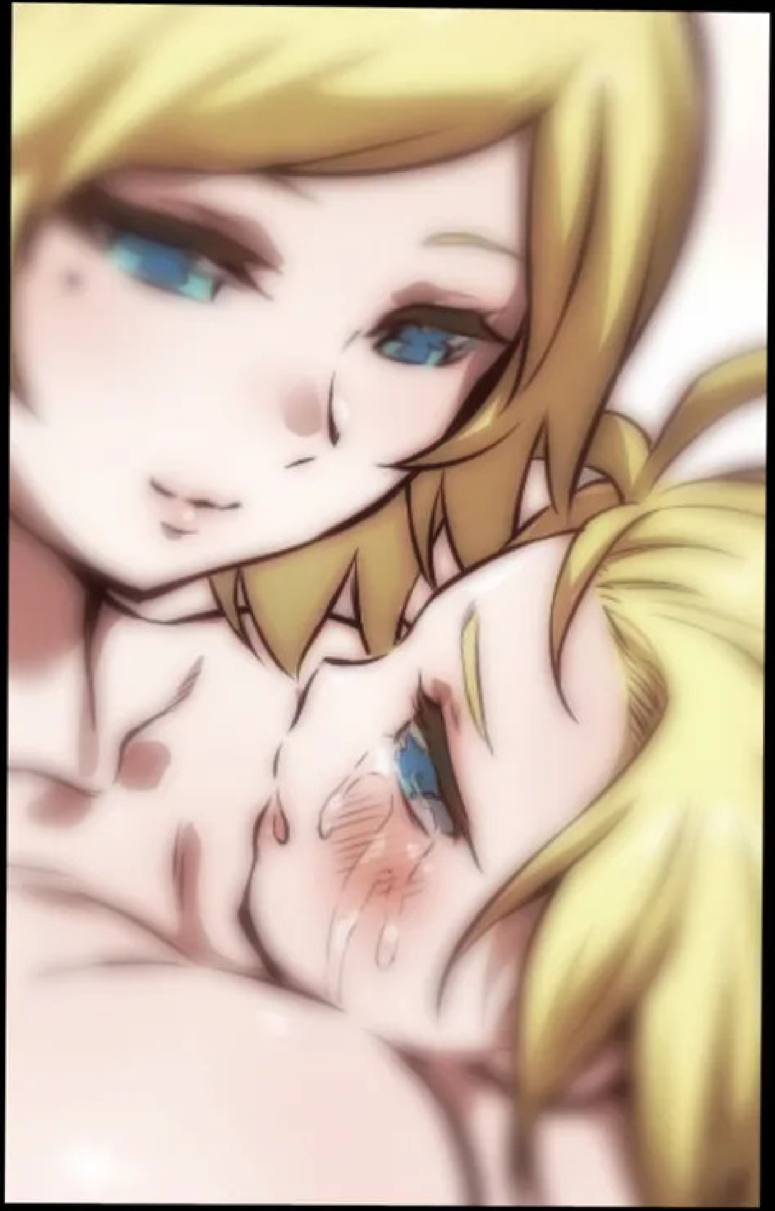
That was the family creed of the Parthiers,
a name that had produced countless champions throughout
martial arts history,
cementing their unshakable position in the fighting world.

Eloise and her eight younger sisters had their childhoods—
a time when they should have been loved—
buried under relentless training and bloody competition
among siblings.
They were raised to become fighting dolls who sacrificed everything
for the honor of the family, devoid of any human emotion.

Lilian, the youngest of the sisters,
was originally a child who above all hated hurting others.
Because of that innate kindness,
she fell far behind the others in mastering the family's martial arts.

She was scorned by their parent—the family head—as a failure,
and her elder sister Gisette took out her frustrations on her,
leaving her with fresh wounds every day.

Those days of receiving no love from anyone
deeply warped Lilian's heart.



It was Eloise—the eldest sister and once called the strongest fighting doll of the Parthier family—who extended a hand to the broken Lilian.

After a certain match awakened her to human emotion,
Eloise became the first to show Lilian love,
and as a mentor, she taught her the art of combat.

Under Eloise's guidance, Lilian made astonishing progress,
and eventually achieved her first victory in a formal duel against her elder sister Gisette.
But that was when all the twisted layers within Lilian finally surfaced.

The detestable Gisette—who had looked down on her every day—was now trembling in fear, nose bloodied, begging for mercy through her tears.
A heat swelled beneath Lilian's navel,
and a shiver of ecstasy raced down her spine.

Ah, so this is it. Just win.
As long as I win, I'll never have to feel miserable again.
If I win, I get to be the one who looks down on others.

"...Kya-ha··· kya-ha··· kyahahahahaha♪♪♪"

The only one who loves me is Big sister.
Aside from her, there is no such thing as love in this world.
Thus was born the "Innocent Little Devil".

"…And what then? Are you telling me to feel sorry for her?"

"This child has entrusted everything—even her very reason to fight—to me. She's never taken up her own desires.

But I wanted to bet on a sliver of hope.
For her growth. For her to truly find happiness.
Even if it meant learning the sting of defeat, I hoped that through the battles on this new soil,
she might come to discover a desire of her own."

"How noble of you—using her as a pawn for your grand design.
You knew from the start that she couldn't win against me.
You used her inevitable defeat to prepare the stage for your fight with me, didn't you?"

"…Yes. That's exactly right."

With that, Eloise gently laid Lilian onto a stretcher—
then suddenly leapt into the air.

From ringside, she soared clean over the top rope in a single bound,
her golden hair flowing like a divine banner—
and thus the long-awaited nemesis descended softly before Junko's eyes.

"Hu··· Huhu. When was the last time I felt like this, I wonder?

My selfish, jealous little angel···
Seeing my beloved Lili reduced to such a wretched state by you···
I can hardly contain the urge to tear you apart right this very moment."

"What a coincidence. I've felt the same for quite some time—thinking I really ought to thank you for all the convoluted chaos you stirred up around us."

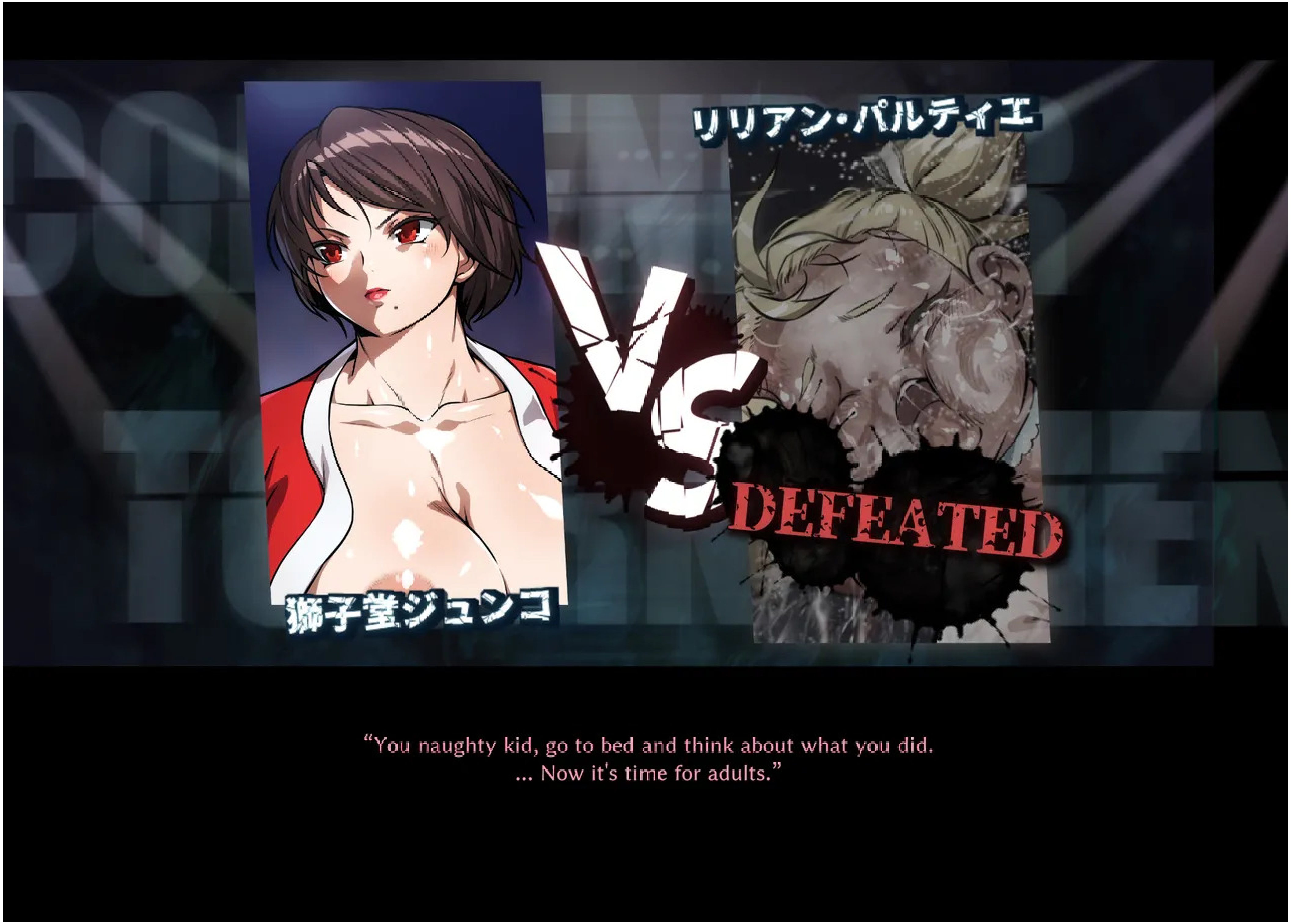
"···You and I are now more deeply, intensely connected than ever before.
We carry irreconcilable values.
We've each had something precious defiled by the other.
We hate each other··· and yet, what burns between us is unmistakable longing.
Surely you feel this torrent—this fever pitch of love and hatred too, don't you?"

"···Maybe I do."

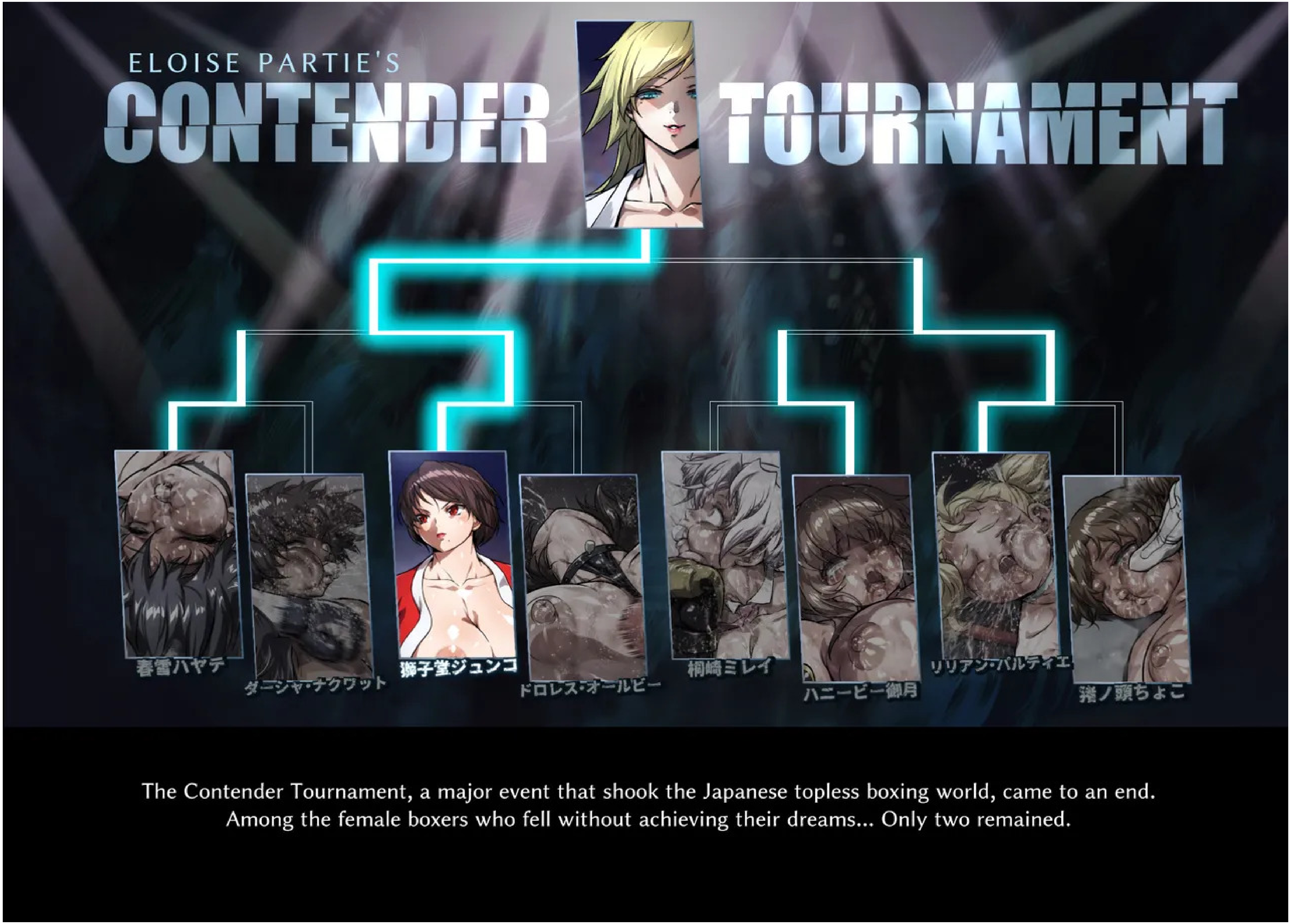
"How wonderful.
At long last, the bond between us has reached completion—here, in this moment.
For now, allow me to offer my congratulations on your victory.
As for our final battle··· the title match shall come when your wounds have healed.

Let's make it a night neither of us will ever forget··· Miss Junko."

The decisive moment is approaching.
Will the red flames once again shine brightly at the pinnacle, or will they be extinguished?


リリアン・パルティエ
獅子堂ジュンコ
VS
DEFEATED

"You naughty kid, go to bed and think about what you did.
... Now it's time for adults."


ELOISE PARTIE'S
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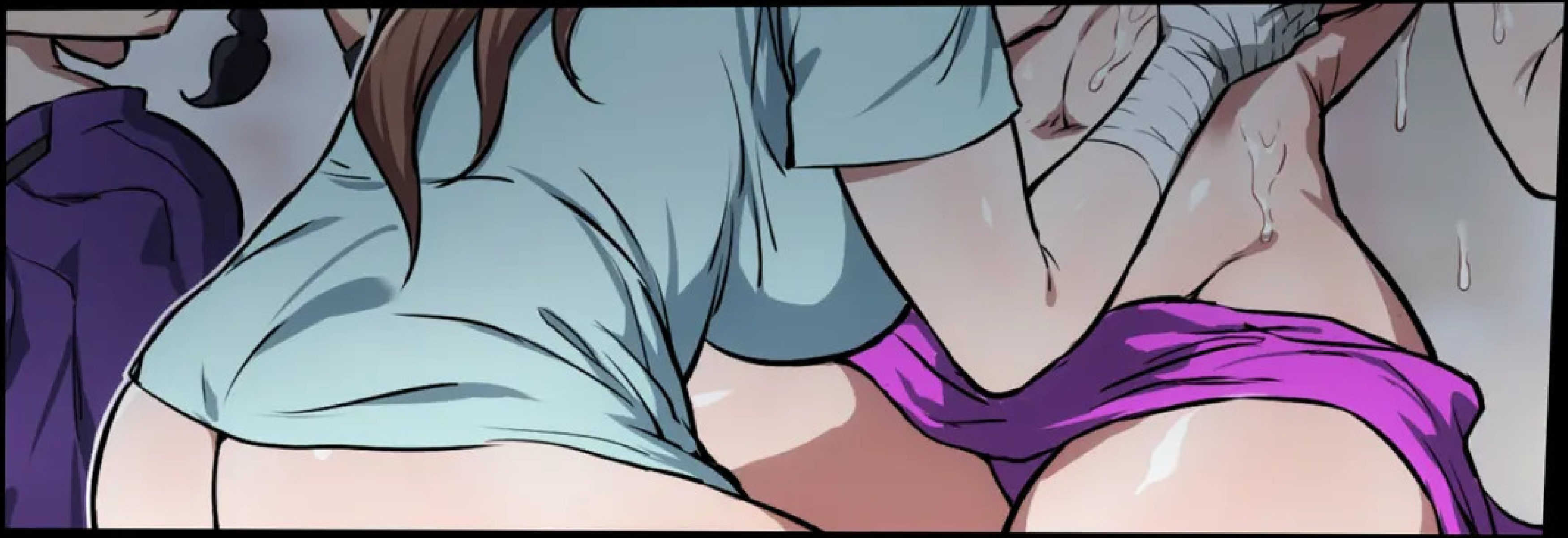
猪ノ頭ちょこ

The Contender Tournament, a major event that shook the Japanese topless boxing world, came to an end.
Among the female boxers who fell without achieving their dreams... Only two remained.

「タイトルマッチ」編



One week before the greatest title match in history.
At Junko's personal request, Suzume was chosen to act as her second, alongside Azami, for the upcoming decisive bout.

During rehearsal training at the gym, Suzume—receiving guidance from teammates with experience as seconds—came to understand firsthand the challenges of supporting from behind the scenes.
Emergency treatment for injuries, calming the fighter's arousal, washing mouthpieces, preparing gear and stools…
A second's duties in topless boxing are numerous. Among them, the most technically demanding is the application of lotion.

This boxing lotion, now standard for all fighters, instantly forms a slick layer on the skin when absorbed.
It not only stops bleeding but also prevents cuts and slightly reduces the impact of strikes.
Applying it to the fighter's body during every interval is a vital job for the second—but…

"Ugh... Just a little... Be gentler...♥"

"Ah, a, a..."

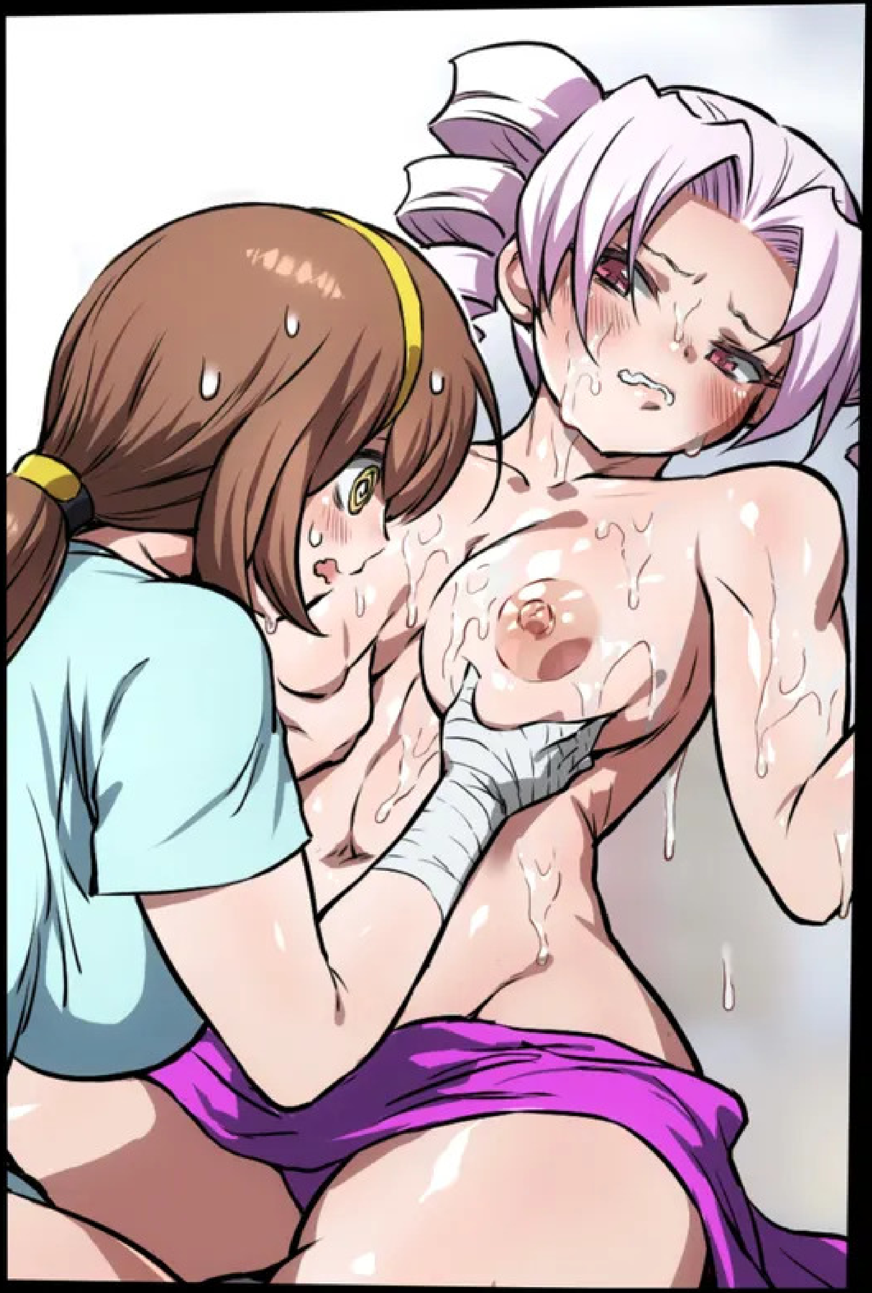
"Haa... Ugh! How many times do I have to tell you!?
Relax your fingers and slide them...Ah♥♥"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Under the topless rule, breasts and nipples are fair game.
To protect a woman's exposed vulnerabilities, it's essential to apply lubricant thoroughly and evenly...
But if you're inexperienced, like Suzume, you might end up stimulating her erogenous zones and exhausting the athlete instead.

Mirei's breasts, which I'd seen countless times in matches.
However, seeing another person's naked body outside the ring exuded a forbidden allure, making it extremely difficult to maintain composure while touching them.

(Second... They do this all the time...
How can they stay so calm...!?)



"Hehehehe... I can't stand this white mochi skin!
It sticks to my fingers...!"

"Ahhh... Togo-sama... I can't take any more..."

"Hey, you scumbag! You said you were teaching me your secret training method, but...
All you've been doing is sexually harassing me!"

"That's endurance training for when you get punched in the chest.
Getting used to stimulation of your erogenous zones is super important in a match.
Yuzuki-chan is going to return as a fighter someday, right?
Then, as a martial artist, you need to be preGehehehe."

"If you're going to say something that sounds reasonable, then keep your rationality until the end!!
You just want to grope me, don't you!"

"Ahh...♥ Ahh...♥ I understand...♥
This too... It's for my training...♥
Then, Yuzuki, I'll overcome this trial...Ahh♥"

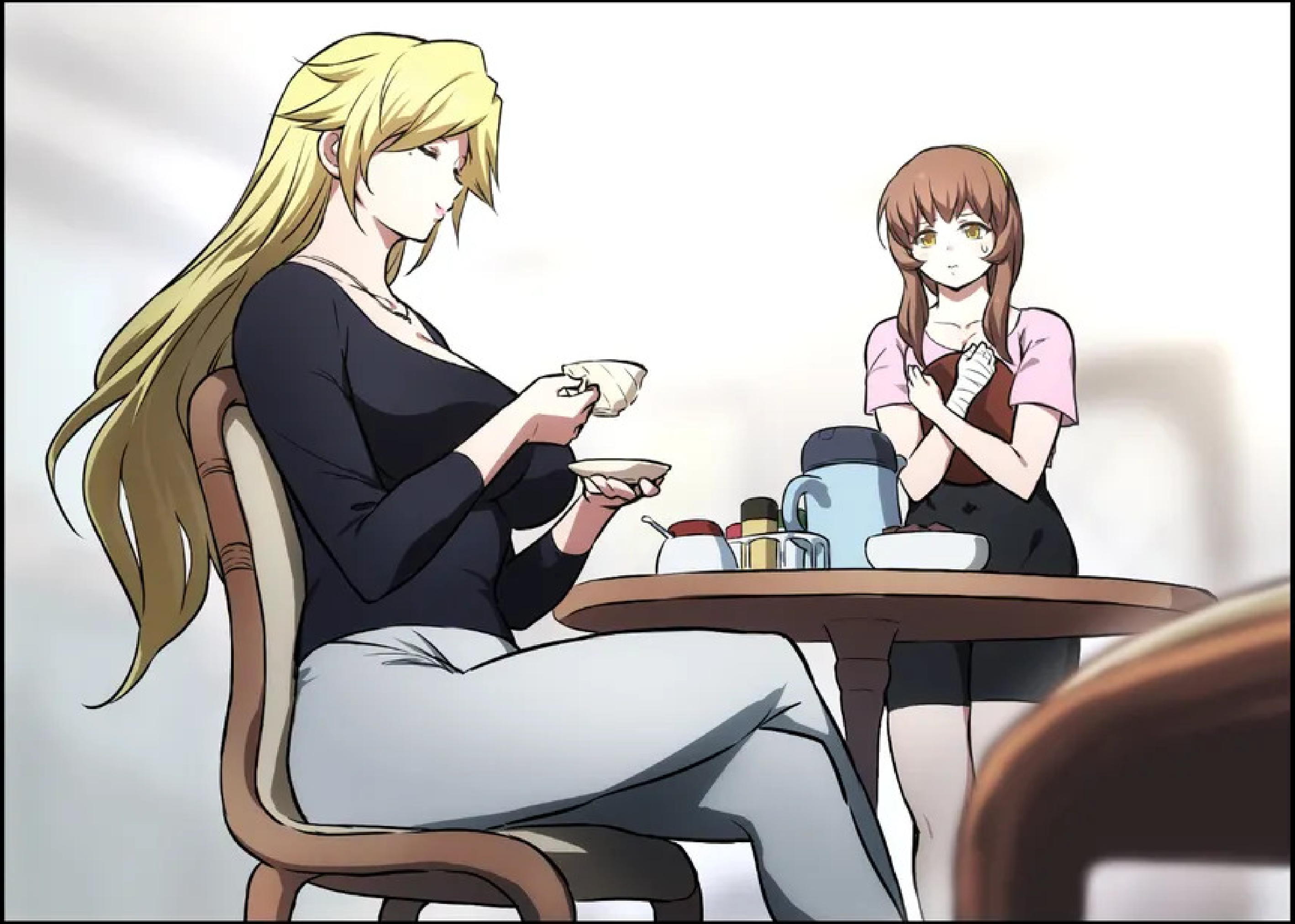
"Why don't you know how to distrust people!
Sis, I'm worried about you!"

...It was a peaceful everyday life,
unlike the eve of a decisive battle.

Two days before the title match, a sudden visitor appeared at Suzume's door, disrupting her daily routine.

“Good afternoon, cute little bee. Would you like to talk for a moment?”

(Why... Why is this person here...!?)



"Please, don't be so guarded··· I no longer have any
schemes to hurt you.
My objective has already been fulfilled."

To forge Junko into a fighter stronger than ever and to face her on the grandest stage— That was Eloise's goal.
For that purpose, she stripped Mireille of her title, unleashed her subordinates to wreak havoc on the Japanese rankings, and used Suzume and Choco as sacrificial pawns to stoke Junko's hatred.

The one miscalculation in that plan was the match between Suzume and Lillian.
Suzume, who had been ordered to be thoroughly destroyed by Lillian, overcame her fear and struggled to the point of nearly winning—
This was a result that greatly defied Eloise's expectations.

"Ever since that day, Lili has kept asking me,
'Why did the honeybee girl suddenly become so strong even though she was so weak?'
'Why did she keep fighting to the end, even after being beaten so badly?'

That child, before··· would never have taken any interest in someone she'd defeated—Let alone harbor such questions.

The catalyst was without a doubt you, Miss Suzume.
Your fists brought about a great change in Lili."

"M-Me··· I did··· that···?"

"I have a proposal for you.
Miss Suzume··· are you interested in training overseas?"

"···Eh!?"

If she were to come to Eloise's home country, France, then her living arrangements, coordination with the local boxing association, and even the gym she would train at—Eloise promised to take care of it all. What's more, if Suzume wished, she would arrange a rematch with Lillian anytime.
It was such a sudden and extraordinary offer that Suzume could only be overwhelmed.

"Of course, I do have my own motives.
I expect that you might bring about even further change in Lili."

Eloise spoke openly about the past of the Parthier family and Lillian. About how Lillian was despised by her own family, mentally scarred by days of relentless torment··· and how she became the one who inflicted pain in order to escape her own suffering.

"For various reasons, the two of us are currently runaway daughters.
The reason Lili clings to me so desperately is because, to protect herself, she felt she had no choice but to follow me.
I am not capable of showing that child a new path.

So that she may one day choose for herself··· and discover what she truly wants—
I would like you to help her do that."

She recalled the sadness that she had felt from Lillian's fists at the end of that match.
There was no way those words had been a lie.
Suzume felt it instinctively—that even Eloise had revealed her true feelings and spoken without pretense.

"Could it be··· that this was your goal all along?
That beyond your schemes, you've been searching for someone who could truly change Miss Lillian···?"

"···I won't ask for an answer right away.
Your feelings may change depending on the result of the match the day after tomorrow.

If I were to devour everything that Miss Junko is···
And if something unfortunate were to happen to her as a result—
I'm sure you'd have no interest in following me anywhere.
···Huhu."

"·········!"

The desire to completely destroy her beloved enemy.
The desire to see her beloved sister find her own happiness.
She pursues every desire without hesitation, without shame—
willing to use anyone necessary to make them reality.

So now, is the witch trying to use even Suzume's compassion for her own ends···?

————The night before the title match.
Unable to sleep, Suzume stood in front of the gym's full-length mirror,
lightly practicing shadowboxing with her hand, still not fully healed from the fracture.

"…It's finally tomorrow."

"…I can't shake this awful feeling.
Like… what if Junko-san ends up like Miss Avita…
I don't even want to imagine it, but the thought just won't leave me…
A second like me can't afford to be this weak-minded, can she?"

"Shishido-san is one of my mentors too.
But for you, she's clearly more than just that.
You've seen her strength… and her weakness… living alongside her."

"That's why you have to be the one to believe in her to the very end.
Believe in Shishidō-san's victory—your starting point, your source of strength."

"Hayate…"

"You stood tall against that Lillian until the very end.
You should be more proud of that.
You're allowed to be selfish—for the things you believe in.
That's what I think."

"…Thank you. I'll try harder… to believe.
In Junko-san… and in you, who said those words to me."

————The day of the title match.

“Alright, time’s up! Let’s roll, you punks!”

“Yes! Junko-san··· let’s win this!”

“Of course.”

Draped in a crimson gown, flanked by her former rival and her former pupil,
the warrior woman marches toward the battlefield of destiny.
Glory and downfall. Despair and resurgence.
The greatest battle of “The Unburned Flame,”
Shishido Junko, is about to begin.

Standing in the ring is the reigning champion, her WTBJ belt gleaming brilliantly at her waist—Eloise.
By her side as seconds are her two right hands: Dolores and Lillian.

"Aaah, Junko-sama…♥
You're even more gallant than when I last saw you…♥"

Ever since being KO'd, Dolores had become completely smitten with Junko, now reverently calling her with a "-sama."
Even so, what she truly desired to see was Junko's ruin—brought about by her master's hands.

(………)

Suzume was momentarily overwhelmed by the seductive aura of Eloise as she slipped off her pure-white gown,
but what caught her attention more was Lillian, standing quietly behind her, eyes cast downward.

The matching eyepatch she wore with Dolores was likely still due to the swelling in her right eye.
Gone was the usual devil-may-care arrogance that looked down on others—in its place was a timid girl who would glance anxiously at Junko and her team from time to time.

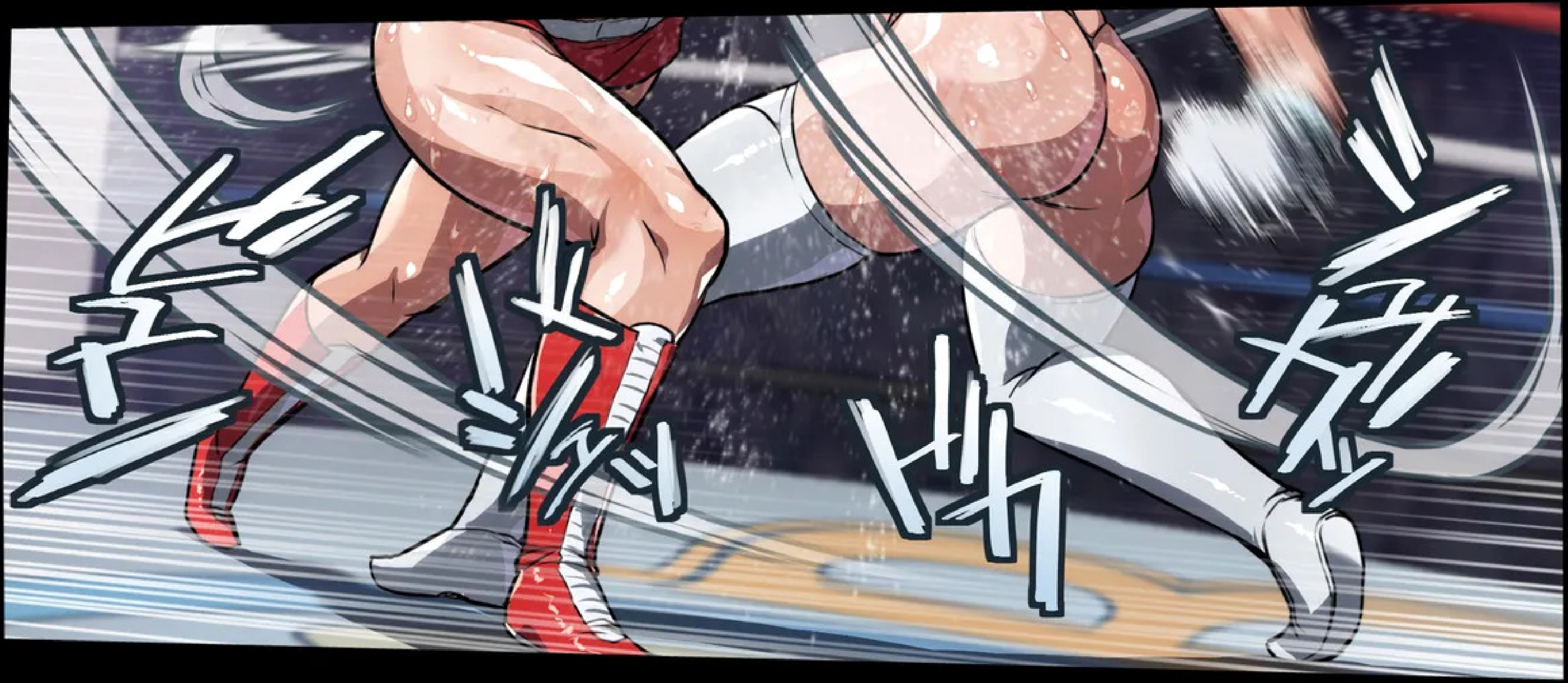
When her eyes met Suzu's, Lillian quickly lowered her gaze again in silence.
It was as if she had become an entirely different person.

(This is… the real Lillian-san…?)

"You look beautiful, Miss Junko··· Red truly does suit you.
Soon, it will be just the two of us in the ring—your fierce eyes, your heart, your body··· all mine alone.
Now then··· let's burn it all away tonight, Miss Junko...!"

"Yes··· I'll burn it all right.
Tonight, you're going to burn with me··· until there's nothing left."

A title match between fated rivals, swirling with love and hate.
And then—the bell rang to signal its beginning.



All the tournament participants had gathered together in the hall, overwhelmed by the spectacle before them.

From the very start, offense and defense rapidly shifted back and forth in a relentless exchange.
Their footwork, as if already foreseeing moves several steps ahead…
The dense mind games, laced with multiple feints in the span of a single heartbeat…
The sheer perfection of these two as boxers made even the defeated feel the overwhelming gap in class.

By the end of Round 2, while neither had taken deep damage, they had each scored a knockdown.
And when Junko forced Eloise to fall back onto her rear,
a wave of loud cheers erupted at the sight of the undefeated queen of Europe being brought down to the canvas—
a feat that Junko had already accomplished so early in the match.

However, the seemingly even match began to tip from Round 3 onward.
Eloise began to slip past Junko's punches with the fluidity of a sea creature,
landing clean hits through the narrowest of openings.

"W-What the hell is that…!? Are those even human movements…!?"

Having tasted the surface of the Junko fruit in the early rounds,
Eloise was now beginning to savor the flesh beneath the skin.

Her upper body swayed bonelessly, as if her hip joints had vanished, and countless punches came crashing in from impossible angles.
It was a unique fighting style only made possible by Eloise's flexible body and mastery of center-of-gravity shifting techniques.

Adding to that, the traditional techniques of the Partie family continued to drive Junko into a corner.

(T-That move…! That's the one that floored me in an instant…!)

By moving only the joints beyond her shoulders, she launched a barrage of long-range strikes without any telegraphing—the "Whip."
It was this very technique that had shattered Mirei's chin and knocked her out with a single blow.
Watching from the audience, Mirei bit her lip at the memory of losing her title.

And then came the technique Lillian had used against Suzume—a full-body straight punch unleashed through shifting weight—the "Spear."

"Buh… haa—!!"

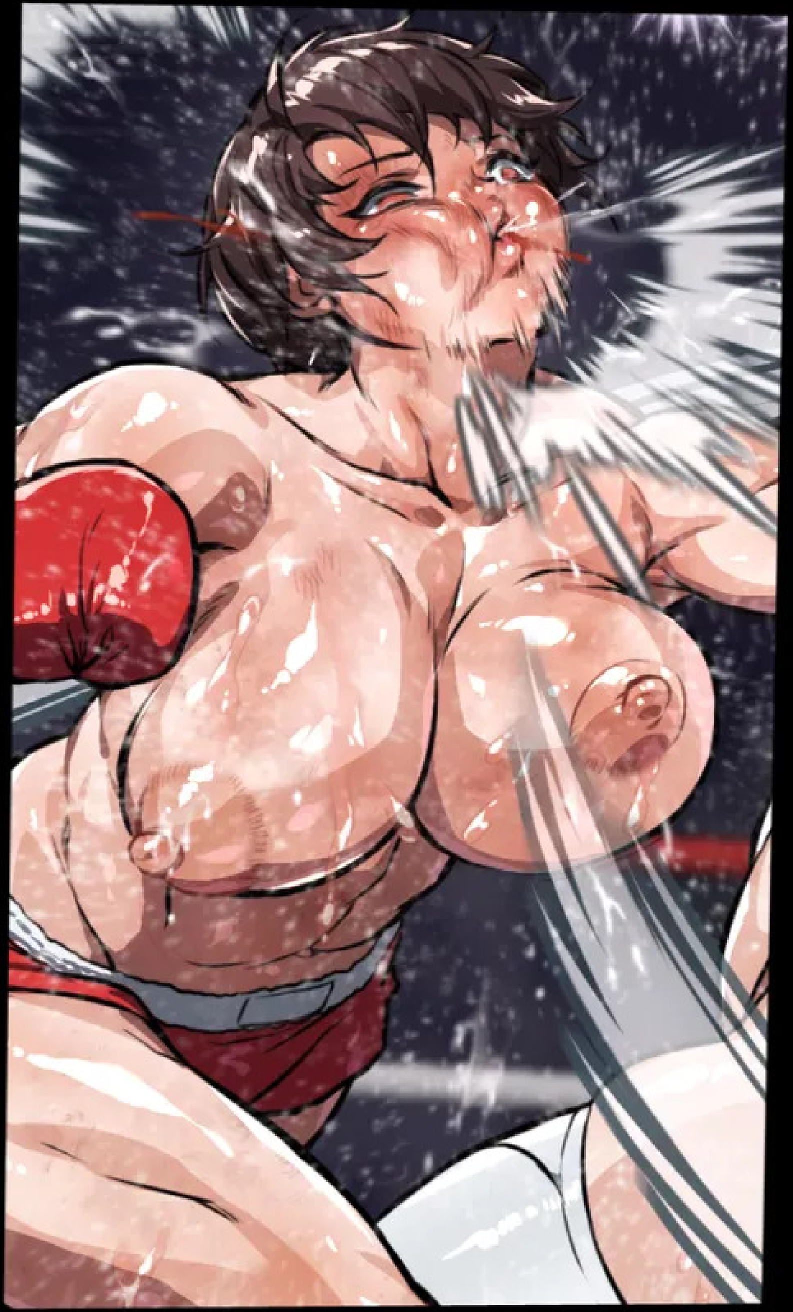
The shock pierced straight through Junko's guard, reaching her torso like a stab, not a strike.

The dazzling array of weapon-named techniques, executed with fists of steel even more refined than Lillian's, carried a level of danger worthy of their names.
Junko struggled desperately to keep up, but little by little, she was pushed back—until finally, her back met the ropes.

"And this··· is a technique I created myself."

"…!"

Eloise's upper body twisted unnaturally to the side and began to spin—
from that motion came a punch that skimmed the ground,
cloaked in an overwhelming, unnatural pressure.



“Junko-san!!?”

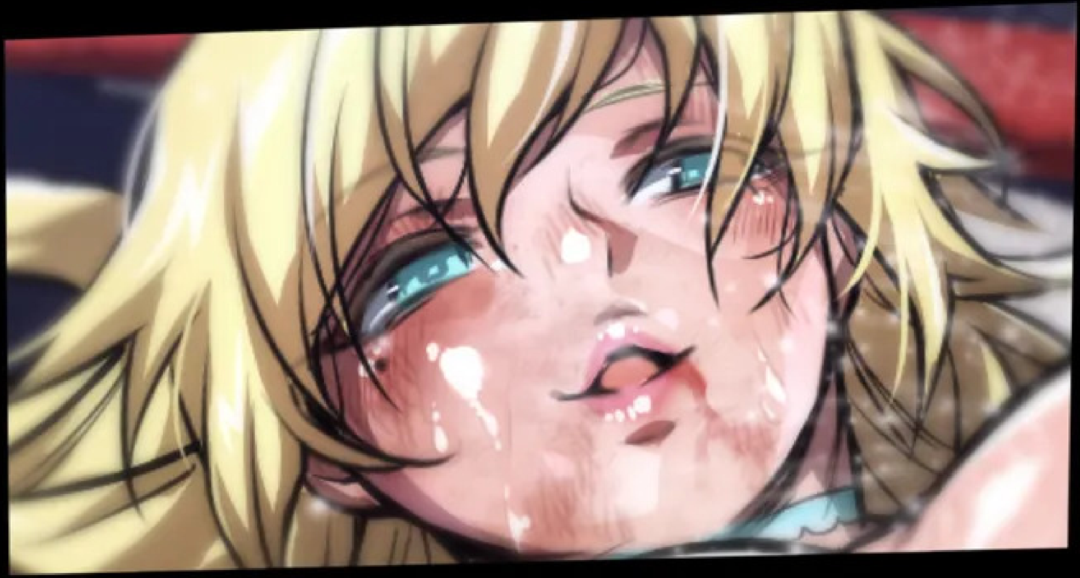
Her tightly guarded fists were blown aside, and her arched body was hurled backward, scattering sweat as it nearly spilled from the ring.

(This... punch is…!!)

Even without a direct hit, the impact was strong enough to nearly knock her consciousness away.
An uppercut? No—
A hook thrown from a fully twisted, horizontal upper-body stance.
Junko recognized that motion.

There was no mistaking it—
This was the very same blow that had brought down Aviata.

“If I had to name it… I’d say it resembles a flail.”



Her entire body flexed like a chain.
And her fist—was the iron weight bound to its end.

A full-powered step-in and an upper body twisted to its absolute limit—this amplified the destructive force of that iron mass even further.

Against such overwhelming mass and momentum, a human body was far too fragile.
And it wasn't limited to uppercuts from below—it could be launched from any direction.

Having experienced this fearsome technique firsthand, Junko had no choice but to heighten her caution.
And Eloise relentlessly pursued her prey, whose counterattacks had now clearly diminished.

"Tch··· what a monster."

"Kh··· If it were anyone but Shishido-san standing there···
They would've been knocked out long ago."

"C-Can even Shishido-sama not prevail···?"

Though she had narrowly avoided critical hits, Junko's stamina and spirit were being steadily worn down by Eloise's unrelenting onslaught.
In the fourth round, a direct hit from the "Spear" finally drove Junko to the canvas.

But Suzume and the others knew—
That Junko would never simply yield to her opponent's will.
They knew the spirit of rebellion and revenge,
And the inner fire that only grew fiercer the more she was cornered.

The passion she had once lost, wandered in search of,
and fought to reclaim—
The burning blood of her youth now surged once more within her.

Yes··· this feeling.

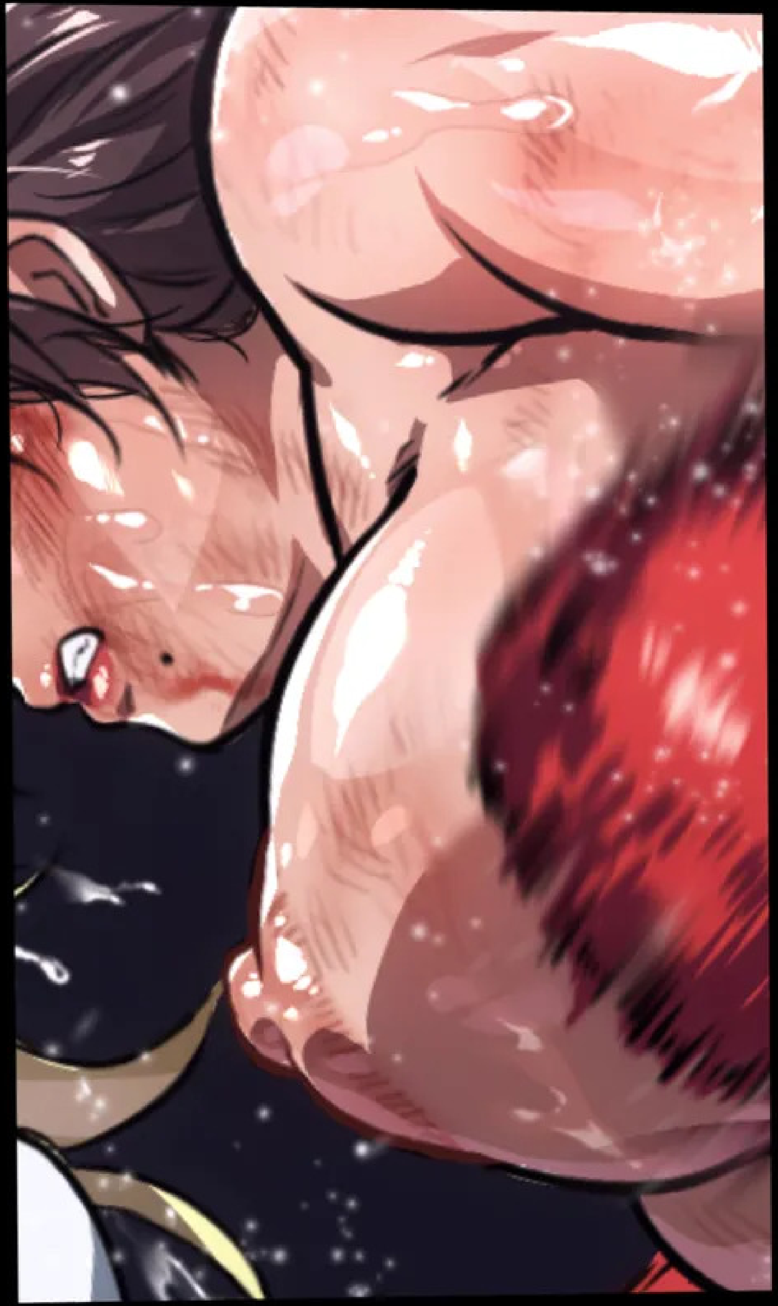
That sense of utter disparity shoved in your face···

That heavy atmosphere spreading, convincing everyone
that winning is no longer possible···

Huhu···
Now this gets me fired up.

Rising to her feet, Junko cast aside the clever, tactical
approach she had used thus far—
and charged Eloise with reckless abandon, like a beast unleashed.

(So this is the real you···?
I expected you to grow stronger in the face of adversity···
But this wild creature—could it be your truest form···?)



What looked like a reckless flurry of punches from Junko was effortlessly dodged—
Eloise countered again and again with clean, brilliant hits.
However—

“!?”

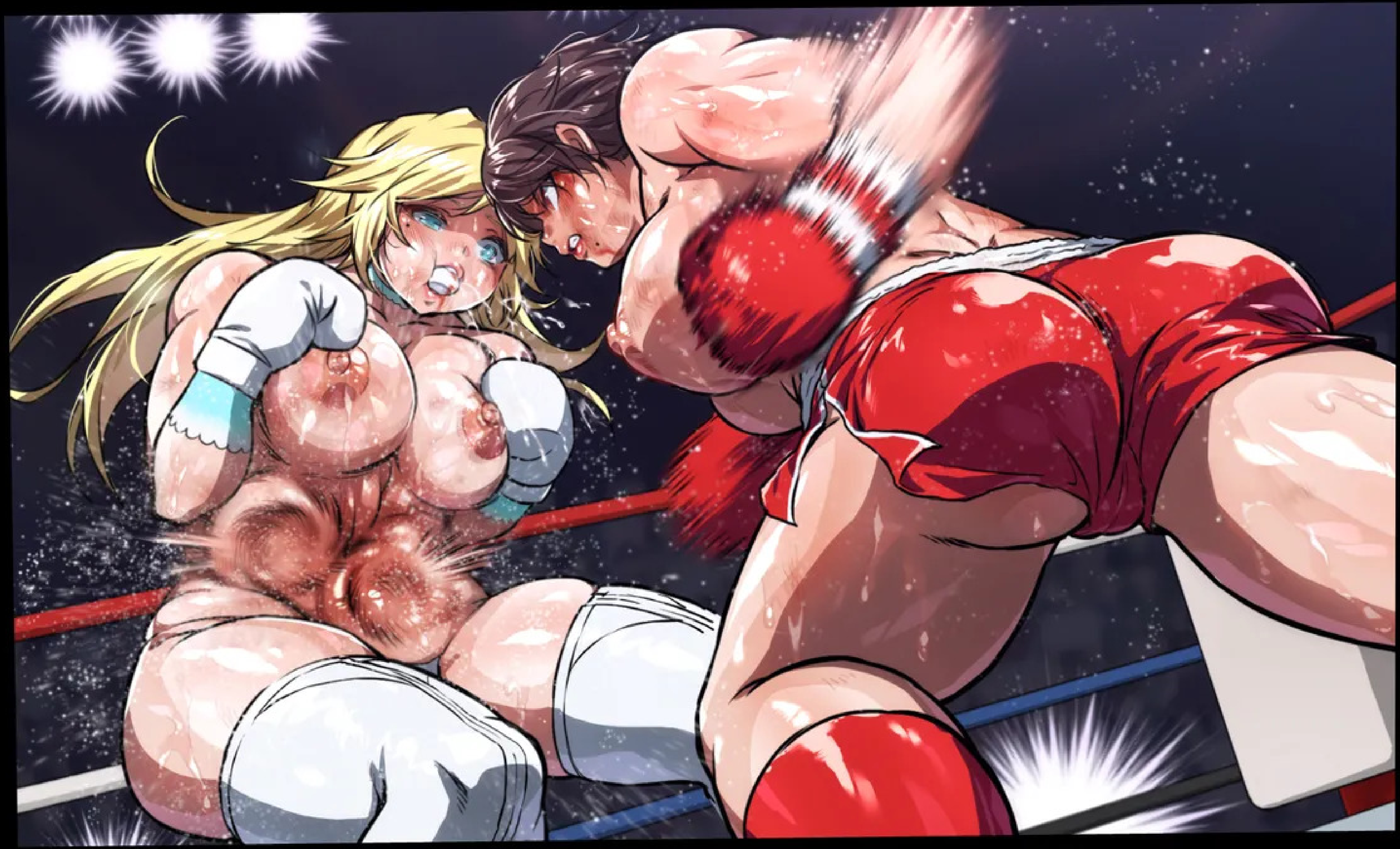
Something felt off.
Her punches were landing too early.
The strikes hit before their momentum fully built—
blunting their impact.
And in those precious split-seconds, Junko stepped in even closer,
her fists crashing into Eloise’s pale skin like vented fury.

“Gahh!! Bughh!?”

What appeared to be wild aggression was, in fact, a calculated offensive.
Boldness fused with refined technique—
Junko now embodied both instinct and intellect, primal force and honed skill.

“Shuh!!”
“BUHOAAHH!!”

Exploiting a crack in Eloise’s rhythm,
Junko slipped into her guard and, in a single breath,
slammed a devastating left-right combo straight into her body.



"Ugh... Oh... Oh..."

It's not just to drain her stamina. It's an instant body blow with maximum weight to tear her insides apart and make her writhe in agony. Eroise lets out a dirty moan, clutches her stomach, sticks her butt in the air, and collapses on the ground in a pathetic position.

A thunderous roar shook the hall—
the crowd had been waiting, yearning, for Junko's comeback.

"B-Big sister…!"

From ringside, Lillian cried out.
It was without question a knockdown that came with serious damage.

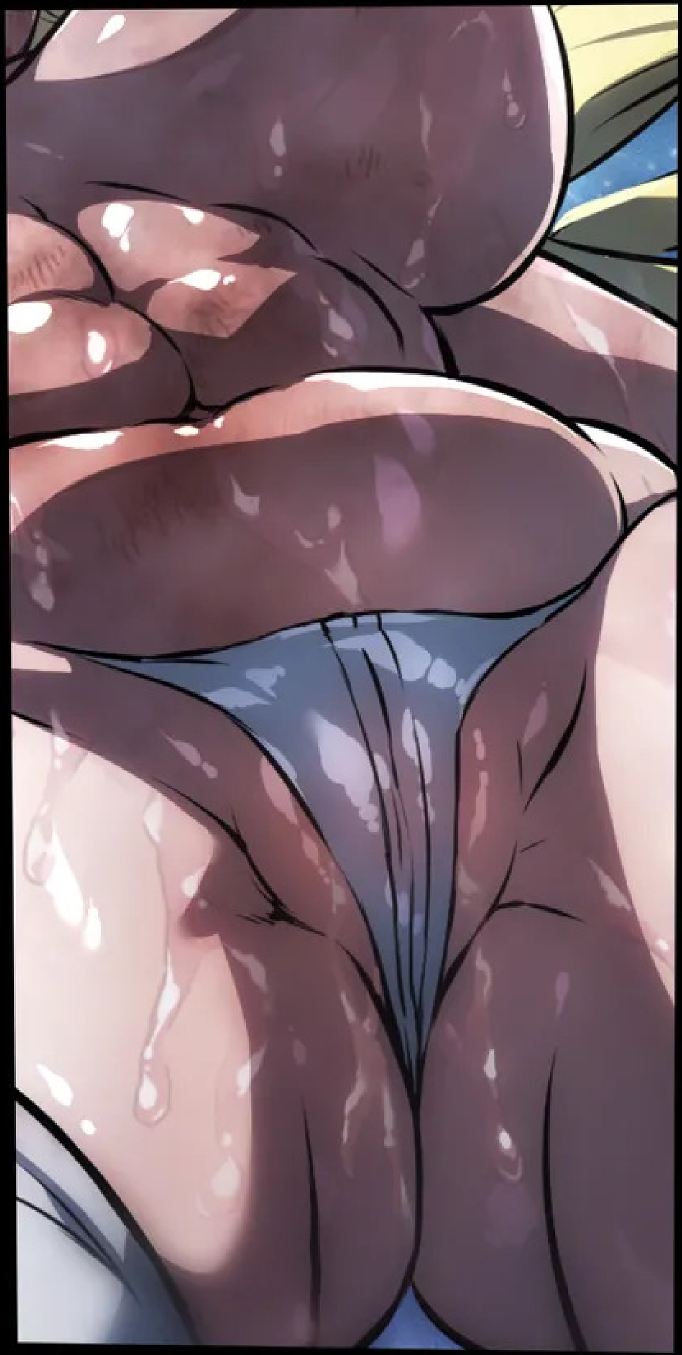
"Ahhhhn, that body blow was divine—I could almost ascend from it…♥
…But don't worry, Lillian-chan. You know, don't you?
Eloise-sama is just getting started…
Frooom here on out♥"

By the time the count reached six, Eloise began to stir.
Like a wraith, she rose slowly—
shoulders hunched, posture low.

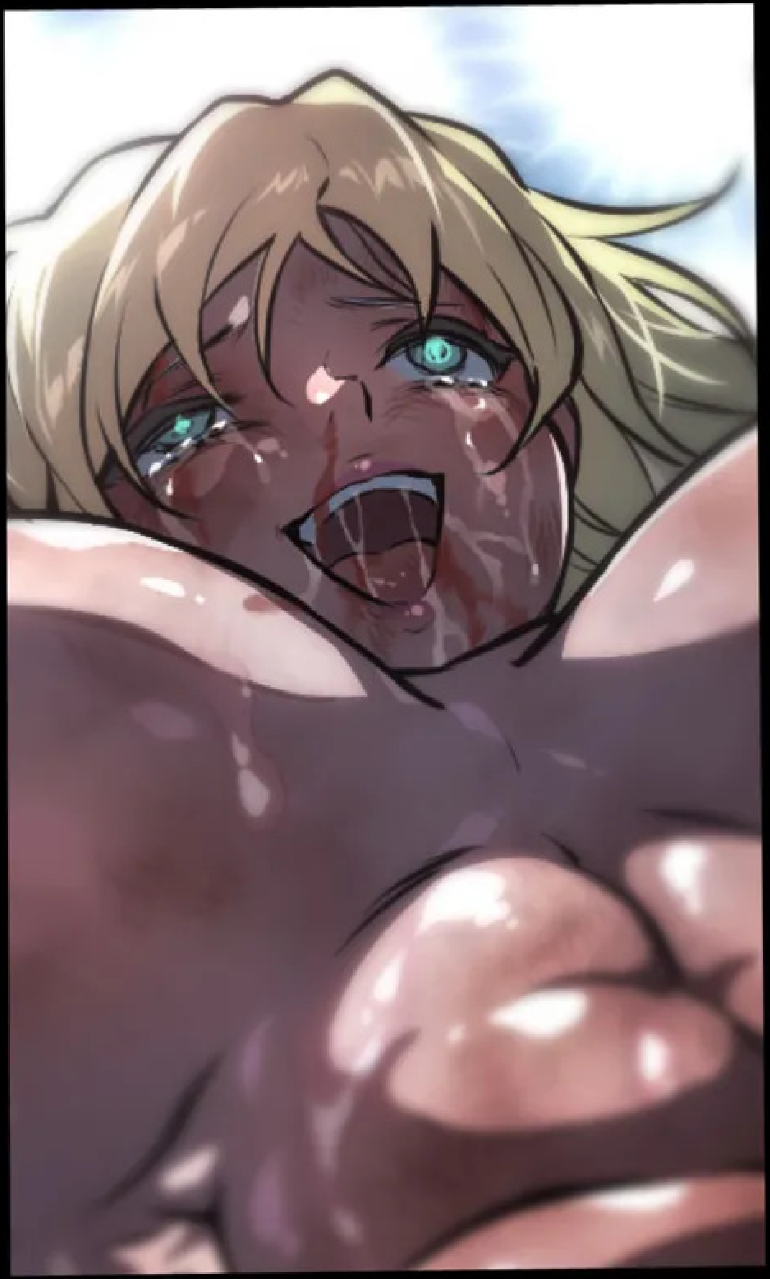
"…Huhu…
…Huhuhuhuhu…"

Her golden hair hung down over her face, hiding her expression.
But the way her shoulders quivered made one thing clear—
she was laughing.

With a sudden snap, she tossed her head back,
blonde locks whipping through the air,
and droplets of sweat scattered like glittering stars.



"Aha... Ahahahahahahahahaha......!!"



Elation. Rage. Sorrow. Ecstasy.
All the emotions hidden beneath Eloise's composed mask came bursting forth, as if a dam had shattered.
Her face now··· was a portrait of raw, unfiltered passion.

"Yes··· This is emotion!
That which wells up from the depths of my chest and drives me beyond reason!
Haa··· haa··· it must be like this··· only like this···!"

Both had bared their true selves.
Both were battered and bruised head to toe.
The heat of battle was nearing its fever pitch.

"Come, Junko···!
With more passion! More violence—drive it deeper!
More··· moooore!!"

"···Bring it on!!"

Whether from the lighting or sheer intensity,
the air behind Eloise shimmered with a ghostly blue.
Red flame and blue flame—
the two sought each other, and at last, met at the center of the ring as one.

A flurry of techniques—a punch without intention among them.
Senses sharpened by minds ablaze with rising heat.

Offensively and defensively, their abilities clashed at the highest level.
The result: a brutal war of attrition, both women bloodied and unrelenting.

As the arena thundered with earth-shaking cheers, Suzume was seized by an indescribable dread.

The red flame—slowly, steadily—was being consumed by the surging tide of the blue.
And soon, that vision became a reality.

“Ggh— buhhoh…! Ugh, aahggh…!”

“Bufuu… bufuu… Huhu… Huhuhuhu…”

Both were on the brink, staggering just shy of collapse.
Yet at this moment, an unseen difference began to surface—a gap that had not been obvious until now.

That gap was in the mastery of… sexual techniques, with chest strikes and other such sensual maneuvers tipping the balance.

Junko, who was reeling, reflexively wrapped her arms around Eroise's waist and avoided being knocked down by clinching. However, that zero-distance range was Eroise's forte.

She pulled Junko's body toward her with both arms and squeezed Junko's thighs between her crotch.
Eroise's feet were fixed in place as if they were rooted to the ground by a shift in her center of gravity, and Junko was held in a position where she couldn't move at all.

"Ahh...♥ Junko... Junko, Junko...♥"
"Ugh...!? ♥ Ahh, ahh...♥♥"

Their wet breasts crushed together and overlapped.
Left and right hooks, uppercuts, straight punches crushing her nipples...
Eroise's nipples skillfully pounded Junko's nipples.

"Ahhh...♥ Oh, uh... Bueh...♥"

Junko, at the brink of collapse, loses even her ability to bite down.
The mouthpiece, covered in thick, sticky fluid, sinks into the gaps between the four breasts.

"Hmph... Such bad behavior... ♥
You want me that much, don't you...?"

Eloise slowly pressed her lips together and inserted her own mouthpiece, turned inward, into Junko's mouth.

“Mmm... chuu... ♥ Chub... ♥”
“...~~!! ~~~!!”

No matter how much she tried to escape, her tongue like a snake, relentlessly ravaging Junko's mouth and carefully licking away her crimson lips.
Meanwhile, the relentless assault on her nipples continued without mercy.

The earlier evenly matched fistfight had turned into a battle of sexual techniques, and Junko was completely defeated.

The foreign object twisted inside her mouth.
A shape that wasn't hers. A taste that wasn't hers.
She had been toyed with during the fight, and now she was forced to hold such a thing in her mouth.
The damage to Junko's sensuality and dignity was immense.

“Ahh... Ahhh...”

Finally released from the grip, Junko staggered backward,
her arms hanging limply, exposing her vulnerable, defenseless stance.

“That's right, keep chewing...”

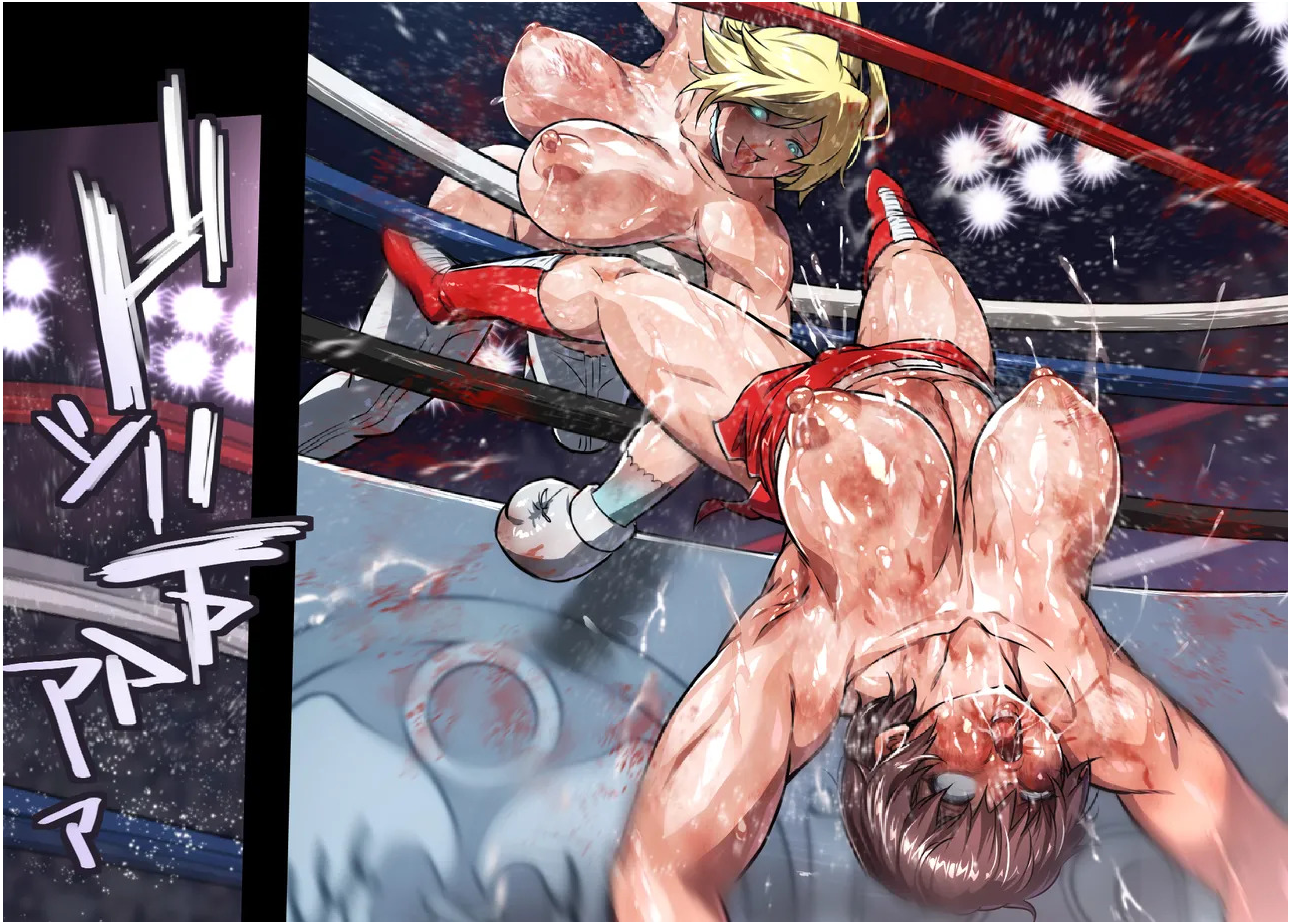
“Junko-san! Raise your guard!”

“...!!”

Suzume screamed, but it was a moment too late.

Eroise's body twisted and spun, clenching her grip as tightly as possible.
A fist like a piece of iron was swung down at Junko's unguarded face at breakneck speed.

“Take it... this lust!!”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"Shishido takes a devastating ring-out dowwwwwwn!!
It’s finally landed—the Champion’s most lethal strike, the ‘Chain Mace’, has shattered the challenger’s face!!
A cannon blast of a blow, powerful enough to send a human flying out of the ring with ease!!
Is this the end?! Can Shishido even get back up again?!"

As Junko lay collapsed at ringside, Lillian stood nearby.
She wore no smile of sadism, no joy at her sister’s dominance—only a blank,
dazed expression as she looked down at the broken body.

“Kya··· Kyahaha··· Serves you right··· it serves you right.
You’re just a loser pig, too. There’s no way··· you could ever··· beat Big sister···”

But the words, like a crumbling mask, faltered mid-sentence—betraying hesitation, confusion, and something else entirely.

"J-Junko-san··· Please··· stand up···
You're so close to winning··· Just a little more··· you can win···!"

"···Impossible. Because Junko··· desires defeat."

"W-what···!?"

Eloise leaned against the ropes, addressing Suzume.
She explained that Junko, having burned everything in pursuit of victory, subconsciously longed to be reduced to ash—to end it all.

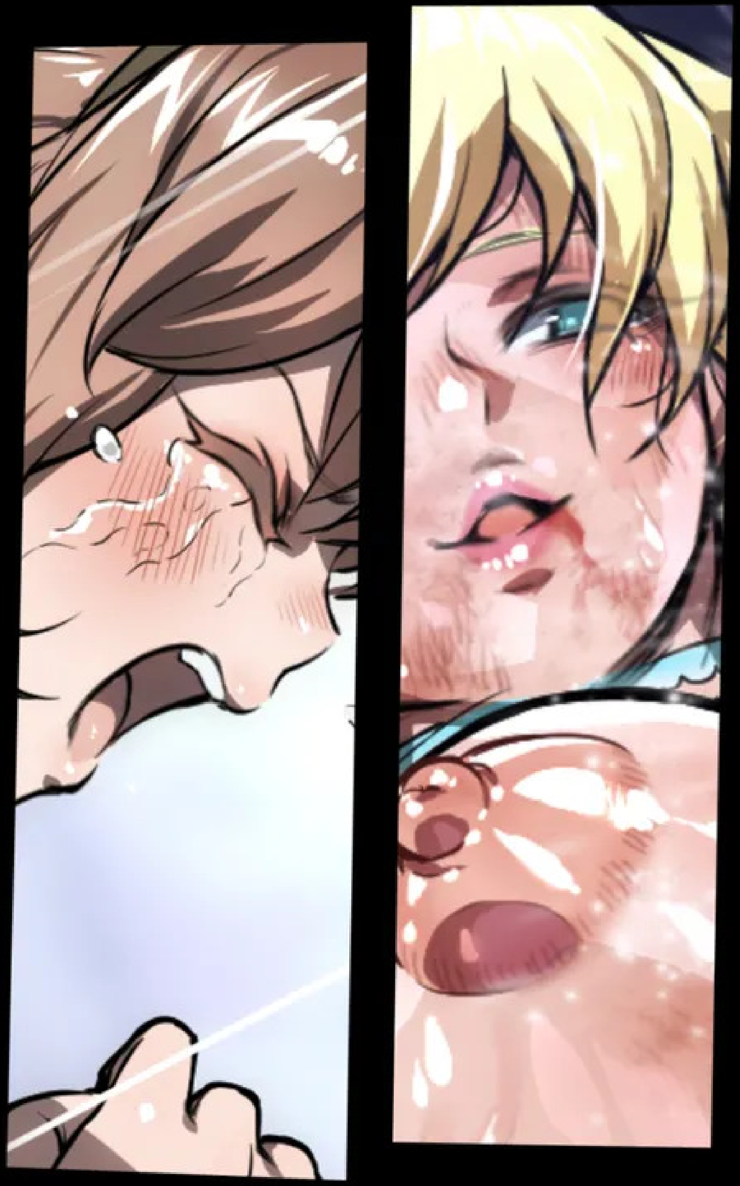
"T-That's not true···! Junko-san would never···!"

"Junko has been searching···
For someone who could extinguish the flame she set ablaze.
I came to Japan to become that someone."

"No··· That's not true···!"

"···Little honeybee.
It's time you woke from your childish dream.

No matter how much you whine, you are now nothing more than an outsider.
The one who understands Junko best—who loves and is loved by her··· ···is not you. It is me."



Junko's body begins to move. She crawls up the apron and shakes her trembling buttocks, trying to return to the ring. Her face, which had been hit by a direct blow from the flail, was covered in blood from her broken nose and front teeth, and her eyes were completely lifeless.

“How... why... why are you getting up...?”
You're in such bad shape, there's no way you can win!!
But... Why are all of you...

“... You... You're the same...”

Junko answers, still with her back turned to Lilian.

“You too... Even though you had no chance of winning...
You... You stood up, didn't you...
When you fought me... Back then...”

“.........!”

“It's the same········· I'm the same too.
Nothing··········· will change······”

She rolls onto her back in the ring, trembling as she tries to sit up. The count for a knockdown outside the ring goes up to 20. Junko··· stands up again just as the count reaches 19.

Immediately after the match resumed, the bell rang to signal the end of the sixth round.
Junko managed to return to her corner, barely clinging to life, but her injuries were so severe that
there was no hope of recovery during the interval.

“Junko-san! Junko-san! Wake up!”

No matter how much they called out to her, there was no sign of life in Junko's eyes.

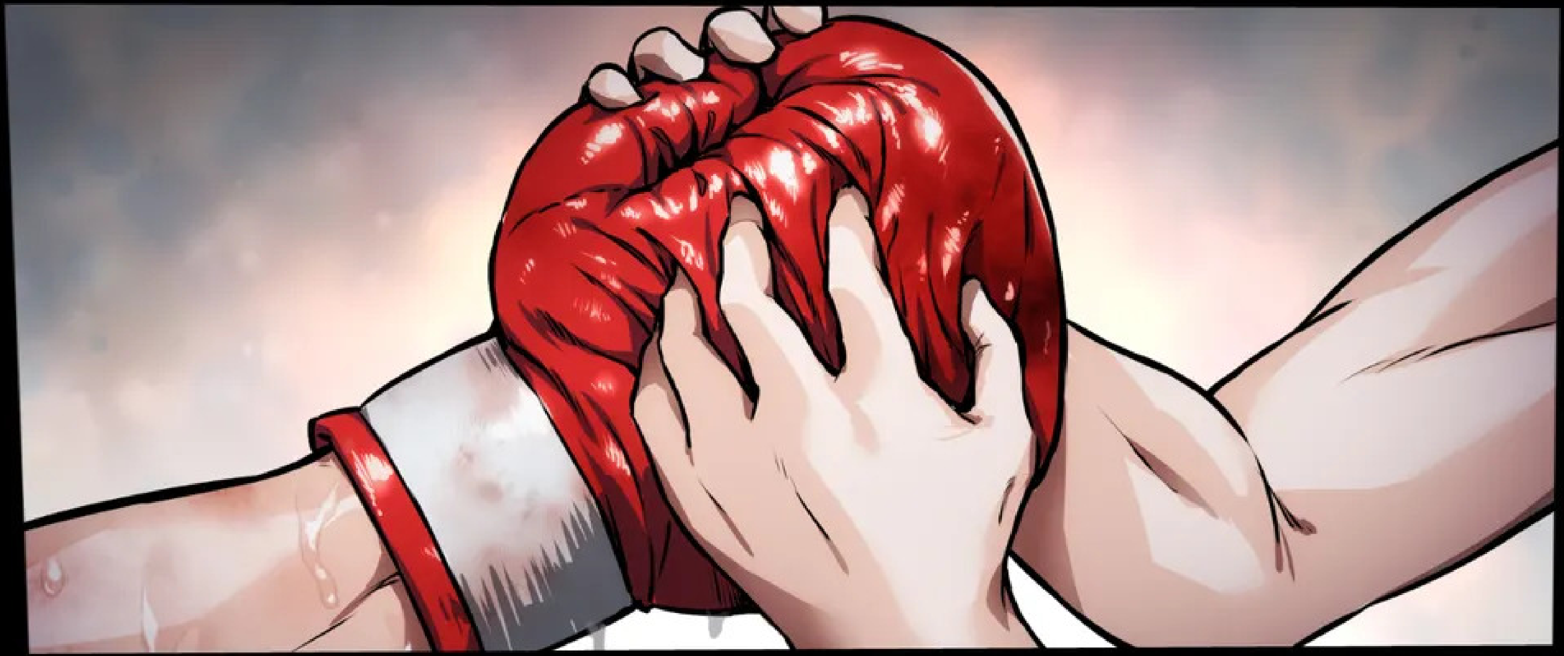
(Damn it, damn it··· This is··· already···)

Despite severe fatigue, her breathing was calm and shallow.
However, her nipples were erect and swollen, and her genitals, tightly pressed against her trunks,
were dripping with love juice as if begging for the final blow.

(··········· Avi··· Ta·········?)

Junko, in a state between dream and reality, mocked herself, wondering if she had gone mad from the damage she had suffered.

·········She felt her.
Eroise··· The woman who had called Aviita a worthless opponent
had indeed unleashed a punch that contained the soul of Aviita.



"Su···zu···me···"
"Junko-san!? P-please don't speak···! You need to rest··· even a little···"

"Suzume··· ···You must··· become stronger···
You can do it··· I know you can··· Stronger··· than I am···········"

No. No··· She didn't want to hear those words.
Why··· Why did it sound like she'd already given up on everything···?
Tears streaming down her face, Suzume gripped Junko's right fist with all her strength.

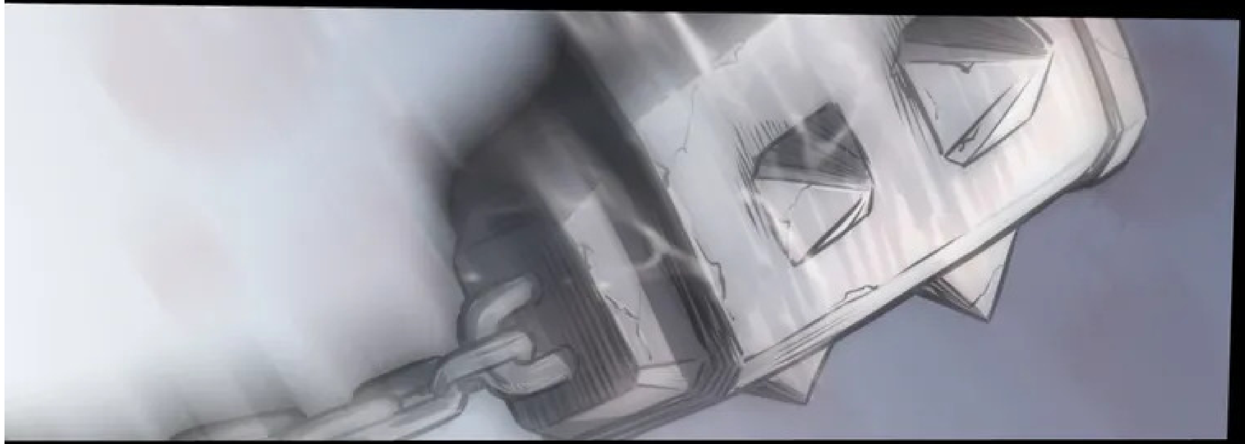
(Huhu··· Your hand··· it's still not healed, is it···?
What's with··· this stupid strength·········)

The merciless bell marking the start of Round 7 rings out.
With her arms hanging limp, Junko staggers forward like a sleepwalker.

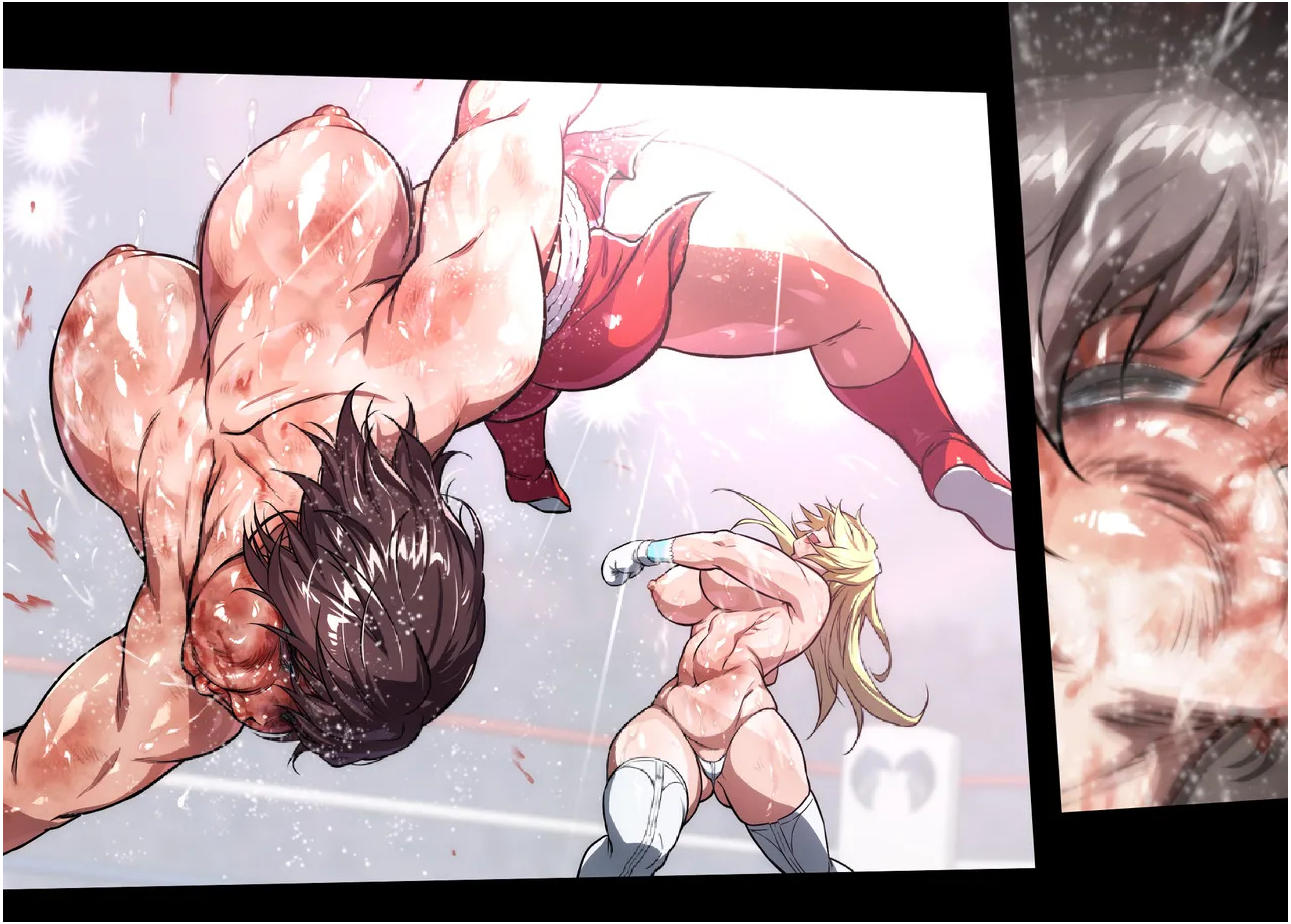
"Ahh··· Junko···! What a··· what a pitiful sight you've become············♥
Now then··· let finale···!"

Eloise winds up, pouring every last ounce of her strength into one final, decisive blow.

I had always been more stubborn than anyone—
and yet, even before it was over··· I had already accepted it.



Eloise——————This is··· your victory.



"Ah... ahhh... ahhh...♥
Junko... Junko... You were... the best...♥

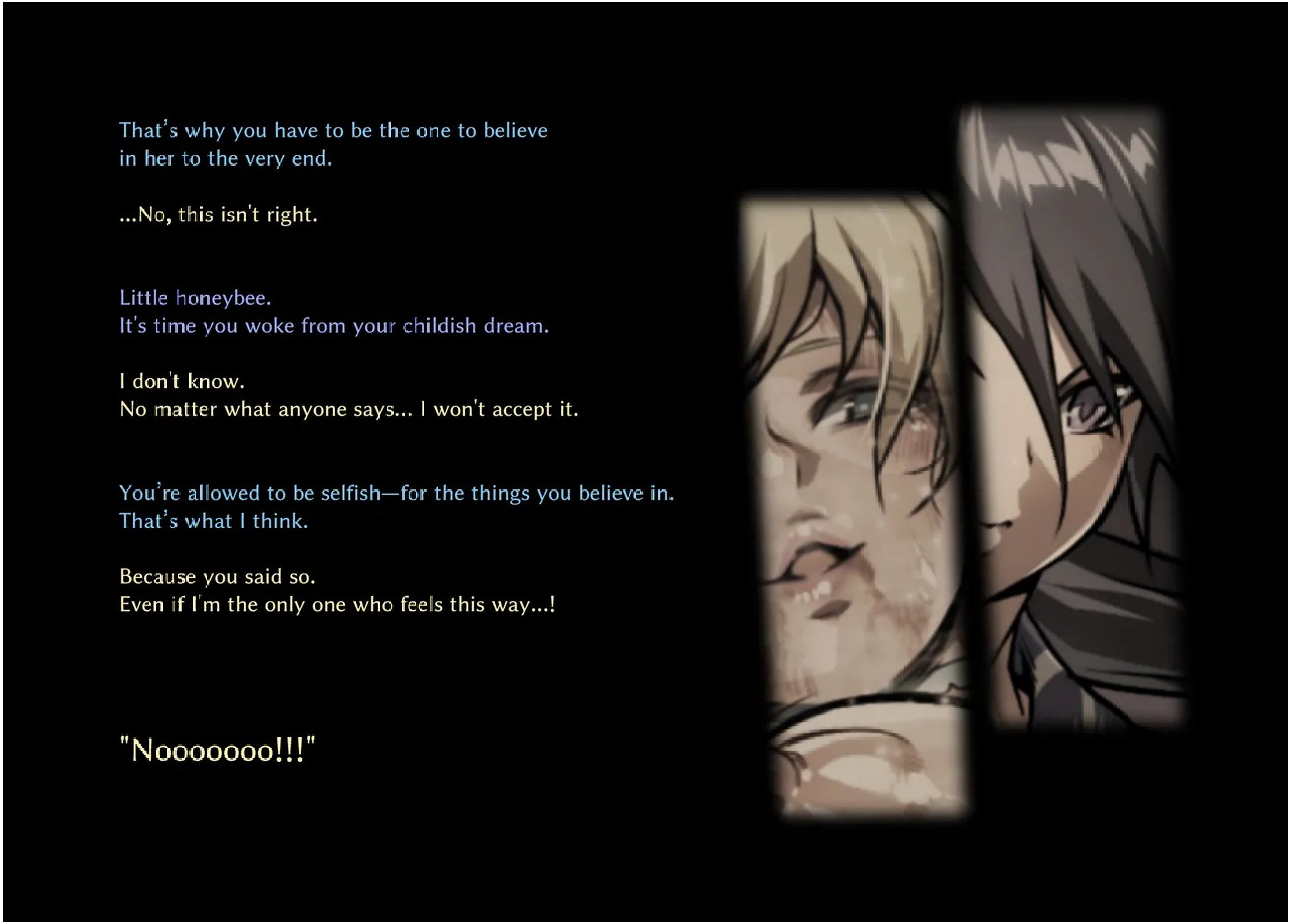
To make me feel this way... to take me so high... to make me come like this...!
Ah... ah... ahahahah...! Ahahahahahah...!!"

In that moment when she thrust the last flail into her cheek, Junko's flame...
was extinguished.

Eloise, who had reached the peak of ecstasy from the sensation of her fist being driven into her, leaned against the rope, her trembling thighs dripping with the afterglow of love, and laughed madly.

Eloise's wish was fulfilled.
The count no longer had any meaning, and everyone was certain that the battle had been decided.

Except for one person.



That’s why you have to be the one to believe
in her to the very end.

...No, this isn't right.

Little honeybee.
It's time you woke from your childish dream.

I don't know.
No matter what anyone says... I won't accept it.

You’re allowed to be selfish—for the things you believe in.
That’s what I think.

Because you said so.
Even if I'm the only one who feels this way...!

"Nooooooo!!!"

“No! This can’t be how it ends!! Stand up—stand up, Junko-san!!
That nonsense about ‘wanting to lose’—I don’t believe it!!
That’s not the Shishido Junko I know!!”

“Suzume···chan···”

“What are you doing lying there!? Say something!!
Are you really okay with this ending···? Can you really face her with your head held high!?”

“bee lad··· Suzu···me···”

Azami, Lillian, and even the hushed crowd—
everyone was captivated by Suzume’s piercing cry.

(···Foolish girl.
She won’t even try to understand the true wish of the one she loves,only forcing her own ideal onto her.
Miss Suzume··· you are still just an unripe fruit··· — ···What!?)

Eloise had extinguished Junko’s inner flame completely.
There was no way she could have misread it.

“···No··· Impossible·········!”

Junko’s body twitched—and Eloise’s eyes flew open in shock.
What was this···? Whose flame was this···!?

“You're the ‘flame that never burns out,’ aren't you!?
You're the most competitive boxer in the world, aren't you!?”

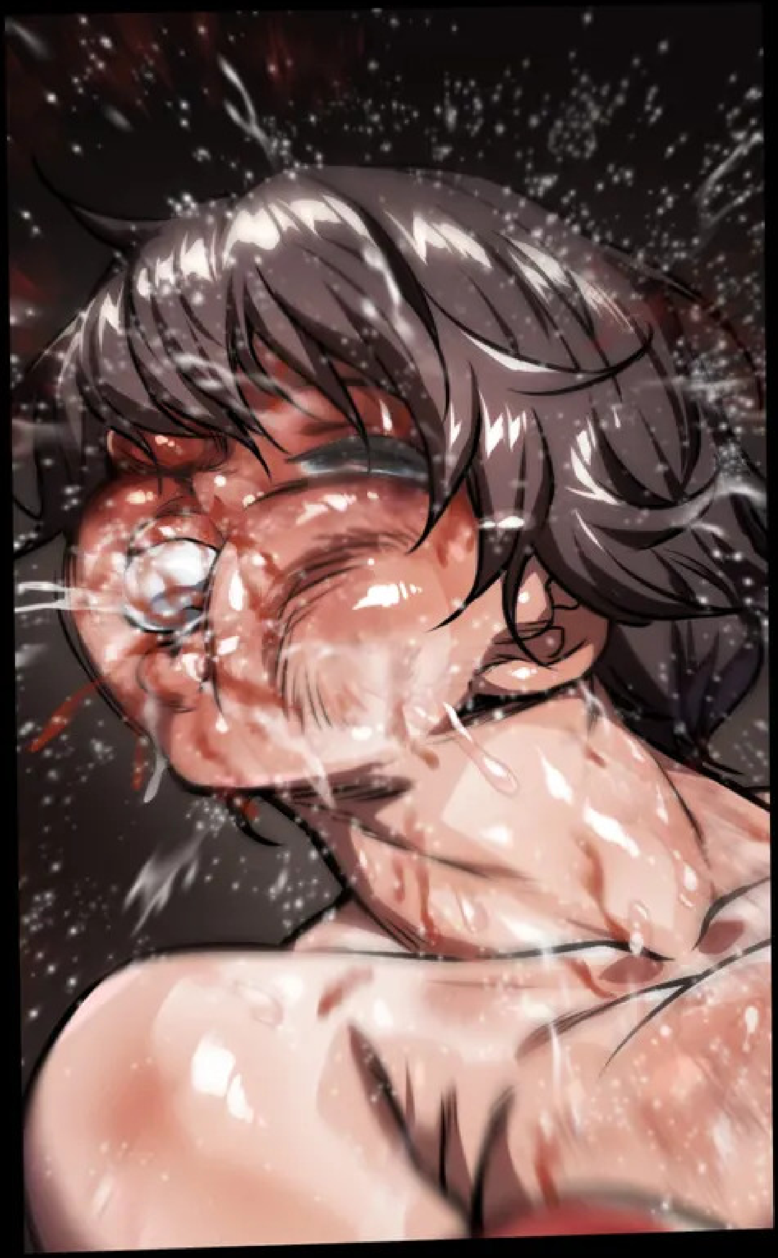
(·········Come to think of it·········
“Never giving up” is······ cool, or something········· you said, didn't you?)

“You're the one who told me to keep getting back up no matter
how many times I'm knocked down, right!?”

(·········Yeah, that's right.
If I don't practice what I preach··· it wouldn't make sense, would it?)

Despite taking two direct hits from the frail, Junko managed to get back up at the count of nine.
Her body was so weak it seemed like it would collapse with the slightest push, her eyes vacant.
However, Eroise was also at the peak of exhaustion from her final move and the massive climax,unable to move her body properly.

(Jun... Junko... Why... ?...
I have to end this... I have to end this for you... !)



“A relentless barrage—just a relentless barrage!!
Shishido’s cornered, completely turned into a punching bag!!”

Eloise dragged her trembling legs, swinging fists drained of strength. Junko made no move to dodge. She simply stood there, taking every blow.

(You should be at your limit too··· and yet··· you're still··· this strong···
Ahh··· You're strong··· so strong, Eloise···
I’ve already lost··· This is my··· defeat···)

She had already accepted defeat in her heart.
So then—why had she stood back up?

Was there still something··· she hadn’t burned away?

Hey, are you going to disappoint me again?
You're still not growing up, are you, princess?

(...?)

I can hear a voice.
It's the voice of that hateful woman who treats me like a child...

The light that will lift you out of these dark days...
You already found it, didn't you?
Forget about your lingering feelings for me... Just admit it already.

·········Ah, yes. That's right.

“I··· I want to become strong.
Strong enough to give someone courage··· like you do, Coach···”

“I’m not something so noble.
I’ve only ever fought for my own sake.”

“I know that··· but still, I···
No matter how weak I was, you taught me to never give up
on the will to be strong.
Just by watching you fight··· you gave me that strength.”

Hearing those words brought a mix of confusion··· and undeniable joy.
The fists she had swung only for herself—
had somehow, somewhere, given life to someone else.

I was always afraid of that girl's eyes.
No matter how unfairly she was treated, those sparkling eyes never stopped admiring me.

Stop it. Don't shine that blinding light on me.
The only reason I took her in as a student was because I selfishly hoped that maybe…
maybe something new would stir in the cooled embers inside me.
I dragged her into this for my own reasons, no one else's.

That girl doesn't think of it that way.
And besides… something did stir, didn't it? Something new.

…Yes. You're right. I have no choice but to admit it.
Just as she changed, so have I.

These fists… they no longer belong to me alone.
If it's to be worthy of her admiration—just as she wished—

…I want to become stronger.

"Buhooo!!?"

With a thoroughly ungraceful cry, Eloise staggered backward—
the sudden counter landed squarely and without mercy.

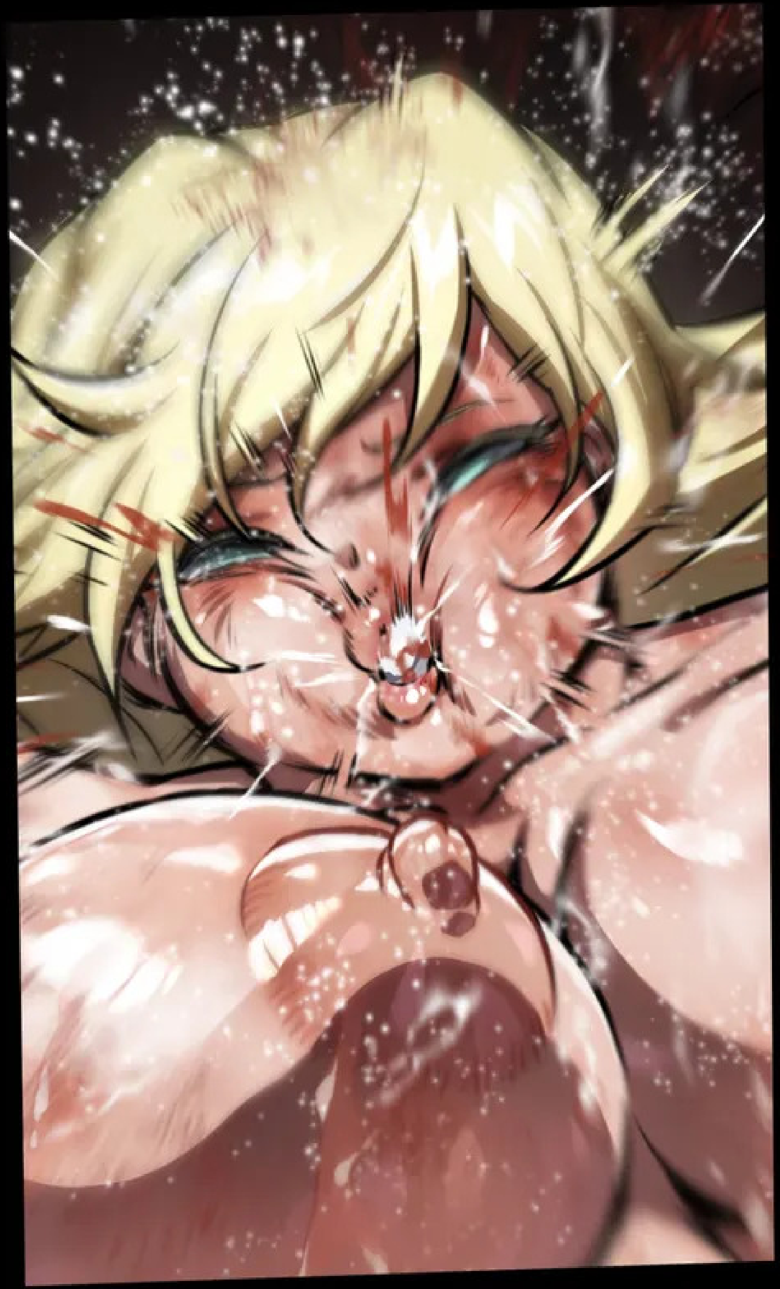
The only part of Junko's chilled body that had
retained any warmth—
her right fist, the one Suzume had held onto during the
last interval—
that warmth now began to spread throughout her entire being.

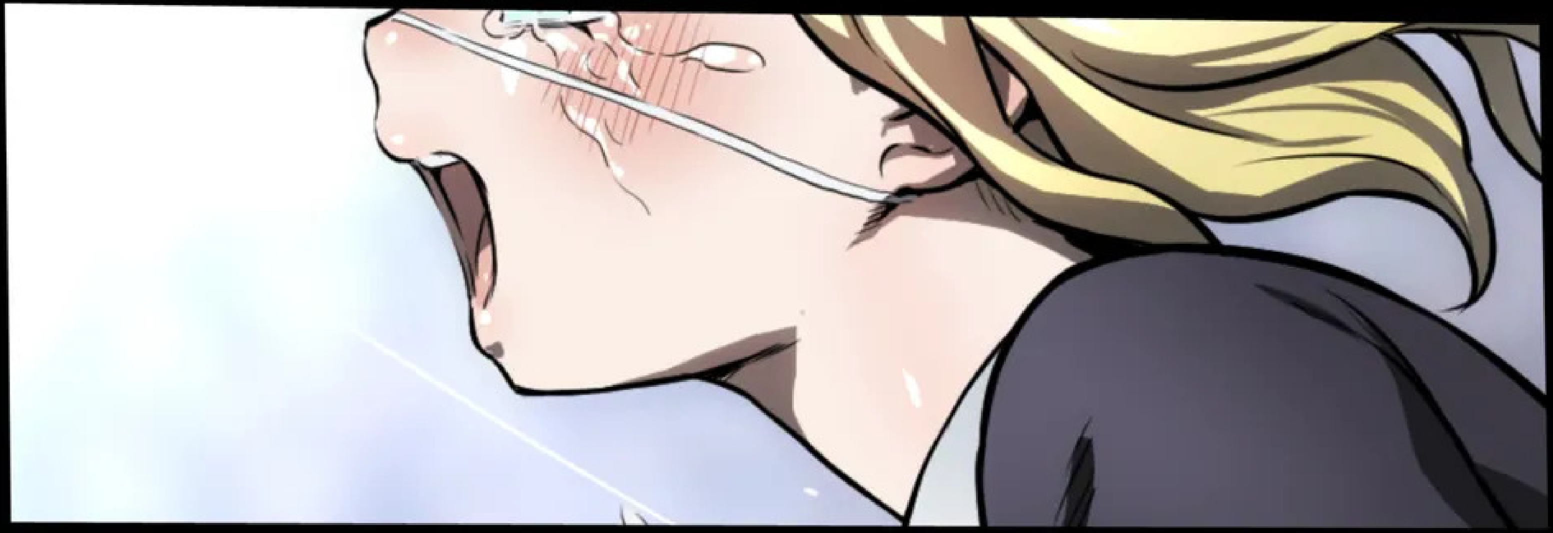
Eloise saw it clearly.
the flame rekindled within Junko.
A flame of orange—
born from the fusion of Junko's red and Suzume's gold.

(I··· I have no choice but to admit it··· Miss Suzume···!
Your presence has been the greatest variable in this match!
Time and again, in the most critical moments,
you've overturned all of my designs···!)

Too exhausted to dodge the incoming flurry,
Eloise—battered and worn—finally hit her breaking point.

(I'm··· losing···?)





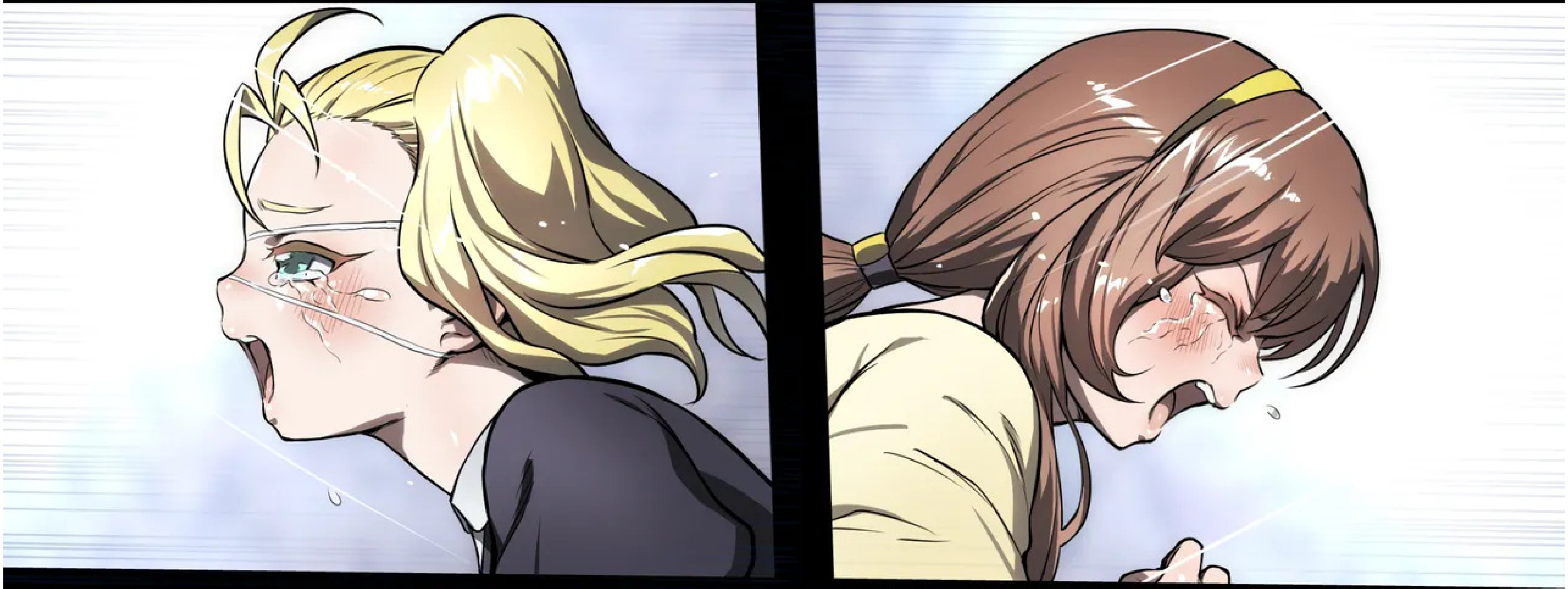
"Big sisterrrrr!!"

As her consciousness began to fade, Eloise heard the voice of her beloved sister.
It was a raw, unfiltered cry—born not from command or expectation,
but from Lilian's own will, stirred by Suzume's spirit.

"Don't lose...! Big sister is the strongest boxer in the world—Lili believes that with all her heart!!
And when it comes to the strength of feelings like this, Lili...
Lili won't lose to Suzume either!!
So··· so please···!!"

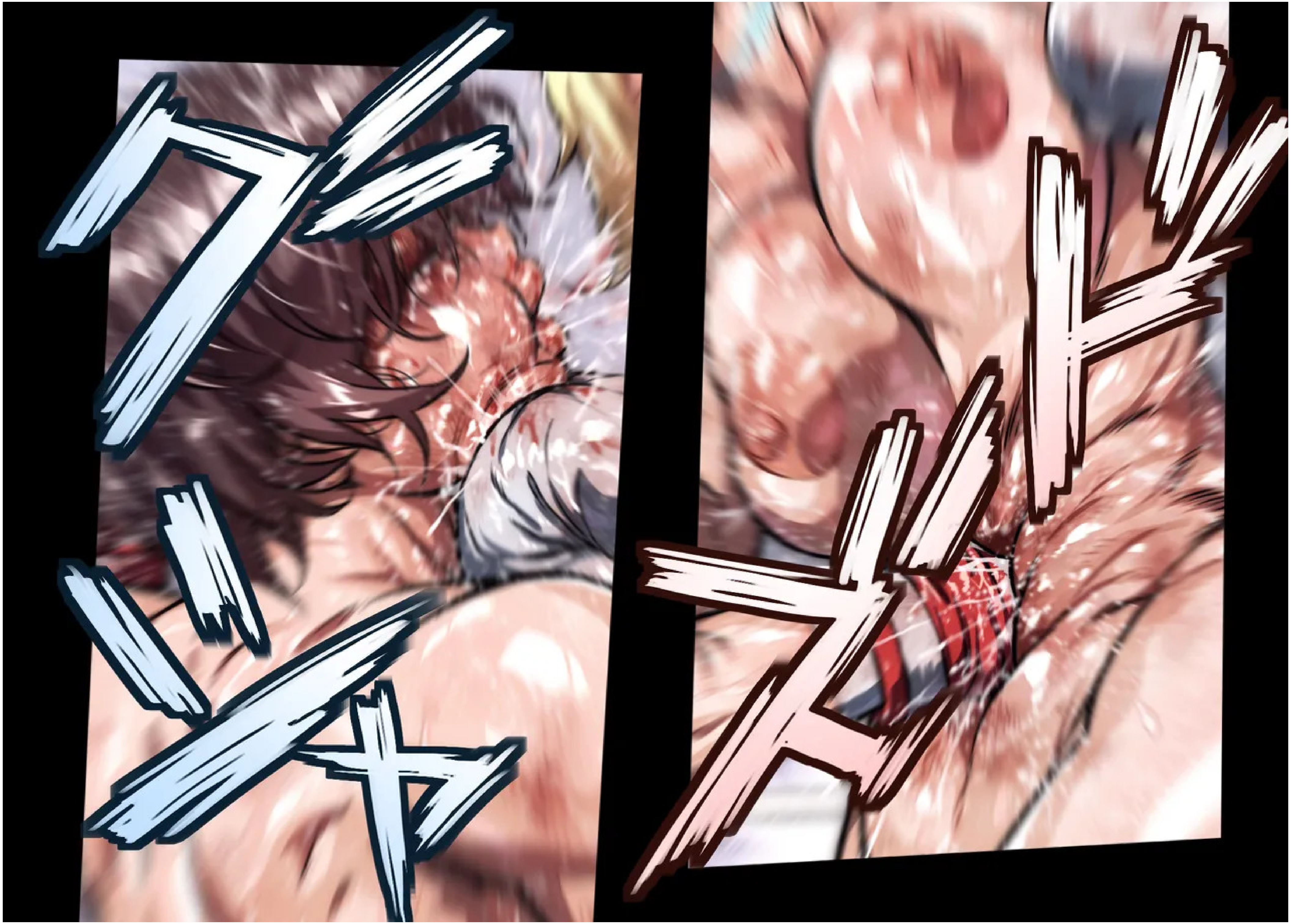
·········Lili.
·········My little angel·········

With the voices of their beloveds driving them forward,
the two destined warriors—bound by love and hate—prepared to unleash their final, transcendent blow.



“JUNKO-SAAAAAANNN!!”

“BIG SISTERRRRR!!”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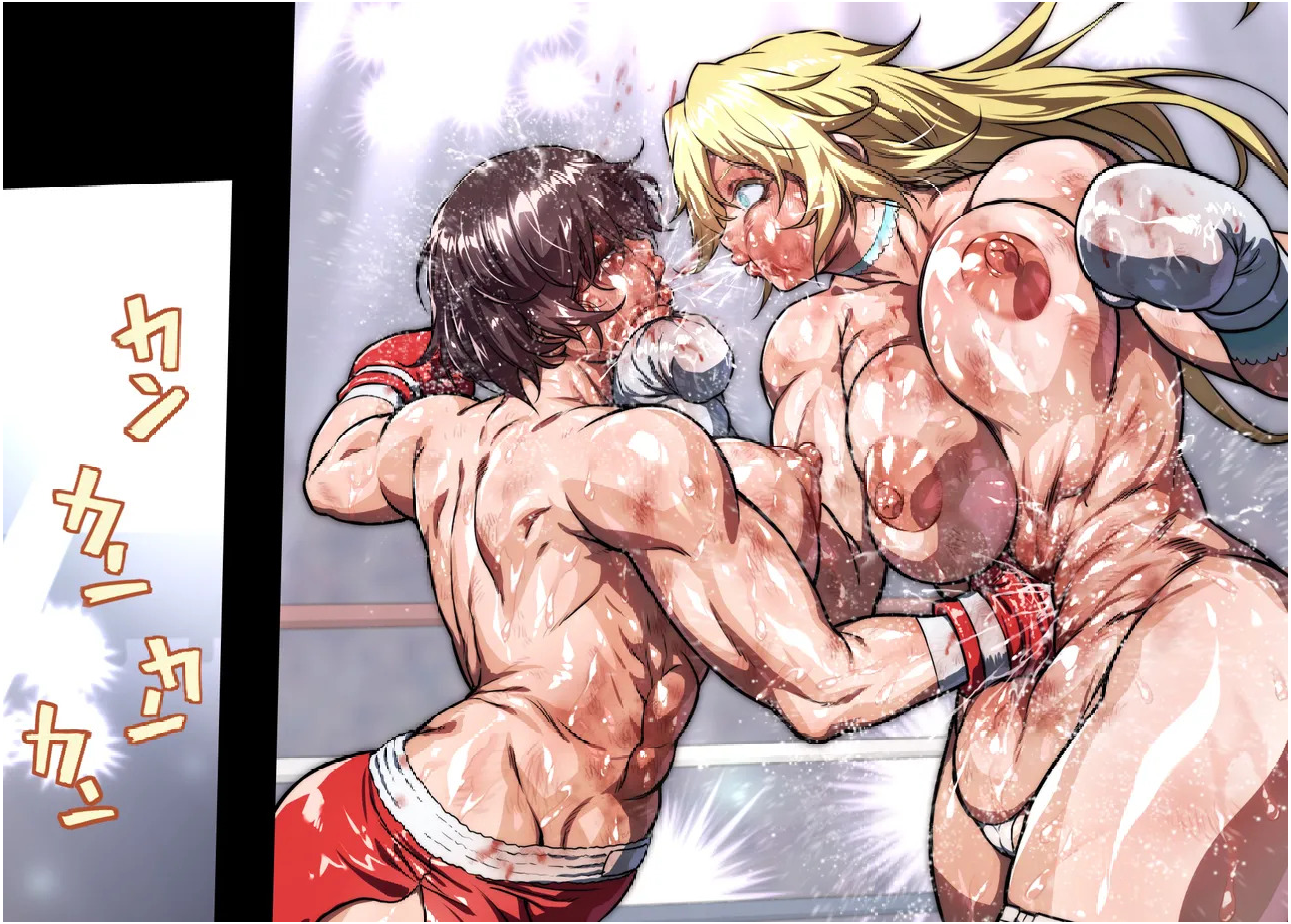
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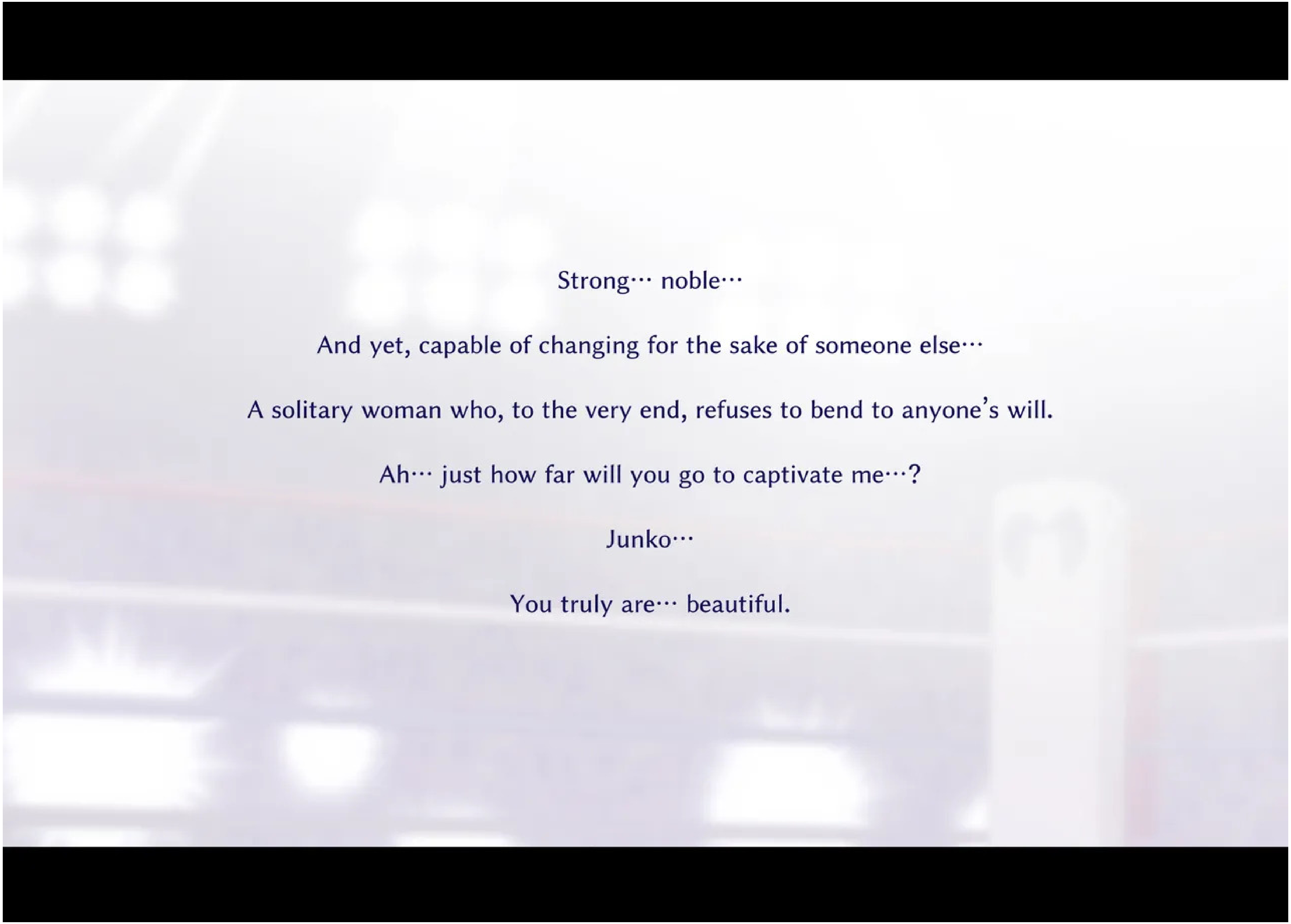


Strong… noble…

And yet, capable of changing for the sake of someone else…

A solitary woman who, to the very end, refuses to bend to anyone's will.

Ah… just how far will you go to captivate me…?

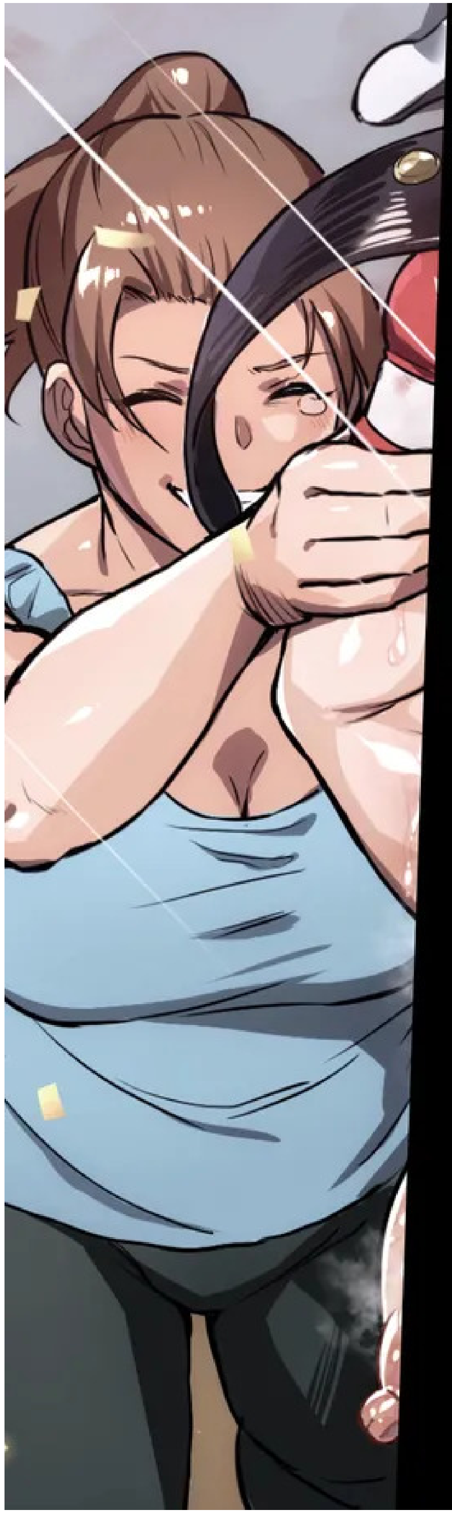
Junko…

You truly are… beautiful.

“An unprecedented title match… and at last, it’s overrrrrrr!!!
After an unending string of fierce battles from the tournament, the one still standing in the end is...

The Unquenchable Flame — Junko Shishidoooooo!!!”

“She’s made an unbelievable comeback by toppling the undefeated champion of Europe!!
A living legend has just surpassed her own legend, rewriting the very history of Japanese topless boxing!!!”



That hateful voice... it's gone now.
No—truth is, it was never the voice of her watching from heaven.

If she were still alive··· if she were here beside me—
That fleeting illusion was nothing more than a weakness I had carried with me all along.

And yet, Junko gazed up at the sky, and offered just one word of gratitude.

“Thank you···”

"Junko-san! Junko-saaaaan!! Waaahhh!!"

"...Pfft.
...Honestly, you're all... just a bunch of crybabies, aren't you?"

"Uwoooahhh!! This is insane... you actually did it···
you took down the unified European champion!!"

"Wh-What the hell···
Is everyone around me seriously just... crybabies···?"

The president of the association personally handed Junko the championship belt—
a symbol of the summit she had once grasped, only to lose interest in it soon after.

"Ugh..."

It was heavy. Far heavier than the first time she held it...
Looking down at the belt resting in both her hands, Junko's shoulders began to tremble.

"Y-You two⋯ um⋯
Would you mind⋯ helping me, just a little⋯?"

The light that illuminated her narrow, dim path had always been right by her side.
Even after parting ways with her, that light had never stopped shining brightly on her.

She had only been scared of change—
Too proud, too stubborn, turning away from it all.
She couldn't believe how foolish she'd been.
All she ever had to do... was accept it.

"Something like this...
I can't carry it alone⋯ It's just⋯ too heavy⋯"

I've cried many times after losing.
Because that pain… was always the source of my strength.

But I've never once cried after winning.
I was always thinking only of what lay ahead—how to go further, how to be more.

But now…
Just for now…

I think it's okay… a little.

——One battle ends, and another begins.

For Junko, now once again WTBJ Champion, new battles await—fierce title defenses to protect her crown.
And for Suzume and the others, a new journey begins—toward defeating the queen and seizing the belt for themselves.

By the time Junko’s injuries from the title match had healed, Suzume visited her home with Hayate.
After a quiet celebration of her victory, Suzume finally shared a secret she'd kept to herself:
Eloise’s invitation for overseas training… and her wish for a rematch with Lilian.

"You once told me… about the true terror of boxing.
And I think… I really understood that during the tournament.
Even now, Lilian-san still scares me. Just thinking about that match is enough to make me tremble...

But the feeling I got from her punches wasn’t just fear.
If I could fight her again, and find out what that feeling really was…
If I can overcome my fear— I think I’ll finally have the courage I need… to live as a fighter.

So I’ve made up my mind.
I’m going to France. I’m going to try and become… Lilian-san’s friend."

"One year... I'll have my revenge in one year,
and I'll come back to Japan."

"...And when you do, what exactly do you plan
to accomplish?"

"I want to fight you.
You showed me the way. You answered my feelings.
I want to become strong enough to be worthy of standing
against you,
and I want to throw everything I have at you in the ring.

It's the only way I know to repay what I owe you.
Because we're boxers."

Junko's sharp gaze met Suzume's, but Suzume didn't waver.

"Huhu... Do as you like.
But make sure you have no regrets before you leave."

Junko glanced at the two, then stood to brew another pot of tea.
Suzume and Hayate were left alone in the living room.

"You've finally found your answer to something you've been struggling with.
'Going to become her friend,' huh··· That's just like you."

"Hayate··· I also want to fulfill the promise we never kept.
If we're going to have the best match ever··· we both need to become even stronger."

She chose this path after much soul-searching···
I want to send her off with a smile.
But still··· isn't there something left undone, Haruyuki Hayate?
You're going to be apart from Suzume for an entire year.
If there's something you need to say, something only you can tell her—
isn't now the time?

"I'll walk the path I've chosen, too··· So you···"

That feeling you couldn't put into words after losing to Shishido-san···
How long do you plan to hide behind the excuse of delay?
If you don't tell her now—right now—

At that moment, as Hayate's heart stirred with confusion, Suzume suddenly wrapped her arms around her and buried her face in her chest.

"Hayate... thank you.
You've always been there for me··· scolding me when I was about to fall apart...
I was only able to keep believing in Junko-san's victory to the very end because of you.

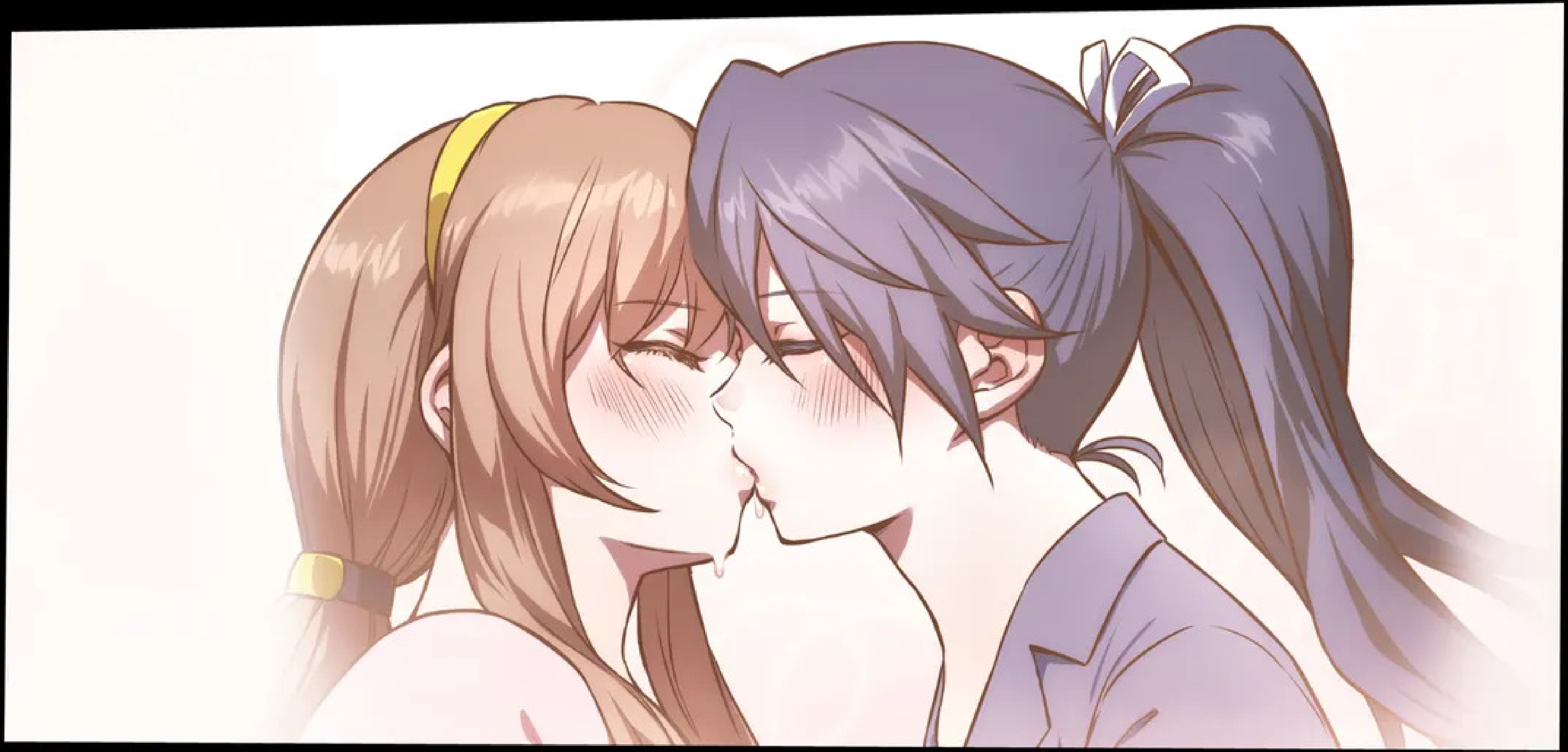
But... I don't want this. I don't want to part ways with things left unsaid.
It's going to be okay... I know it will.
Because I know what we're both feeling... is exactly the same··· So... please···"

Hayate gently placed a hand on Suzume's small, trembling shoulder.

"I'm··· such a coward.
If you hadn't taken that step forward··· I wouldn't have been able to make up my mind.
So at the very least··· let me be the one to say it.

Suzume———— I love you."

"···Yeah. Me too————"



——I love you. So much.

Eloise and the others were heading back home, and it was also the day of Suzume's departure.
In a wide-open field on the outskirts of the international airport, where no buildings obstructed the sky, the women exchanged their farewells.

"When we first met, you said you 'didn't remember'... That was a lie, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The truth is, not a single day has gone by where I've forgotten her··· Avita Ajenkova.
She was the one who gave me my emotions, my burden··· the reason I began to live as a person.
I thought I'd done a good job hiding it, but you saw right through me."

"I felt it somehow··· in the punches I took from you during the match. ···Felt her."

Eloise began to speak.
Of the international match in which she defeated Avita—those mere three rounds that had changed everything for her.

Eloise, in her youth, was the very embodiment of the
Partie family's doctrine—an emotionless fighting doll,
eliminating her opponents without a shred of feeling.
Her match against Avita was meant to be just another execution.

But Avita's punches carried something more—her very soul.
Faced with that overwhelming force, the emotionless doll felt fear
for the first time in her life.
And at the same time, a new sensation awakened within her:
she realized that the fight was fun.

Eloise instinctively understood—if she didn't throw punches with
her own soul behind them, she would be the one destroyed.
She unleashed her then-newly developed technique, the frail,
with everything she had.
Tragically, it collided at the exact moment Avita launched her own strike—
a miracle of bad timing that turned into a devastating counter.
The force of Eloise's Iron Whip, amplified by Avita's own immense
punch strength, struck directly into Avita's face—
a blow that sent her into an eternal knockout.

To the world, the bout had looked like a one-sided victory.
But in truth, that result was only possible because Avita's punches
were too powerful.

"I killed the one who gave me my first taste of true feeling."
Eloise could never thank her. She could never apologize.
Alone in the locker room after that fight, she wept for the first and
only time—
tears she had never allowed herself to shed in her entire life.

Regret. Excitement. Joy. Sadness.
A flood of emotions washed over my numb brain, and the doll became human.
At the same time, it was the awakening of my sinful desires as a human being.

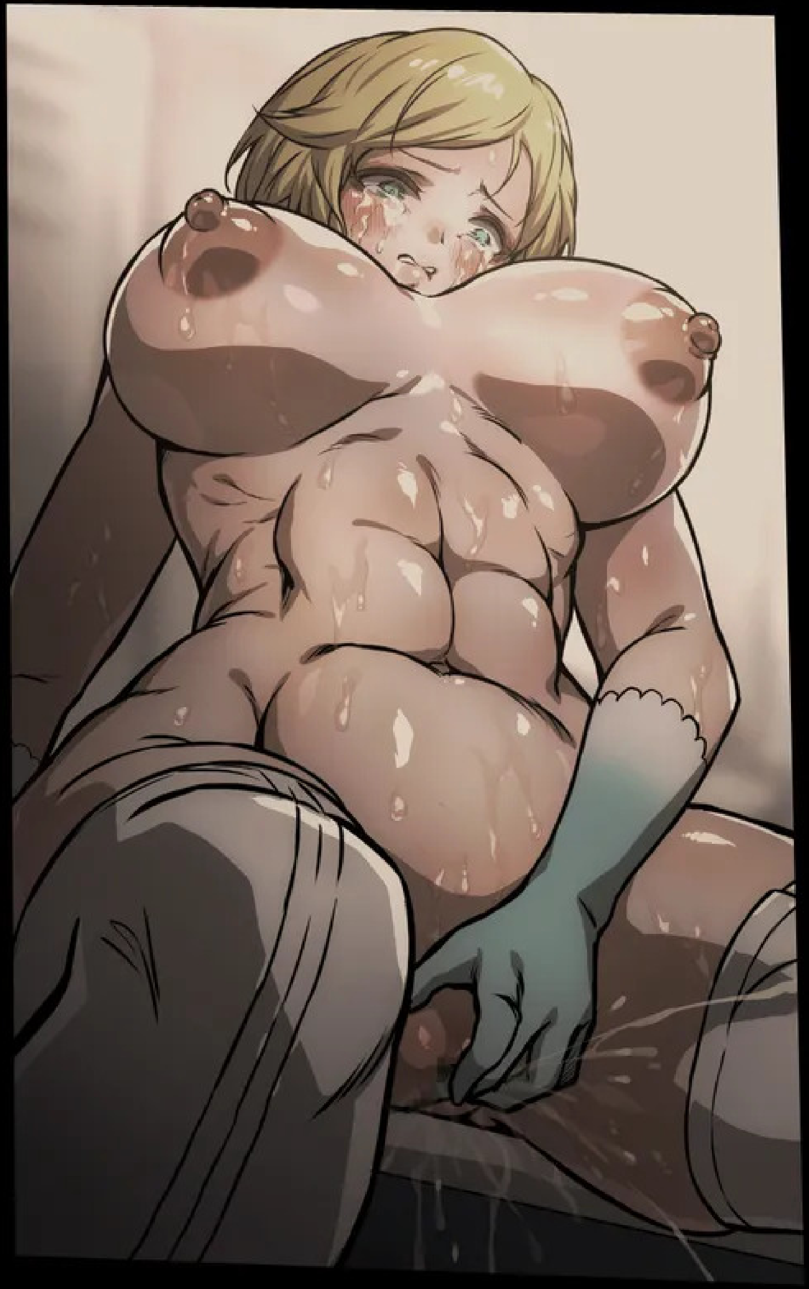
(No, I can't control it...
This is wrong... This is definitely wrong...!
I'm so sad... I'm in so much pain... Why...♥)

Crying alone, she repeated her first act of self-pleasure greedily.
The face of the one whose eyes lost their light after being knocked out.
The face of the passionate female warrior when all her emotions were gone.
Tragic, sensual... and unbearably beautiful.

“〜〜〜〜〜ッッ!! ♥♥”

She realized it for the first time after awakening to her emotions.
The complex emotions and fluctuations of the heart that cannot be expressed in words are the proof of human existence.
To strip that proof from a child and turn them into a lifeless doll is an act that can never be forgiven.

Thus, Eloise, who swore to live as a human being driven by desire,
left home with her younger sister Lilian,
and became a rebel who defied Partier's teachings.



"Eventually, Junko... I learned of your existence in a distant land.
Like me, you were deeply connected to her.
You spent your days training abroad, driven by revenge.

How much love and hatred must you have held for her...
And for me—the one who took her life.
I needed to see that inner flame for myself.
To witness, once more, the moment when that flame is extinguished, just like it was when I defeated her.
That's why I came to this country."

"Too bad for you, it didn't go out.
Still, when it comes to raw skill... you had me beat, no question.
The only reason I managed to win was··· thanks to that girl."

"Topless boxing is more than just a sport.
It's a battle that encompasses a woman's entire being—
the life she's led, the bonds she's forged··· all of it.
In the end, it was your virtue—the trust you built with Miss Suzume—
that brought out her cry, that final spark.

And that too··· is part of the true strength that is Shishido Junko."

"Take care of her, okay?"
"I have no intention of pampering her.
Whether she matures into something strong or not—that's up to her."

"Junko…"
"Lilian, if you hate me, then hate me all you want.
If you're frustrated… then become stronger. Kinder, too."

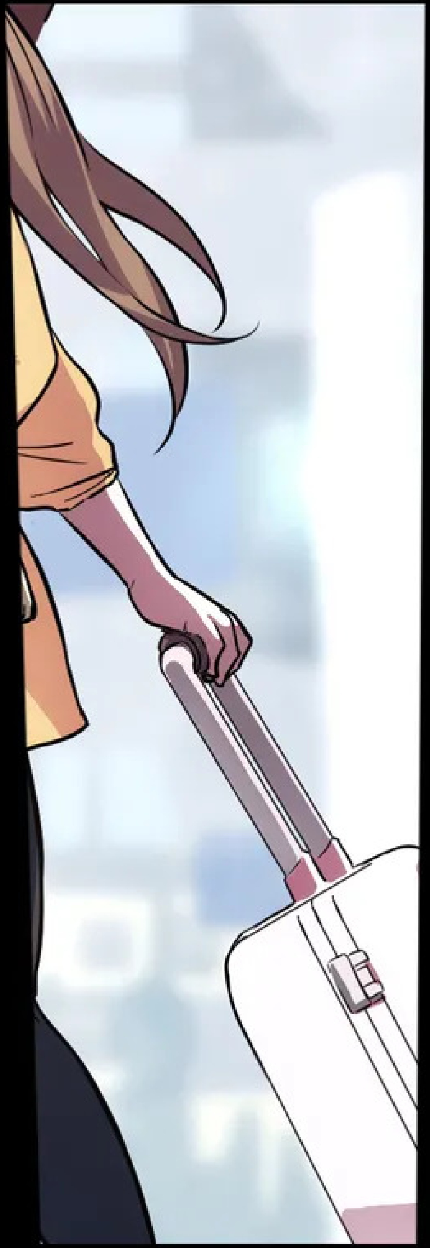
"Junko-samaaa, Junko-samaaaa!! ♥♥ Don't forget about me, okay!?
I'll definitely come back to be toyed with by you agaaaaain!! ♥"
"Don't ever come back."

As the flight time approached, Suzume and Hayate joined the others for the send-off.
Suzume and Junko gazed at each other, smiling softly.
No words were needed between the two who had promised to meet again.

"Did you make it very clear, Haruyuki-san?
Something like, 'If you cheat on me over there, I won't let you off easy.'"

"S-Shishido-san…!!"

"I-I won't do anything like that…!"



"Well then———— I'm off!"

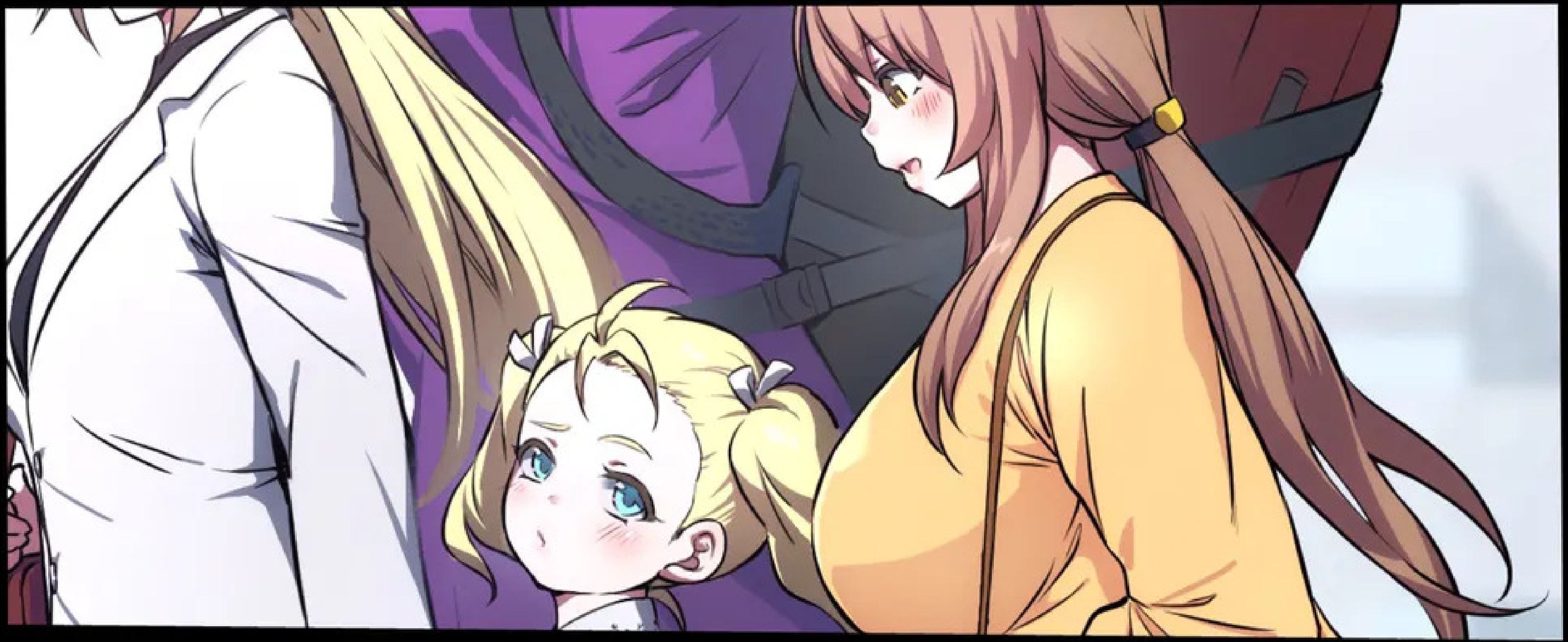
"Um... is it okay if I call you 'Lili-chan'?
I mean... a lot happened between us, but··· from now on, let's get along, okay?"

"................."

(Ugh, no response··· Not a great start...)

"···I guess I have no choice. I'll allow you to call me that, Suzume."

"·········!"



After a brief pause, Lillian gave Suzume a smile—not the dark, twisted smirk from when they were enemies, but a mischievous, slightly teasing smile, like that of a playful child.

"Do you remember Choco-chan? The girl you fought in the first round... She said that if you ever come back to Japan, she'd like to be friends with you."

"…Doesn't she hate Lili for what happened?"

"It's okay. That girl… she's not the kind of person who holds grudges, no matter what happened."

"…………I'll think about it, then."

I used to be weak and all alone,
but boxing changed me.

The wonderful people who connected with me
brought light into my once dim, colorless days.

I never want to let go of those bonds.
So for now, it’s just a little goodbye.

If everyone is doing their best to crawl forward
in their own way,
then I want to crawl too—s
o I can see the same things they see.

It’s because I believe we’re all in this together
that I can keep going.
That’s what matters most to me.

No matter how scared I am,
no matter how small I feel...

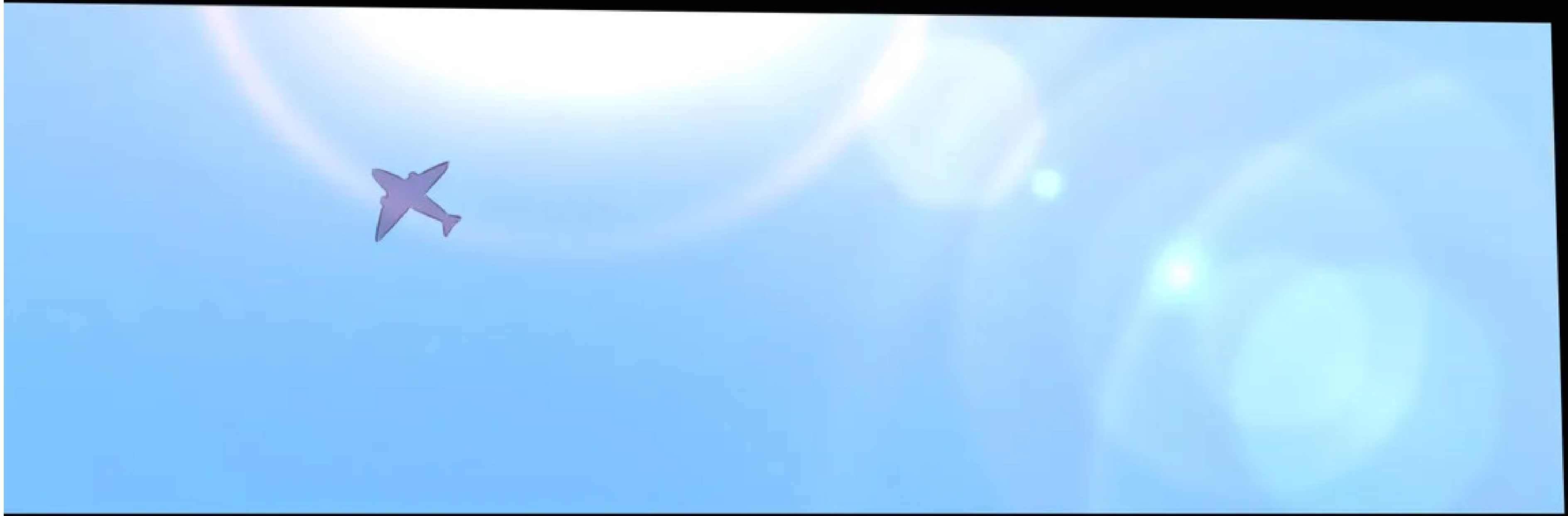
This feeling—this wish to be strong—
I will never let it go.

“...Right on time. That's the flight.”

“...Yes.”

Under the same cloudless sky that had seen Avita return home,
the plane carrying Suzume and Eloise disappeared.

At that time, the clear blue sky had seemed very ironic.
But now, looking up at the same sky...



"———Not feeling too bad."

Remake Compilation The End

NEXT→The Revenge of Honeybee

Somewhere in France———

In a quaint residential area stands a mansion that stands out from the rest. Eloise and Lilian have been living here since they left the Partier family. They converted part of the mansion into a private gym and hired several live-in servants, but there are still empty rooms available. Suzume decided to rent one of those rooms as a base for her overseas training.

(If I had to find a place to live on my own, it would have been absolutely impossible. Sigh, I really can't thank Eloise-san enough...)

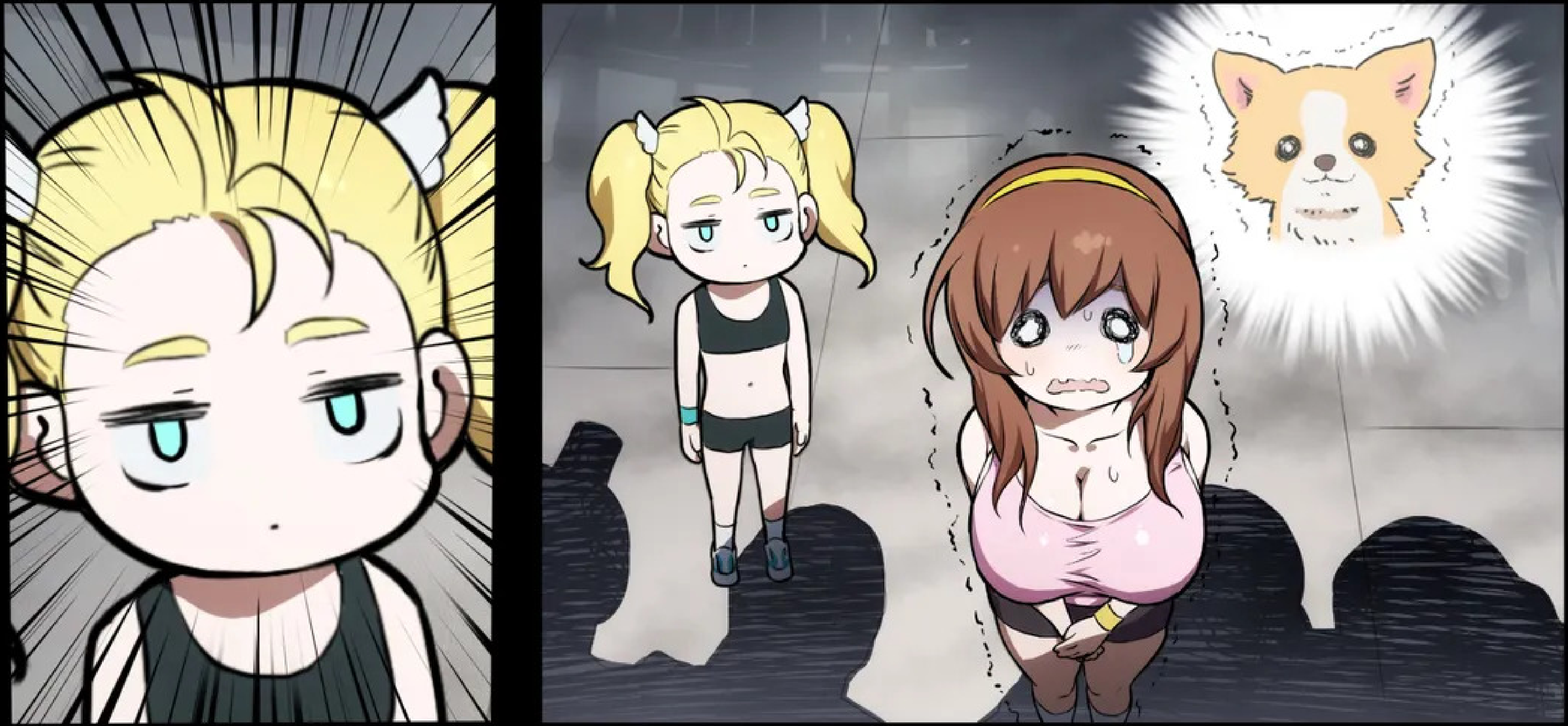
However, every silver lining has a cloud.
Though she had grown accustomed to unreasonable treatment from Junko's harsh guidance in the past, the kind of injustice awaiting her in this place was of a different nature altogether.

“Hya---hahahaahaha!!!”

“Look at this little lady, trembling like a puppy!
Do you really think you can take us on all at once? Oh, please!”

“Ah, awawawawa”

The vast entrance hall, which was open all the way up to the third floor of the mansion.
A group of lawless men, their voices raucous and out of place in such a setting, were pushing their way in.



“You're acting all grown up, but your tits are still pretty big, aren't they?
I'll beat you up just enough so you can't escape, then suck and squeeze them all I want. Hehehe...”

“By the way, this little one isn't reacting at all! It's amazing how calm it is!!
Is it just my imagination, or does it seem like it's being completely underestimated rather than not understanding the situation…?
We've got to make it understand the true fear of an adult, don't we…?”

“Hey, Ms. Eroise!! If you really beat these kids up, you'll be the next one to come out, won't you!?”

A woman enjoying tea elegantly on the second floor of an open-plan space turns her gaze toward the commotion below.

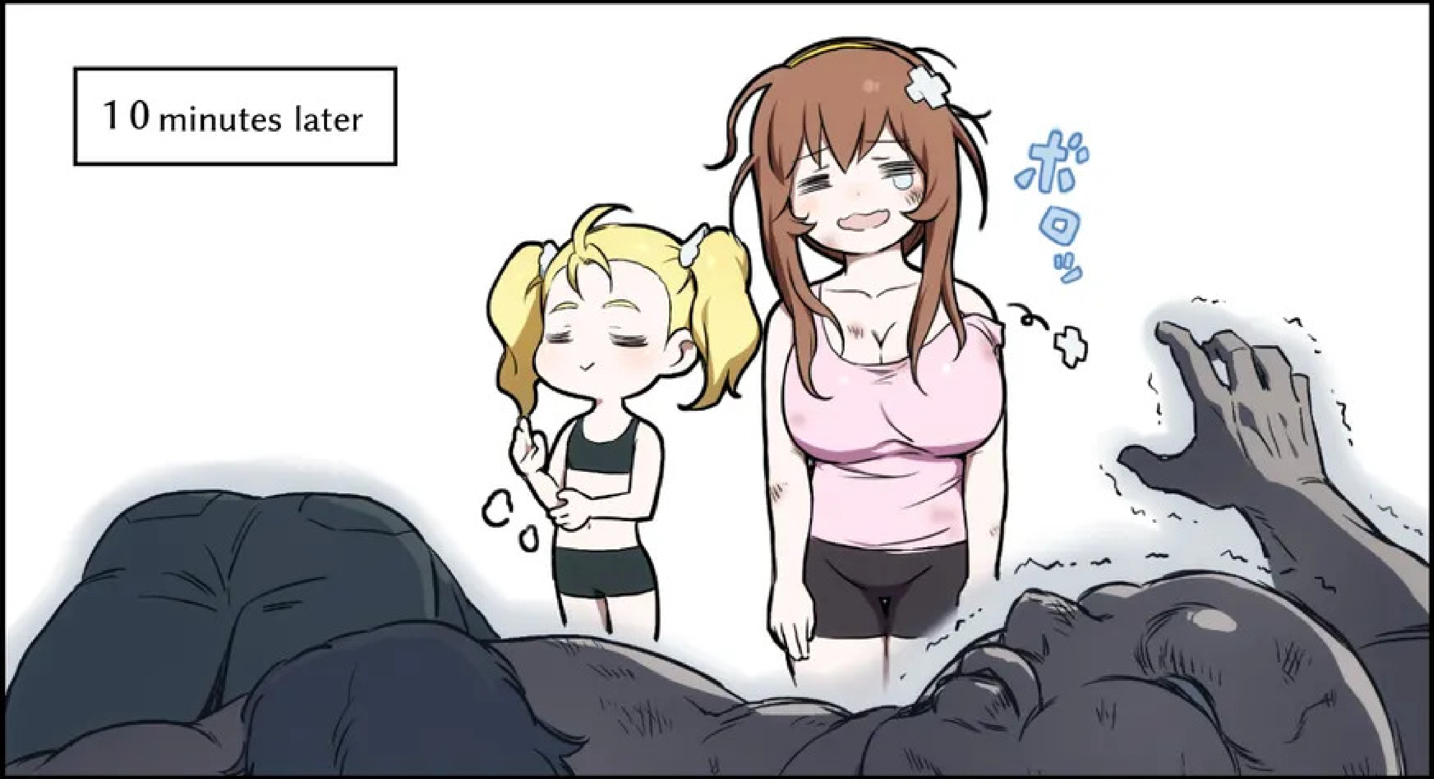
“Yes. If you can defeat Lilian and Miss Suzume down there...
then I will be your opponent.
I know it's impossible, but...”

“Hah, you're trying to make me laugh.
I'll torture you until you beg for your life!!”

If you attack me with your bare hands, anytime, anywhere,
I don't care.
If you can defeat me, I will give you all my wealth and become your wife or sex slave, whatever you desire...

That's what Eroise boldly proclaims to the world. Before her stand low-level thugs and former fighters from all over the world, blinded by desire and unaware of her true strength.

Among them, Suzume and Lilian were tasked with defeating the low-level foes who weren't even worth Eroise's time as part of their “special training.”



“Hii... It hurts... It hurts...”

“You bastards... You little brats...”

“Oh... It's over...”

When the commotion subsided, Eloise calmly came down to the first floor and checked on the two of them.

“Lili is unharmed as usual. Miss Suzume took a few hits.
You could have gotten through this unscathed if you had concentrated more.”

"But... there are multiple opponents, and there are no rules...
Are you really saying this is boxing training...?"

"You're still so stubborn, Honeybee.
By making everyday life itself a battle, you can cultivate
the mental strength and insight you need in the ring."

(Ugh, I feel like I'm being dumped with all the trouble...)

"Really, Suzume is such a spoiled, useless person♪
If Lili can get rid of the bugs trying to get close to her
older sister, she'll take on ten or even a hundred people
by herself, right?"

(Ugh... The former Partie people are really weird.
They can just be so sure of things.

If I were to lose to these men...
And they all ganged up on me and tried to do something
inappropriate...
Even if I begged for help, crying and screaming...)

(... This person won't help me.
In fact, they might even be enjoying watching me like this.)

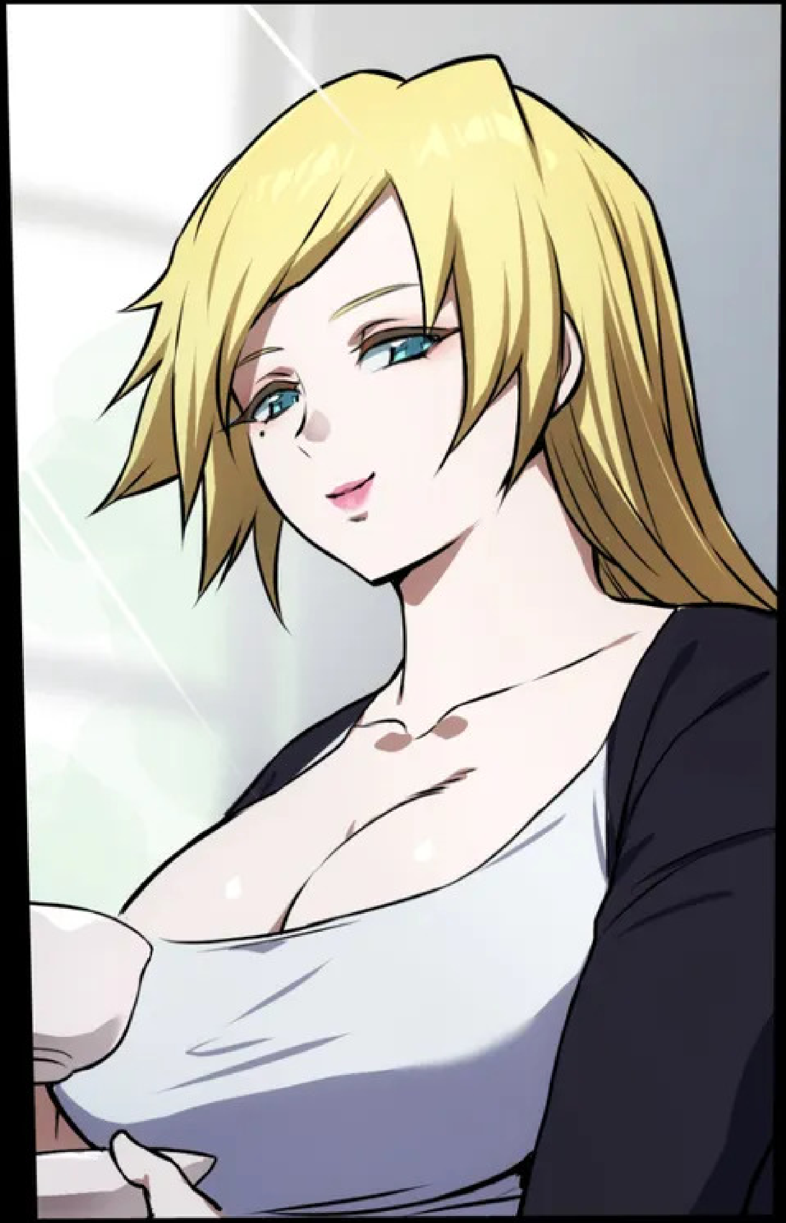
For Eloise, a “witch” who feeds on the intense emotions of others, the sorrow and despair of others are nothing more than sweet nectar.
If there is anyone she would save from danger out of a sense of morality, it would be her beloved sister.

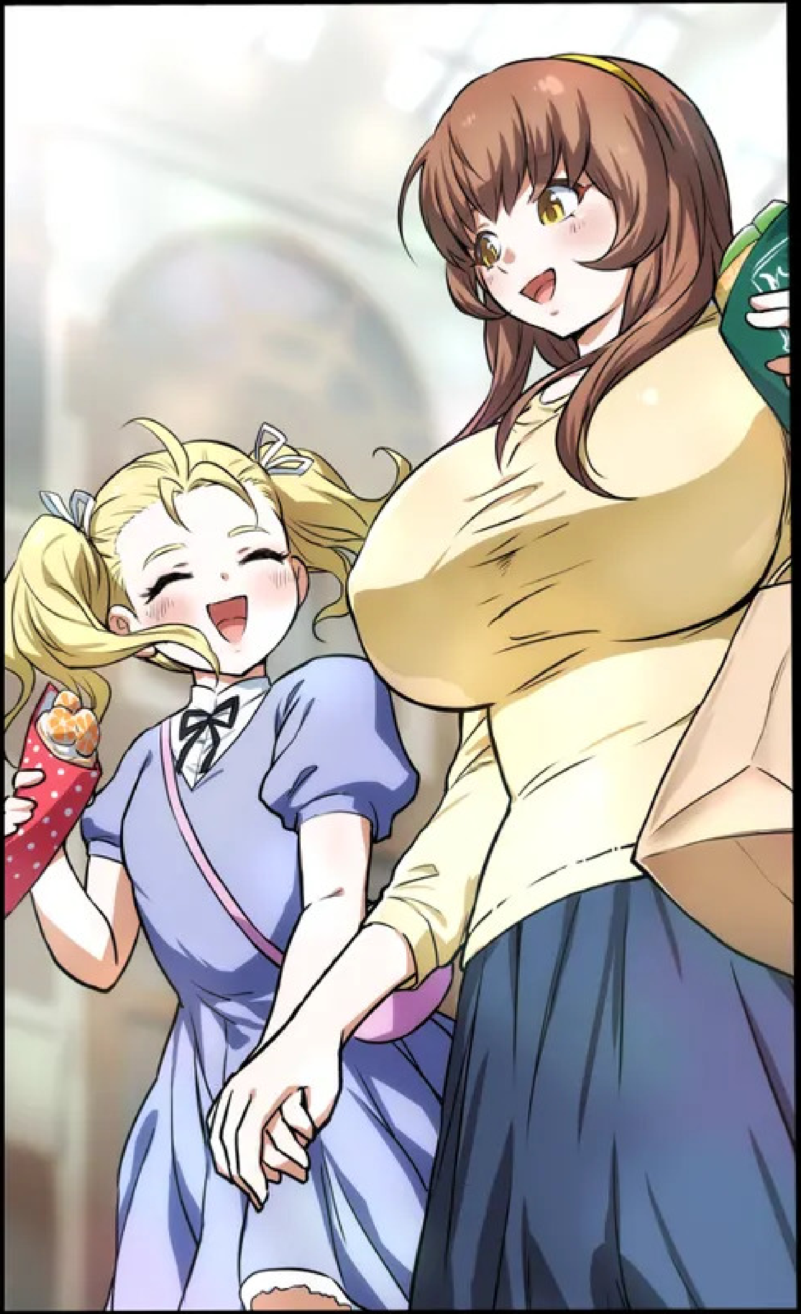
Mercy is not to be expected when one fails.
Therefore, no matter how impossible the task, one must overcome it on one's own.
Suzume felt a different kind of tension from the days she studied under Junko, even from the very beginning of her overseas training.

“If this continues, the gap in ability between you and Lili will only grow wider.”
Well, to be honest... I'd like to see you completely destroyed by Lili on the ring this time."

(Eh, Eloise-san...
This person is different from Junko in a completely different way... She's a demon!)

However, among the tasks Eloise had assigned to Suzume, there were some that were completely opposite to such unreasonable demands.





“No matter how hard you work, Sunday is a day off.”

It was the one day a week when she was freed from her grueling training.
Eloise had requested that she spend the day getting to know Lilian, but even if she hadn't, Suzume would have done so of her own accord.

For Suzume, it was an unfamiliar life in a foreign country.
For Lilian, it was her first outing with someone other than her sister, whom she was used to.

At first, they were awkward, but as they overcame their unfamiliarity with each other, they became close friends.

It seemed like a distant memory that they had been such fierce rivals during the Contender Tournament in Japan.

Her childlike selfishness and carefree, radiant smile were exactly as she appeared.
Seeing Lilian in a non-competitive setting was an immense joy for Suzume.

However, there was one thing that troubled Suzume...

...It's that Lilian can't help but get aroused anywhere, without caring who's watching.

A kiss as a form of physical contact is one thing, but she'll try to stick her tongue in someone's mouth and have sex if she gets the chance.
Once, in the middle of the street, she started fondling her own breasts and trying to masturbate, and it was really hard to stop her.

The reason why Lilian has become this way is easy to guess.
It's a symptom of being deprived of contact with her beloved sister.

Eloise is often busy and has to leave home for several days at a time, and until recently, Lilian always accompanied her.
However, Eloise wanted Lilian to become more independent, so she started leaving her alone with Suzume and going out by herself as much as possible.

It was a painful decision for Eloise, as it meant less time with her beloved sister. Though Suzume would like to support her...

If a day goes by, Lilian becomes desperate for the touch of her beloved sister's skin and tries to release her lust without any shame or regard for propriety.

When Eloise finally returns home, both are in a state of intense desire.
The love-making that takes place that night is even more passionate.

"So, that's why...
Lili-chan tried to do that out of the blue in the middle of the street the other day!

Even on the day when Eloise-san wasn't there, she tried to have s.... sex with me all night long, and it was really hard to stop her!
She got so angry when I resisted that she started throwing a tantrum and running around!"

"You should have done it with Lili too.
It would have been good exercise for your legs and helped build up your resistance to sexual damage."

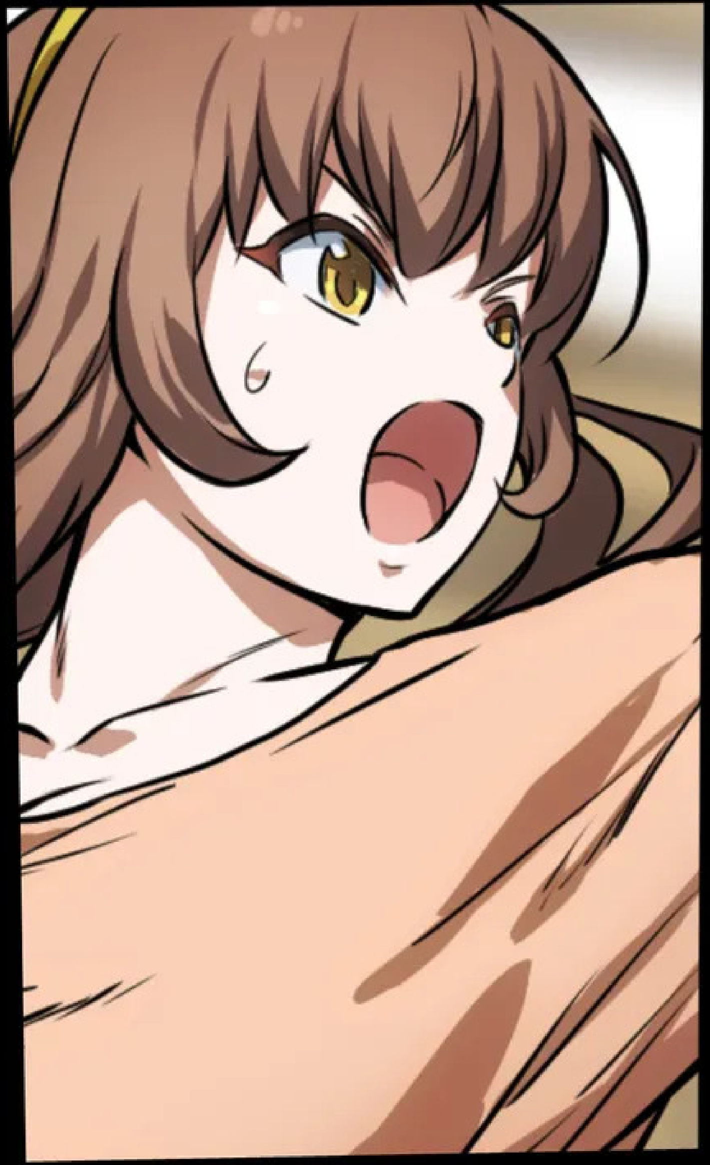
"Eh, eh...?"

Does Eloise have no qualms about Lili having sex with someone other than herself?
Both sisters have such an unconventional view of sexuality.
Deciding that she wasn't getting anywhere, Suzume decided to approach the issue from a different angle.

"Eloise-san... You want to let Lili-chan choose her own future, right?
To let her decide for herself whether to continue fighting or choose a path without conflict?"
"Whether she chooses to keep fighting or not is her freedom, right?"

"Yes. But that has nothing to do with what we're talking about now, does it?"

"No... It's very much related!"



“If Lili-chan stays a topless boxer, her lewd behavior and tendency to force her way through things with brute strength could be strengths. But what if Lili-chan develops other dreams?
What if she wants to be a pastry chef or a boutique clerk…
If she makes that choice, will someone who tries to sleep with anyone and solves everything with violence be able to make it in society!?”

“…!”

“The only one who can teach her the common sense of a world where you can't force your way through with fists is you—her lover and surrogate mother!
But while you worry about Lili-chan's future, you fully accept her doing outrageous things, refusing to scold or reason with her! What you're doing is contradictory!!”

(I've never seen that face before...)

“Now that you mention it... you're right.
I didn't realize something so obvious... Yes, it's because I wanted to continue my old dependence...”

“I know very well that the two of you are seriously in love.
So if I had just taught you common sense, like not to do dirty things with anyone other than Eroise-san...”

“To smooth social interactions... Indeed, that's necessary knowledge when venturing into society beyond topless boxing.”

(Phew. I'm glad you understand...)

“First... Should I go waterfall meditation with that girl to eliminate my desires?”

(That's not it...)

"Suzume..."

Even after that happened, whenever Eloise was away from home for work, Lilian would always come to Suzume's room with sleepy eyes.

"It's okay, let's sleep together.
But... you know, no dirty stuff, okay?"

"...Boo."

Lilian pouted but crawled into bed.
They embraced gently, feeling each other's body heat,
and as they drifted off to sleep, Lilian's lips sucked on Suzume's nipple.

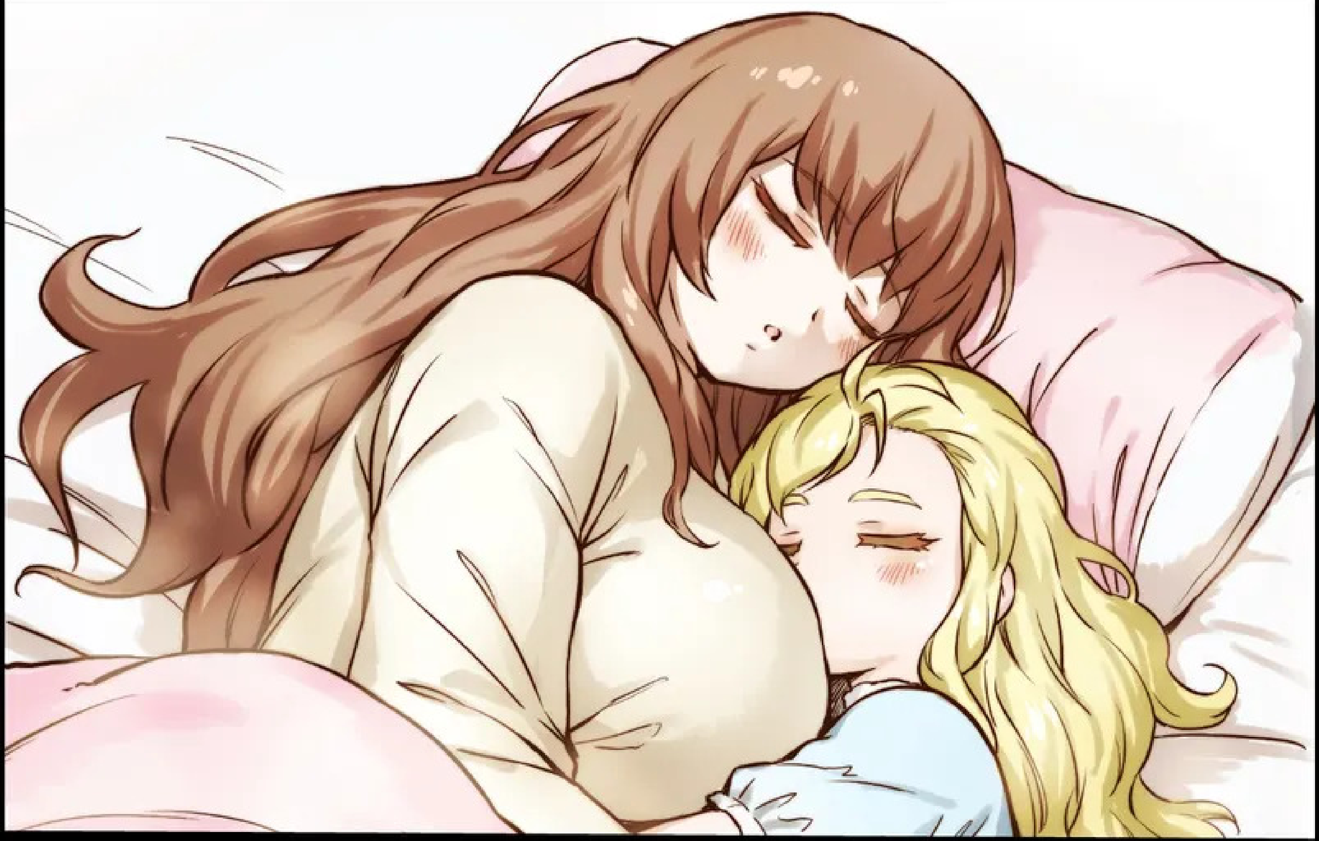
"Hey...♥ ...Stop."

After a light scolding, Lilian stopped her mischief.

(Suzume's body... so warm.)

The emotional scars etched into the Partier family.
To heal them, there was no need for lewd acts—
this warmth alone was enough.

On that day, Lilian was not consumed by lust,
yet she found true peace and fell into a happy sleep.



Suzume must take revenge on this child within a year and return to Japan.
That is only possible if Lilian accepts Suzume's challenge and chooses to fight again.
However, on the other hand... if this child desires a future without fighting, I also want to support that wish.

(The contradiction is... I guess... me too...)

Eventually, such thoughts melted away, and Suzume too fell into a peaceful dream.

*From “FIST FRIENDS,” a spin-off of “Bee and Wasp”

While Suzume was spending busy days in a foreign country,
WTBJ in Japan was also entering a new season.

The only condition for challenging Champion Shishido for the belt was to be ranked 20th or higher in the WTBJ rankings.

Junko, who had declared that she would defend her title every two months, was inundated with challenge requests from those aiming to surpass the living legend. Junko relentlessly defeated all challengers without a break for an entire month.

Hayate and Dasha, who remained in Japan, joined
Teijo Gym under coach Azami and became the
gym's flagship athletes, ranked first and second in the WTBJ rankings.
However, there was no movement from anyone to challenge them for the belt.

Those who participated in the tournament know.
Junko and Eloise are on a completely different level from them.
They know that unless they become stronger, they will never be able to surpass the legends.

No matter how many new challengers appear, they know that the throne will never be taken away.

Amidst all this, only Mirei took significant action
to defeat Junko.

She took the number one spot from Hayate,
won the blind match that led to her fall from the throne,
and planned to clear her name and return to her
position as champion.

The highly anticipated match between Hayate and Mirei ended
in a nail-biting battle, with Mirei narrowly emerging victorious...
However, the opponent for the subsequent blind match was
none other than Choco.

For Mirei, who prioritizes reading her opponents, Choco's
unpredictable style made her a poor match, and she was
defeated in the fourth round.
This added to the curse of her previous blind match defeat.

While such turmoil was common in Japan, in France,
Suzume and Lilian also gained experience through many matches...

Before they knew it, 11 months had passed.

“Your hair has grown again. Aren't you going to get it cut a little?”

“Ah, it's just a little wish... If I win, I'll cut it.”

“I see... It's been almost a year since you came here.
You're going to challenge her... to Lili.

“...Yes.”

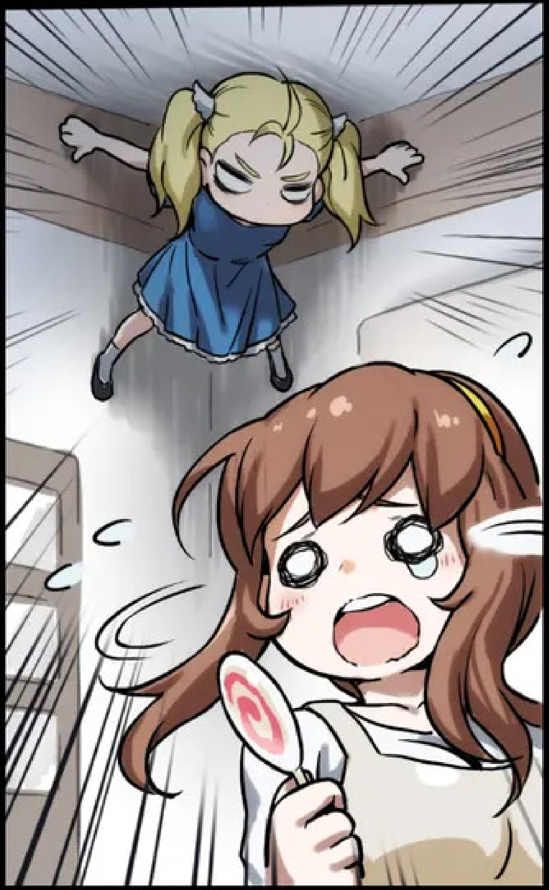
“But whether the current Lili will accept the challenge or not...
Anyway, tell her when you're ready to challenge her.”

“Huh? ... Oh, I understand.”

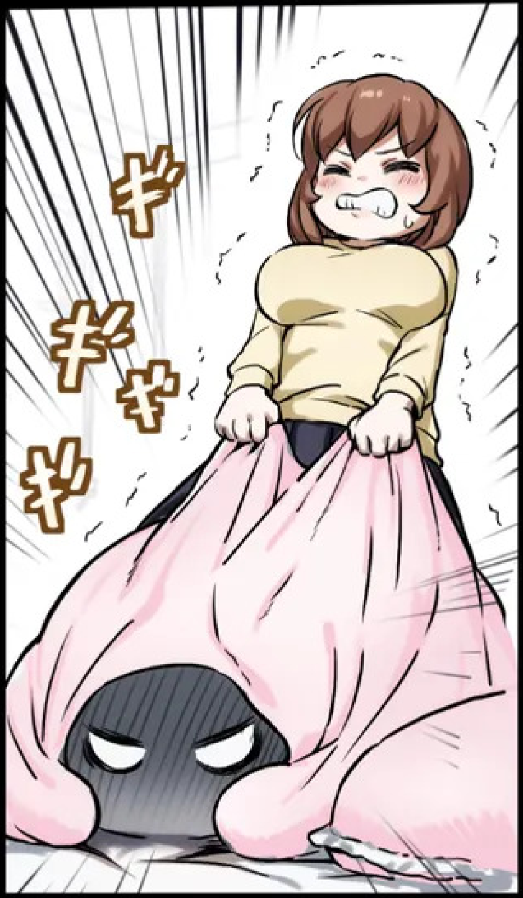
The moment has finally arrived.
The culmination of her overseas training, and her first chance to avenge her defeat and overcome her fears from a year ago.
Her opponent is the girl who has lived under the same roof as her all this time.

Each step toward the room of someone she has grown so accustomed to being with feels heavier than usual.
Spotting Lilian's figure through the door, Suzume takes a deep breath and opens her mouth.

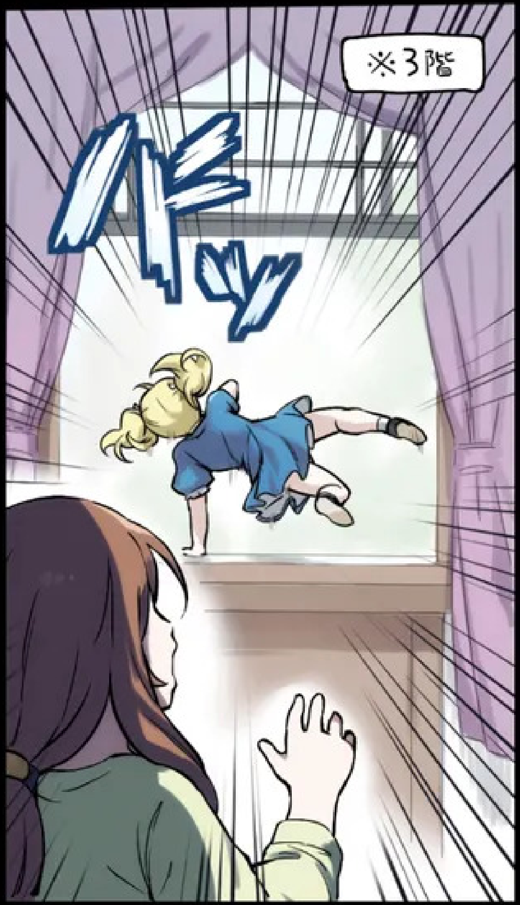
"Lili-chan, can we talk for a moment?
There's something important I need to tell you..."



"Lili-cha〜〜n!?"



"Lili-chan〜〜!!"



"Lili-chan!!?"

“E, Eloise-san…”
“…I have no choice.”

Lilian had been running around like a cat, but when Eloise called her, she finally calmed down in front of Suzume.

Lilian is avoiding another fight with Suzume.
She is afraid of the moment of parting that awaits her.

“Lili... You're different from when you were in Partier. You have a choice. You can fight, or you can choose not to fight.”

“But... then what about Suzume...?”

“It's okay. The decision is yours, Lili-chan.
If you don't want to fight, I'll give up on the rematch.”

“Then, then... Even if Lili doesn't fight...
Will Suzume stay here forever...?”

Suzume turns her back on Lillian and clenches her fists.

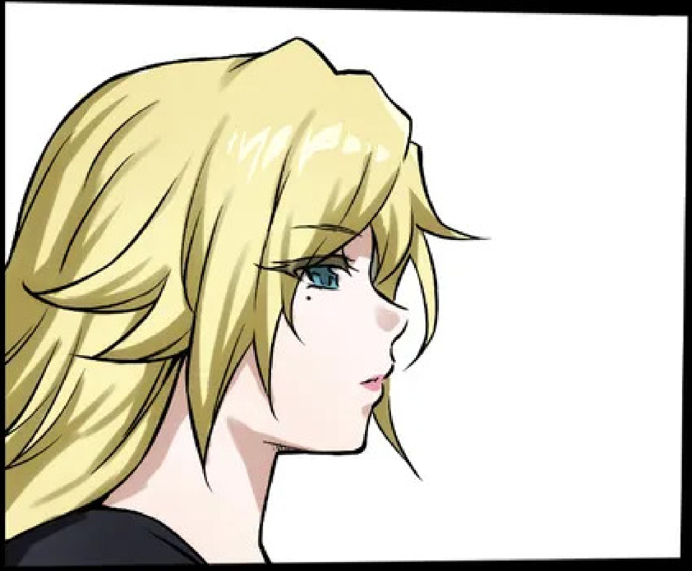
“...... I'm sorry. That's the one thing I can't do.”

Even if the rematch never happens, I have to go back to Japan.
I have to return to my mentor and the person I love.
That is something that cannot be reconciled with Lilian's wishes.

"Spending a year with Suzume was the agreement from the start.
If you want to twist that to get your way...
Then defeat Suzume in the ring again and break your promise.

That's what 'choosing to fight' means, Lillian."

"…………Lili… Lili wants Suzume to stay here forever.
So… I will fight Suzume…"



Confusion. Hesitation.
It was a weak voice that didn't sound like someone accepting a challenge.

Thus, Suzume and Lilian's rematch was set.
Suzume would spend the week leading up to the match staying at a gym in the neighboring town for final preparations.

The tradition of topless boxing...
In a match between members of the same gym, one of them must move their base to another location beforehand and avoid seeing the other until the day of the match.

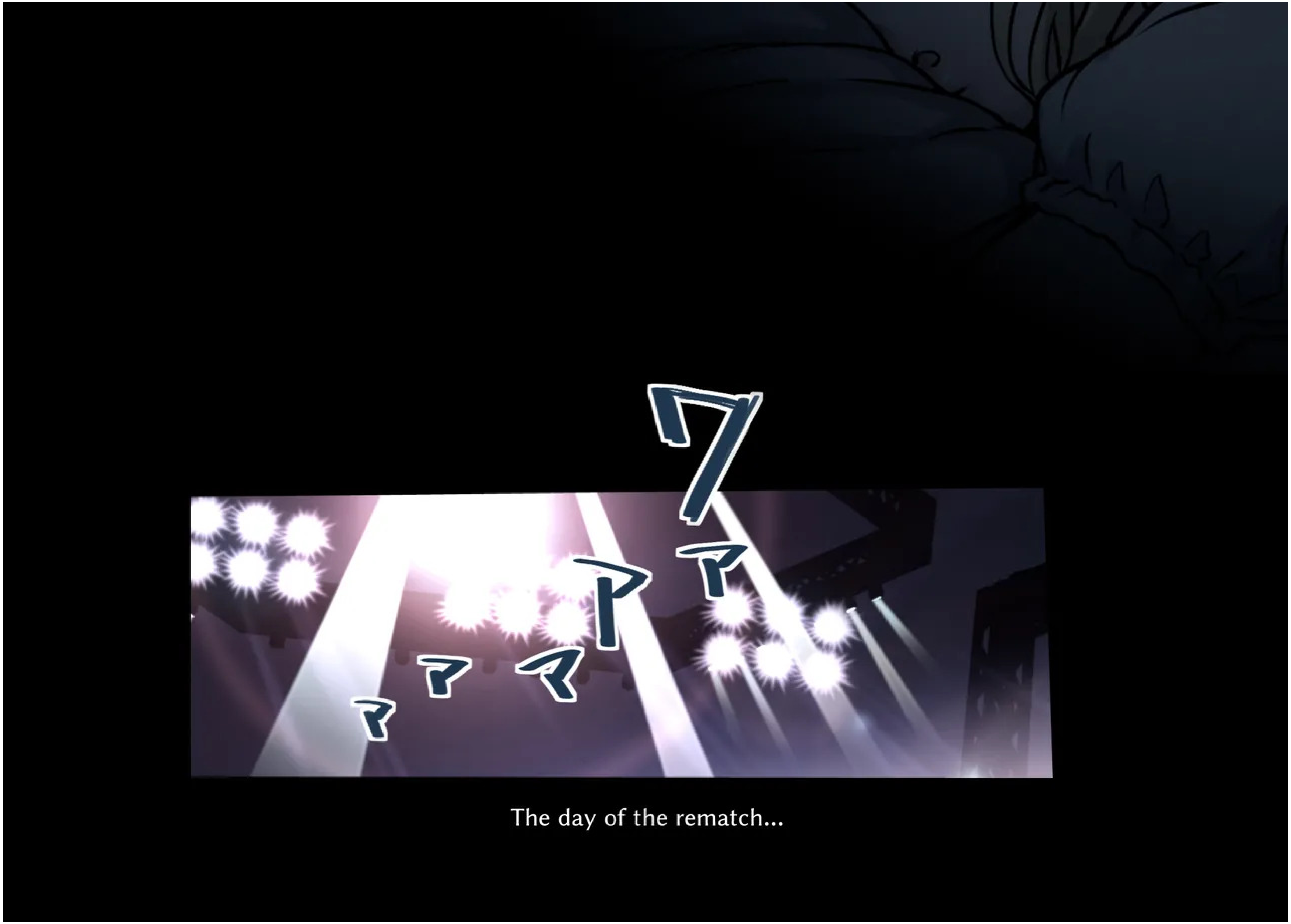
That night, no one was beside Lilian as she lay in bed.
For some reason, she couldn't bring herself to go to Eloise's bed to be comforted.
Even when she hugged her pillow tightly, there was only her own body heat.

The silence of the night brought back old wounds in her heart.
Memories of a time when she was never loved by anyone came flooding back.

Suzume... Unlike my older sister or Dolores, she was the first friend who stood on the same level as me and accepted me as I was.
I don't want to say goodbye. I absolutely don't want this happiness to end.

As the day of the match drew nearer, and as she repeated those lonely nights...
Lilian's pure yet twisted obsession swelled within her.

Suzume·········
······Suzume·········
······Suzu······ me···············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The day of the rematch...

“Tonight's match to watch is Lilian Partier vs. Honeybee Mitsuki!
The two have fought once before, with Lilian emerging victorious!
This is an important match for Honeybee to redeem herself! Will she succeed in her revenge!?”

Eloise and Dolores do not take sides, watching the outcome of the match from the audience as neutrals.

“Huhu♥ You seem a bit more serious than usual, Eloise-sama?
Well, I guess it's understandable... Today must be an important day for Lilian-chan.”

“I'd like to watch this match while hearing your thoughts as well.
Not as the ‘loser’ Dolores, but as the powerful ‘Ultra Heavy’ Dolores who once built a mountain of KOs.”

“Eh~, it was Eloise-sama who turned me into a ‘loser’. You're so selfish...♥”

"It's about to begin."

Far away in Japan, Hayate and Choko wait for the live broadcast of the match to begin.

"Suzume's year of training will now be put to the test. Both in terms of skill and spirit..."

"It's going to be a great match.
I think the two of them will become even closer through this match~."

"That's true... Their relationship is completely different from before.
That will undoubtedly be a strength for Suzume, but how will it affect Lilian...

Whatever happens... All we can do is watch and see."

Suzume, who entered the ring first, waited for Lillian's entrance while swinging lightly.
She was neither too nervous nor too calm, showing her experience in fighting in foreign countries.

It has been a week since the match was set, and he has not been in contact with Lilian at all.
How is Lilian feeling right now?
What kind of expression will she have when she appears in front of her?

As she is thinking about such things, suddenly cheers erupt and Suzume senses someone behind her.

When did she get here...?
She jumps over the top rope and lands softly, without even a sound of footsteps or vibration on the canvas.

「Su～zume♪」

The aura emanating from that smile reminded Suzume of the fear she had felt a year ago.
The person standing in front of her was undoubtedly... the little devil of the ring, nicknamed "Innocent Lilith."

"Hey, Suzume♪ Lili, I was thinking too much.
Just like my sister said, it was actually really simple.
If Suzume tried to leave Lili... I should have just forced her to listen to me♪"

Suzume calmed the turmoil welling up inside her and listened intently to Lilian's words.
Things were different now. She would never be trapped by fear again.

"Don't ever think of leaving Lili again.
So that we can stay together forever... I'll be even more clingy than I was back then ♥♥"

That's not true. If you choose to fight for that reason, even if you win, you won't get what you want.
The current Lili-chan should understand that.

Suzume could have responded with words, but she just remained silent and resolutely opened the front of her gown.

"...It's okay. You can take everything you've been holding back and throw it at me.
That's what the ring is for...

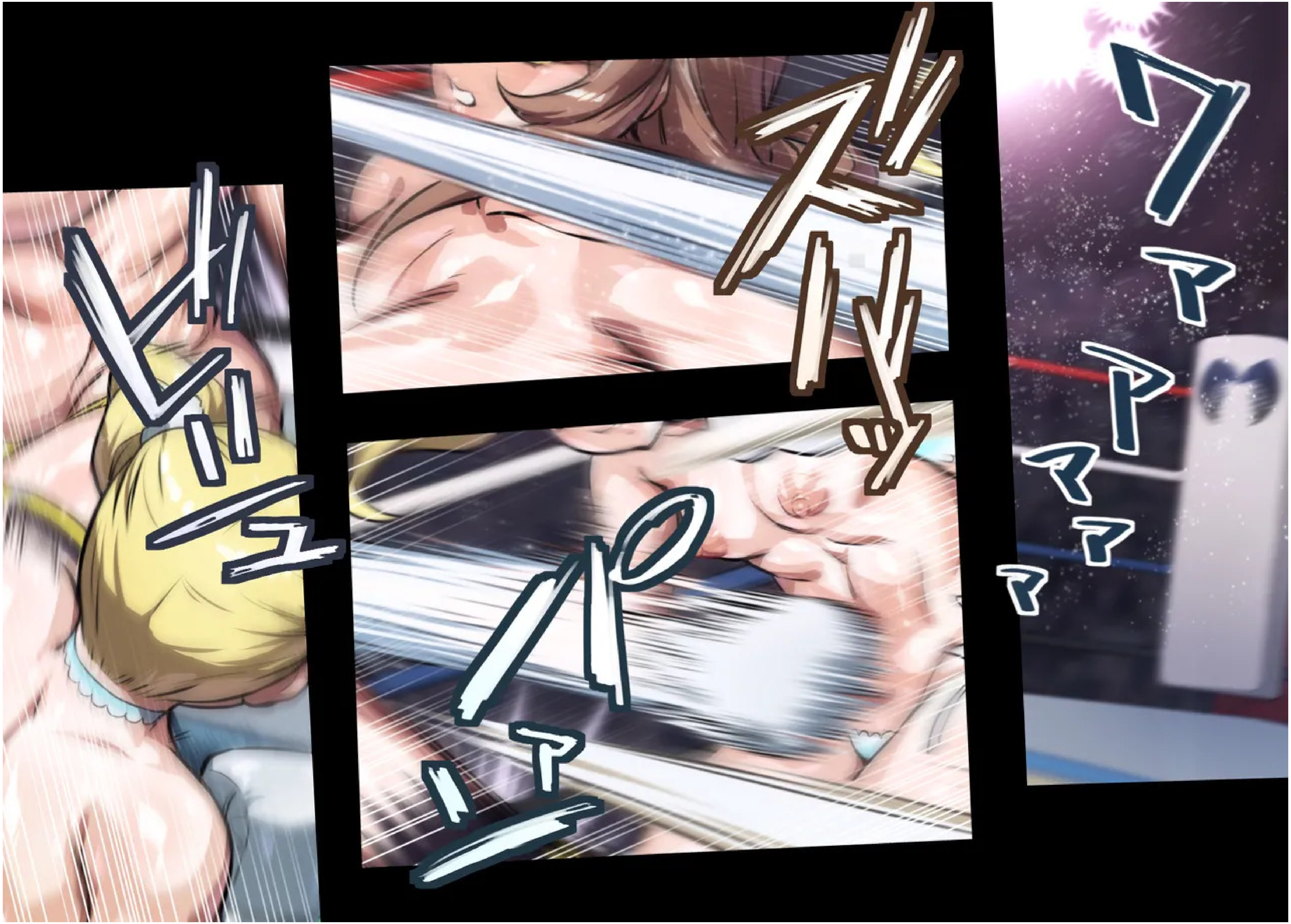
If I haven't grown at all and am still the same weakling I was then...
you can beat me up like you did that time."

“I will accept all of
Lili-chan's feelings.

I will accept everything,
and then this time,
I will defeat you.”

“That's nice...♪ It's like that cheeky Suzume from that tournament.
She was all tough before the match, but when it started, she just cried and whined... ♥”

“You can check for yourself. If you try to slack off and play around, I'll bite you.”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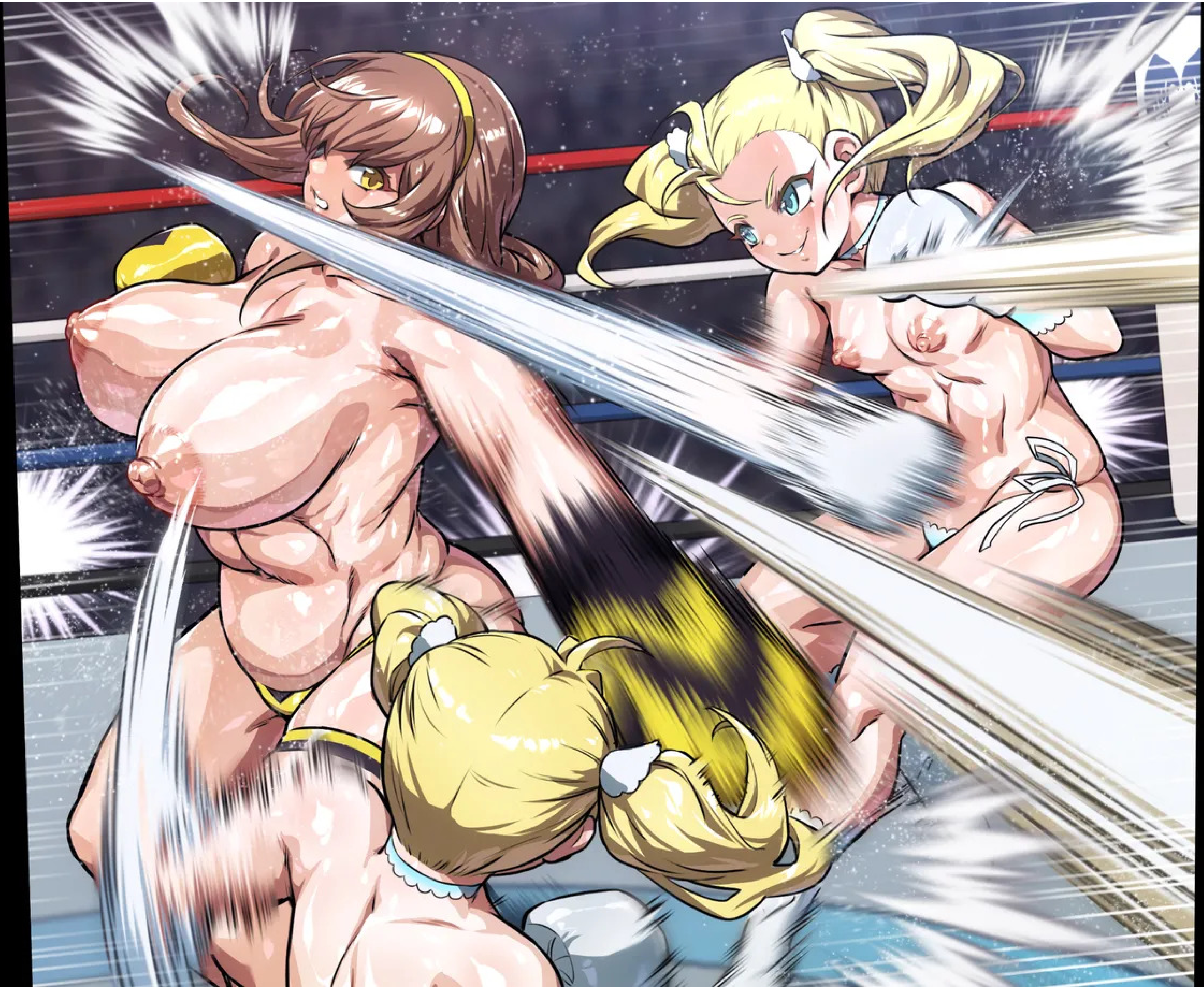
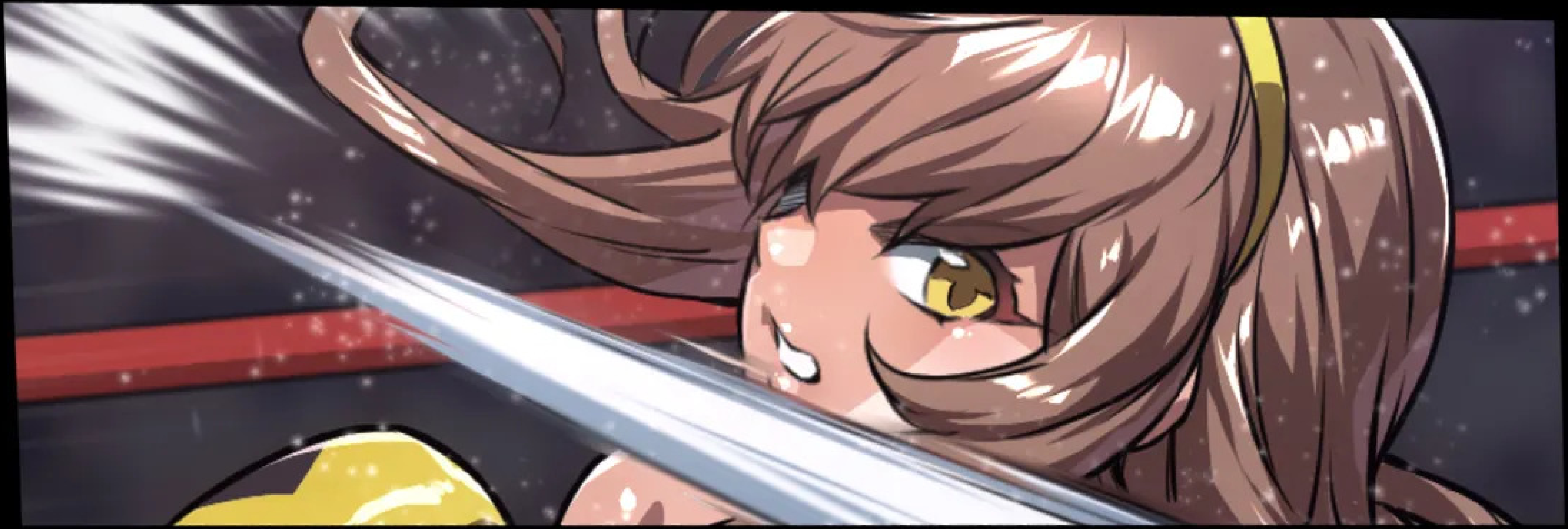




“From the start, it's a dizzying exchange of blows! Both fighters are moving sharply from the opening bell!”

The devilishly powerful combo strikes with deadly force, regardless of whether the target is on the ground or in the air.
The honeybee jabs counter with rapid-fire punches.
Both fighters start off with their signature styles, sparking fireworks.

“Ah, Suzume-chan, you're doing well♥
Last time, you were attacked with such speed that you couldn't even move your hands or feet.”

“Now... I wonder when they'll play the cards they've been holding back for the past year.”

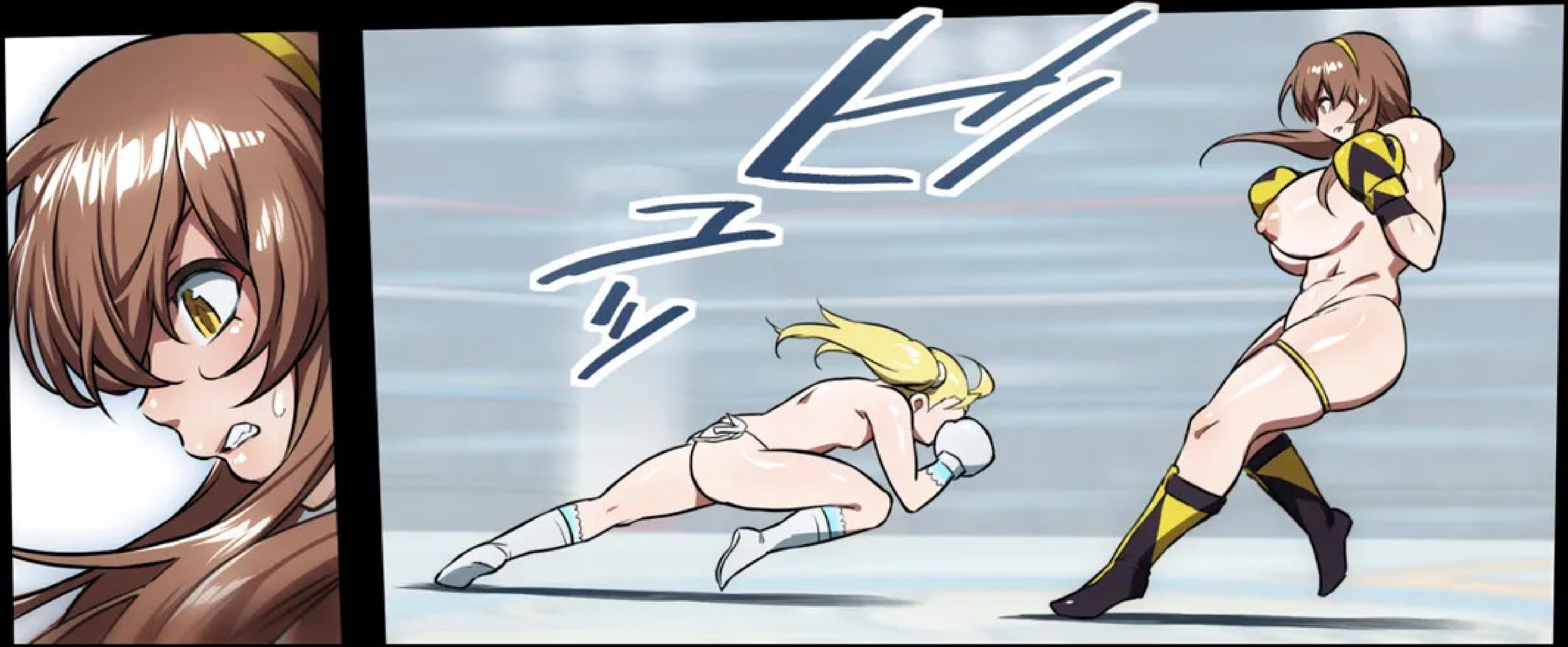
“Buh!”

One of the jab combinations hits Lilian's face, causing her to stagger, but she lands safely.
Previously, she had a weakness where she would lose her balance and expose herself when punched while in midair, but she has grown considerably in terms of balance.

Still, Suzume didn't miss the moment when Lillian showed a slight opening, and she pushed Lillian back with a machine gun jab while moving forward.

”!?”

Suddenly, Lillian's figure disappeared from view.
Sensing the threat, Suzume immediately stopped her attack and took a step back.

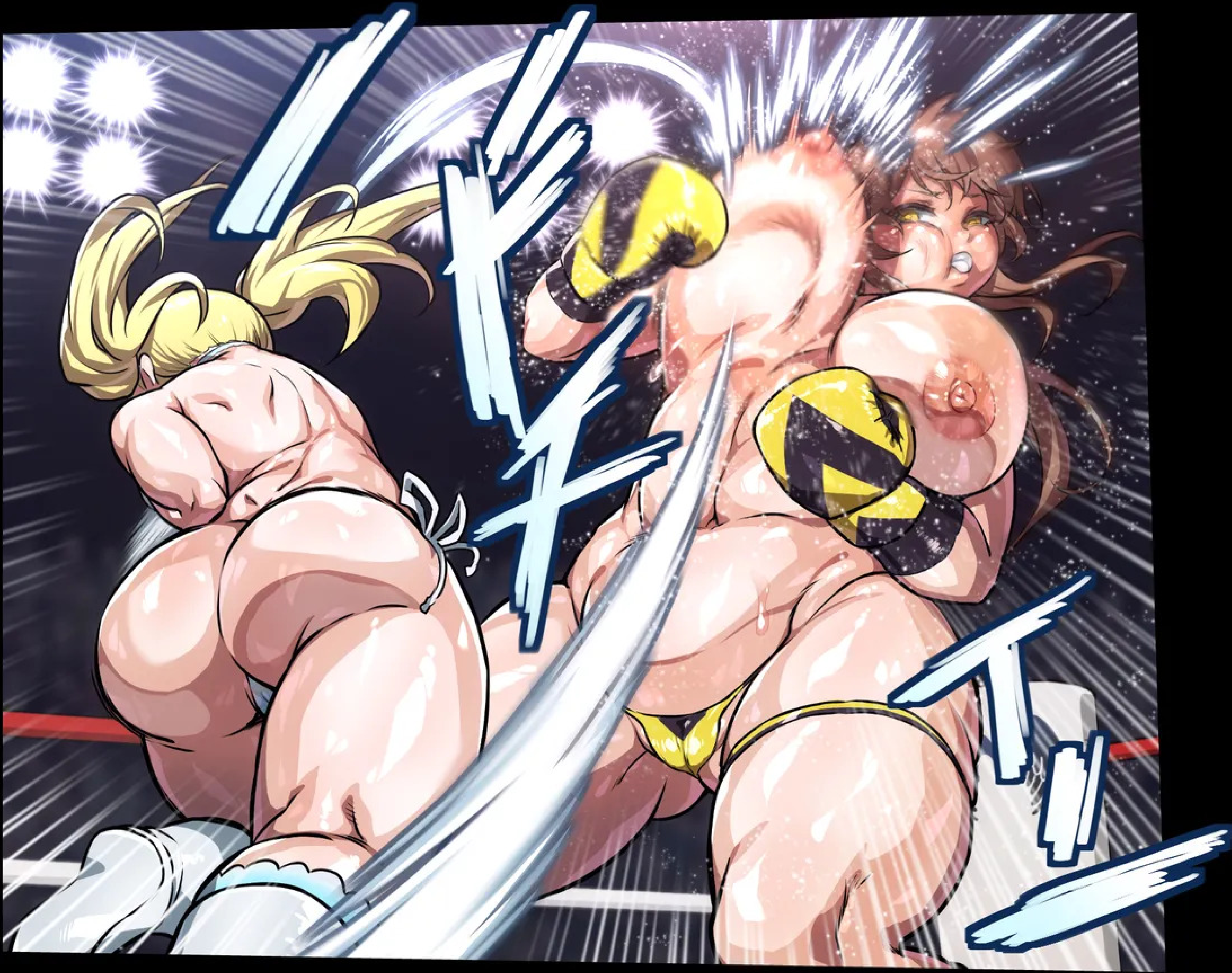


(As usual... too low!)

A super low step-in that doesn't even graze her body, and would cause a normal person to fall over.
Suzume has suffered from this tactic before, which confuses her opponent's aim by jumping high and stepping in.

The best way to deal with this is to counterattack when Lilian returns to her stance to attack, but
Suzume, who was a step behind in her backstep, has no time to do that.

(It's coming!)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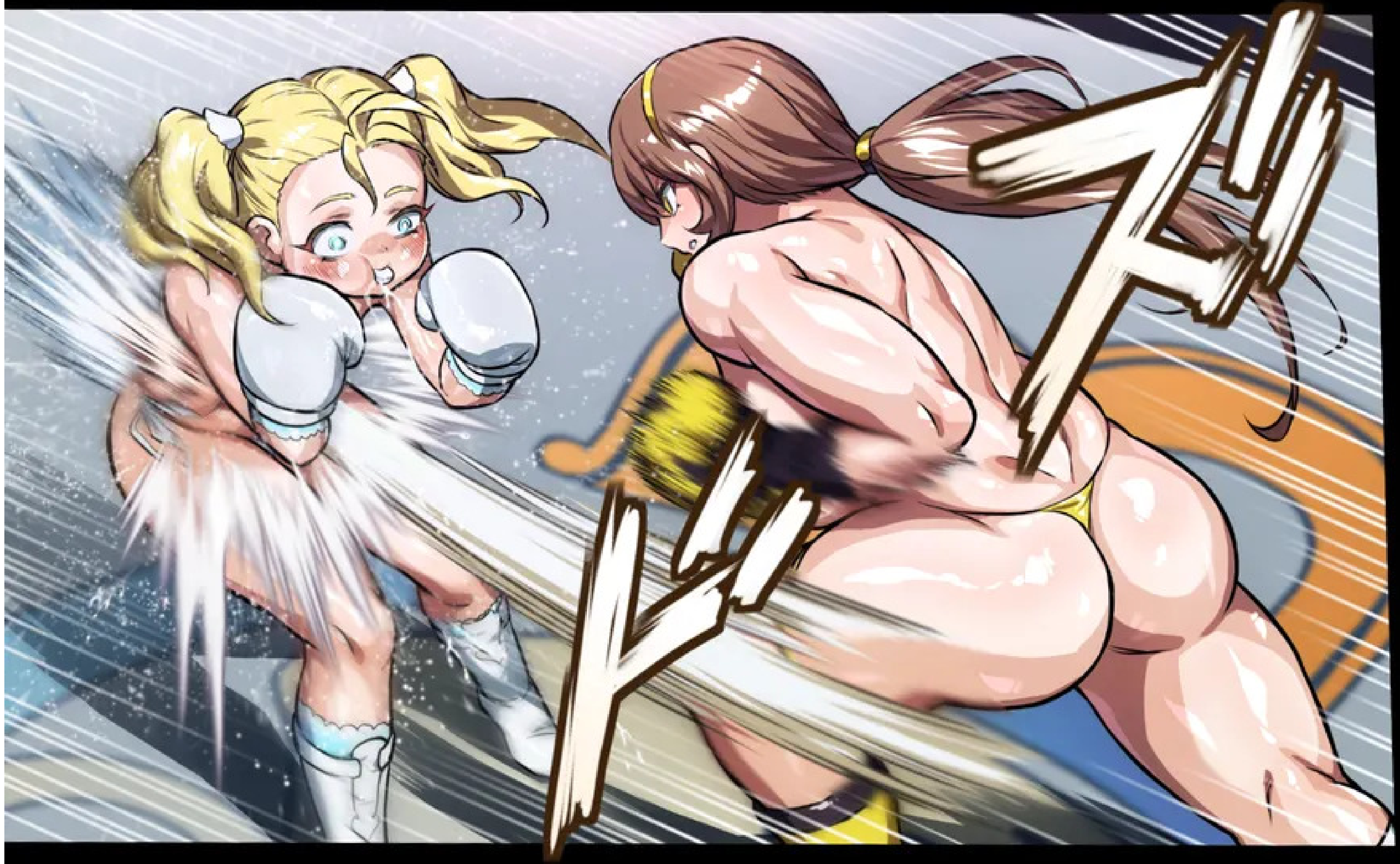
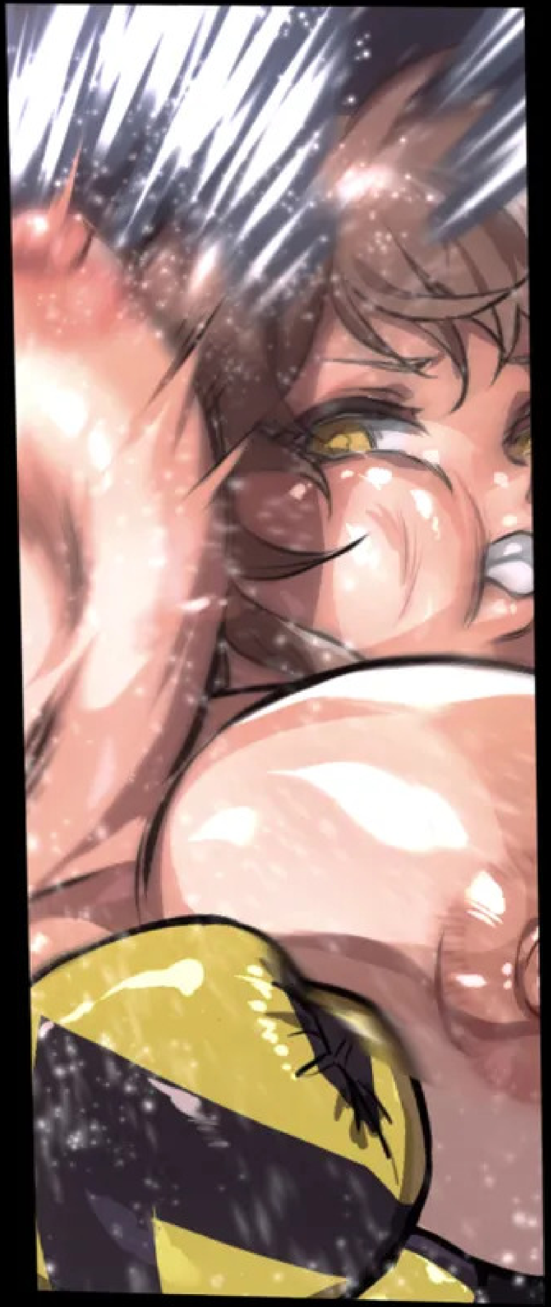
“Ahhh…!” “!?”

For some reason, it was Lilian who looked surprised.
Despite being attacked, Suzume immediately counterattacked.
This time, Lilian's reaction was a split second too late.



“Obuu!”



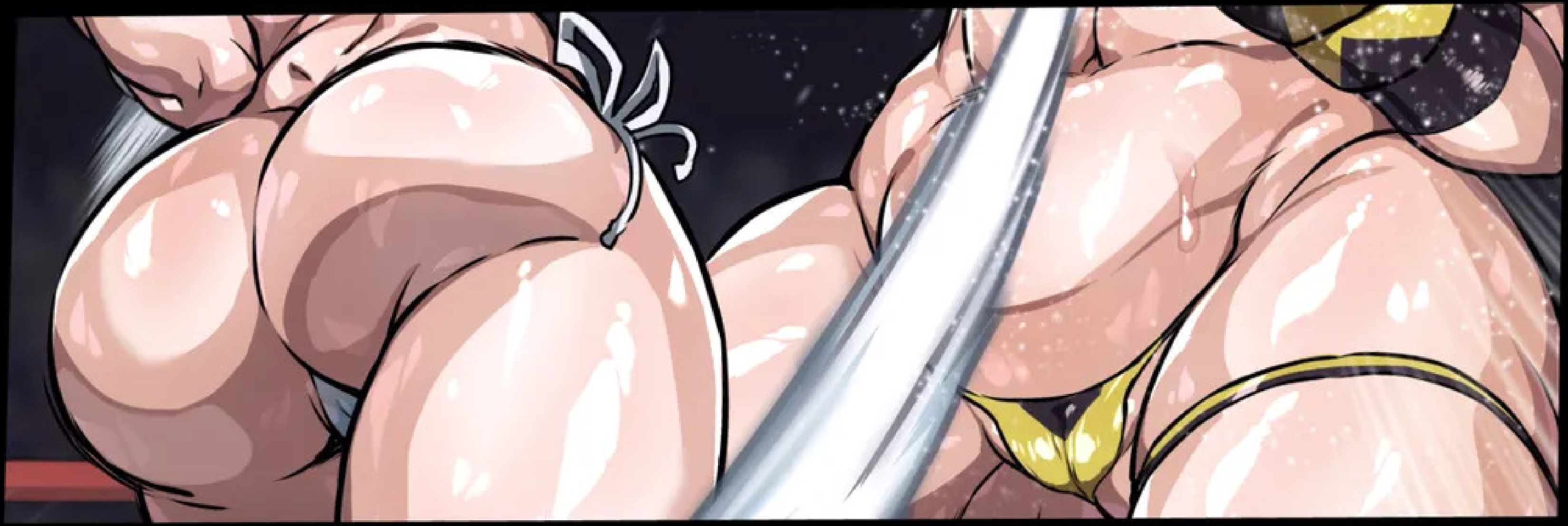
“Wow, that's good♪ It's a tit guard... Suzume, who was so bad at defense...”

This is a defensive technique that only big-breasted players can perform, using their breasts to block punches aimed at the face from below, such as uppercuts.
It allows them to avoid immediate damage to the face in exchange for sexual damage.

Suzume was prepared to take some damage from the Tits Guard when she was attacked, and she quickly decided to take the initiative with her next move.

“I think this is the first time she's used it in actual combat. That's why Lili was caught off guard.
She's becoming quite the actress, able to improvise well.”

Despite exchanging fierce hits, neither was able to knock the other down...
The balance was broken by a shocking event in the third round, just after the two-minute mark.



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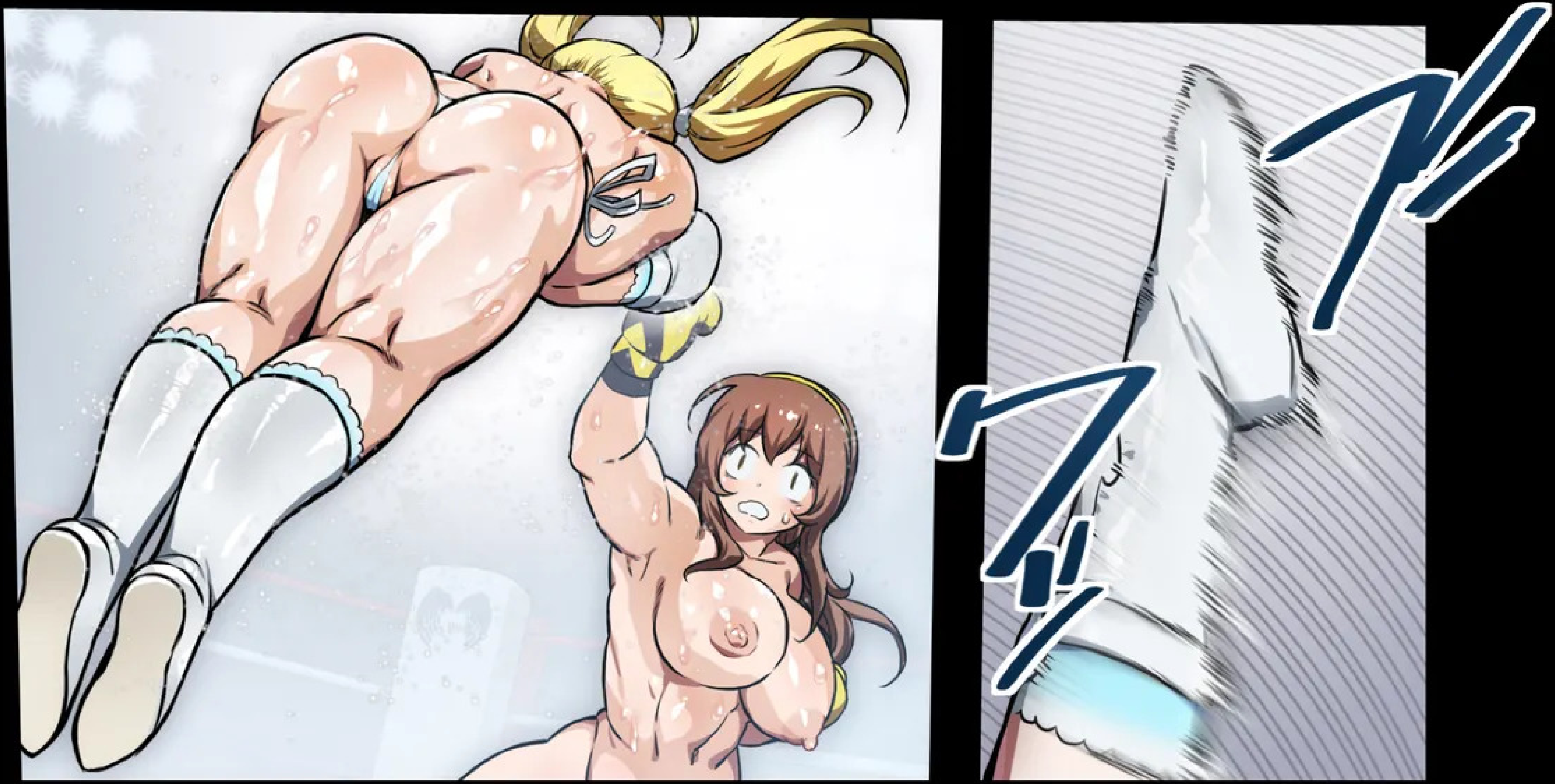
“Buh...eh...!”

She distracted her with jabs and straight punches in the middle range, then suddenly brought her into close combat and landed an uppercut.
Suzume's attack worked perfectly here.

Her chin was struck directly, and Lillian's cute face contorted as if it were rippling.
Her cheek flesh bulged, and the mouthpiece was forced out of her lips.

A clean hit that should have sent her down for the count...
That's what it should have been.

However, the next moment, the crowd erupted not in cheers for the knockdown, but in a deafening roar.



"...No way."

She used the energy from the upper blow to perform a somersault.
Faced with Lilian's acrobatic evasive maneuver, even Suzume was stunned and stopped moving.

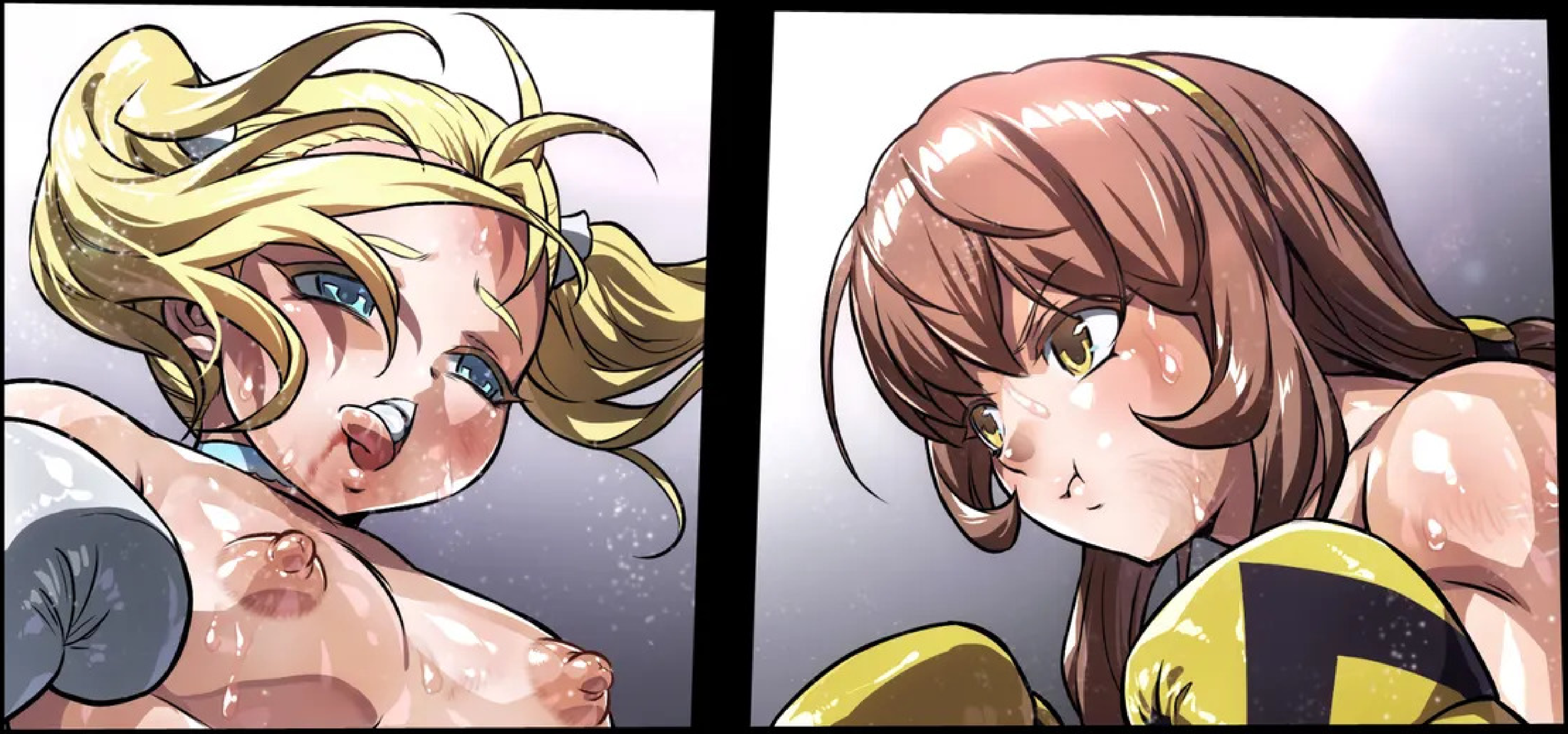
"What... What on earth was that, a backflip?!
Lilian absorbed the impact of the clean hit with an incredible feat!"

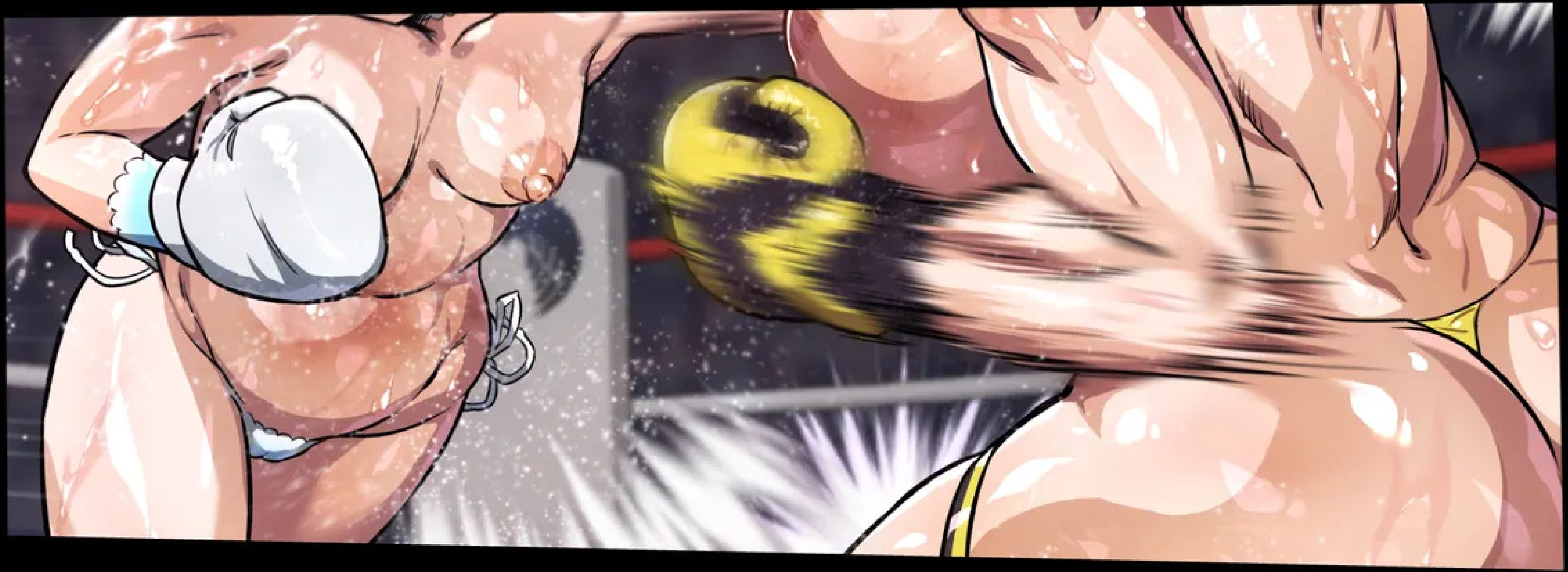
“Kyaha♪ That was just a little bit too bad, Bee lady♥”

“Mmm... Stop calling me that now!”

Although she was able to reduce the impact by dodging at the last moment, the damage was not completely eliminated.
Feeling Suzume's strength once again, a drop of cold sweat mixed with the tears running down Lilian's face.

“You're really sassy... This makes it even more worth the effort.”





As time passed, the battle intensified, and the audience responded by becoming more and more heated. Both fighters' bodies were covered with bruises, and the ring was damp with sweat.

“Dolores, who do you think has the upper hand right now?”

“Hmm, maybe Suzume-chan, just a little.
She's been training hard from the basics... She's really becoming a proper boxer, isn't she? ♥”

"Fufu. It's refreshing to hear you use the word ‘proper boxer’".

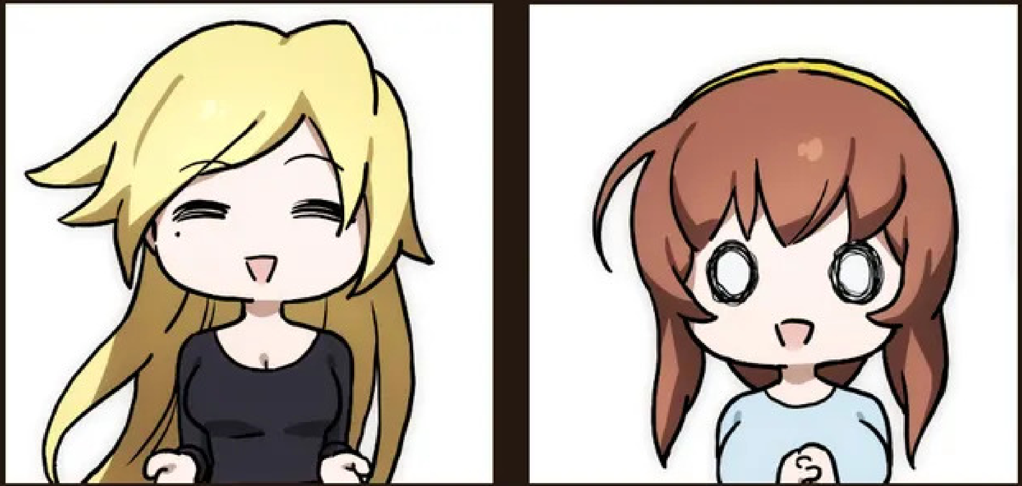
As they watch the battle, Eloise and Dolores think back to when their special training began.

Suzume's overseas training, Day 1

“I'm busy with defensive matches and other games,
so I won't have many opportunities to give you and Lili direct guidance.
So, first, let's reevaluate each of your qualities and give you some hints for growth.
I hope you will discover how to make use of them on your own through matches in the French league.”

“Yes!”

“Then, please take off your clothes.”



“Yes?”

“Take everything off. Including your underwear.”

Eloise's fingers gently trace her thighs and back.
Given who she is, she can't help but feel her chastity is in danger.

“Hmm, supple and high-quality hit muscles...
I believe you had no martial arts experience before aspiring to become a boxer, correct?”

“Yes, that's right... I've never even joined a sports club...”

"That's highly unusual.
For an amateur to build such a physique in just a few years...
It would be impossible without enduring an extremely harsh environment with a desperate determination.“

”.........!“

”Continuing to push yourself to the limit with what seems like unreasonable, but not quite fatal, loads to dramatically improve your endurance.
It's so harsh that nine out of ten people would give up, but you must have had good guidance."

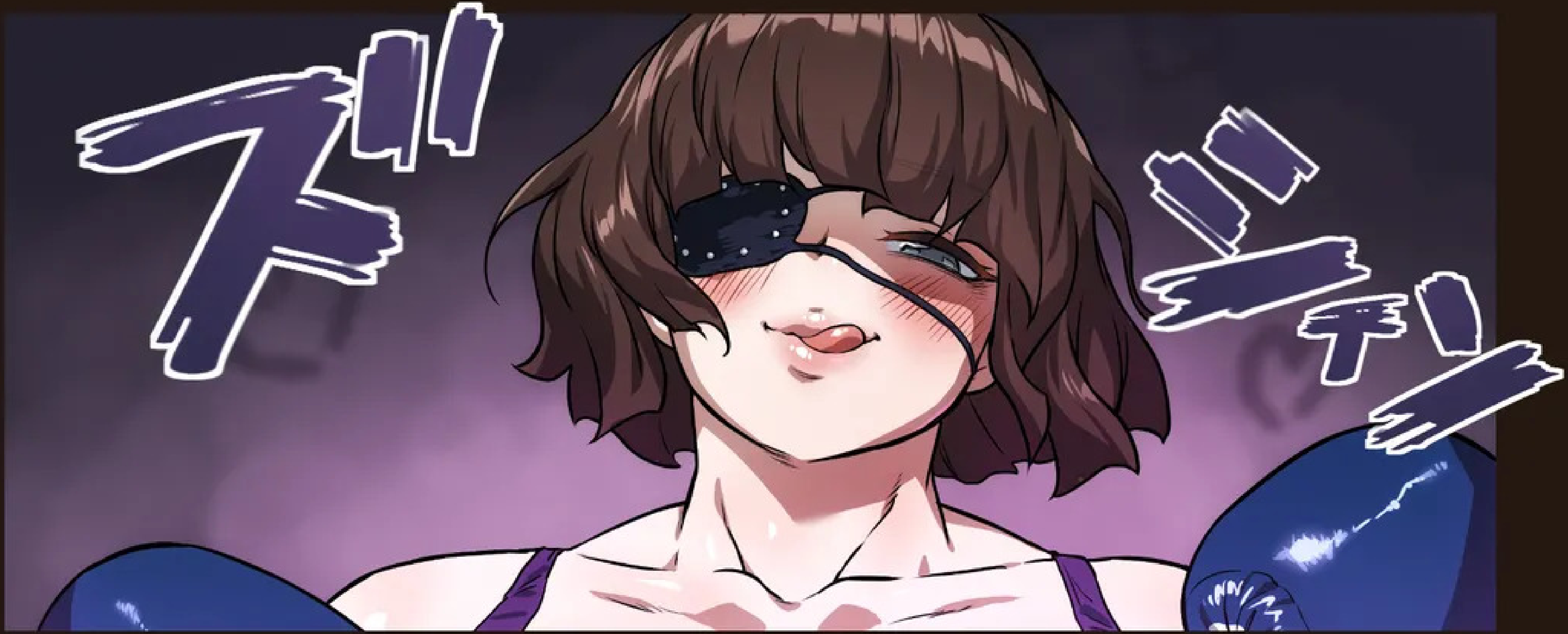
(... Junko-san.)

The body that was built through countless tears and countless times of vomiting is now supporting me.
Suzume realized once again the greatness of her former teacher.

Suzume's overseas training, month 2

“It's about time you two experienced despair here.
We've invited a special lecturer for that purpose today.”

“D-despair...”
“Hmph, on the contrary, I'll make her despair,♪ Where did you get that horse bone, big sister?”



"It's hereeeee!!"

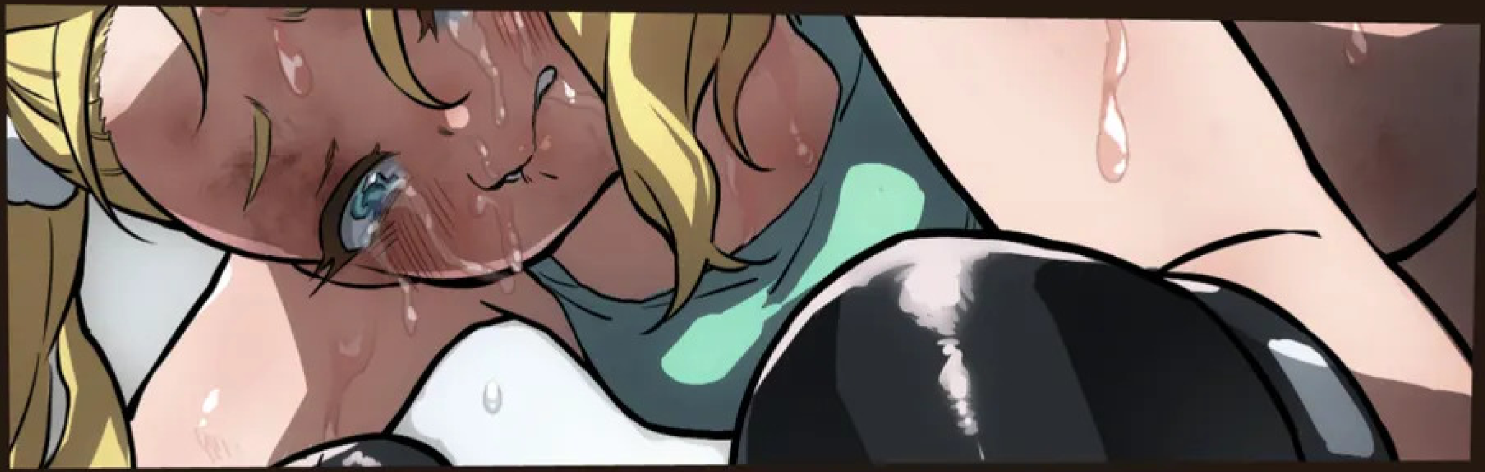
"Huh? Dolores, now?
This weak masochist has been beaten up by Lili in sparring countless times since forever."

"Huhuhu. If I took it seriously, I'd lose my chance to get beaten up by others♥
Actually, Dolores has been hiding her true power all this time♪"

"That sounds suspicious. Well, it's been a while since Lilichan has hurt you, so I'll give you a good beating♪"

"Lili-chan, don't let your guard down! That person is really..."

After that tournament, Suzume researched Dolores, who was a mysterious dark horse.
Before she was defeated by Eloise and awakened as a hardcore masochist, her background was...



"... Huh. ... Sniff. ... Huh. ... Huh. ..."

“The birthplace of modern boxing, former UK No. 4
”Ultra Heavy“ Dolores Allbee.
Despite her massive frame, her technical skill and overall strength remain intact.”

Lillian was repeatedly knocked down to the canvas until she could no longer stand.

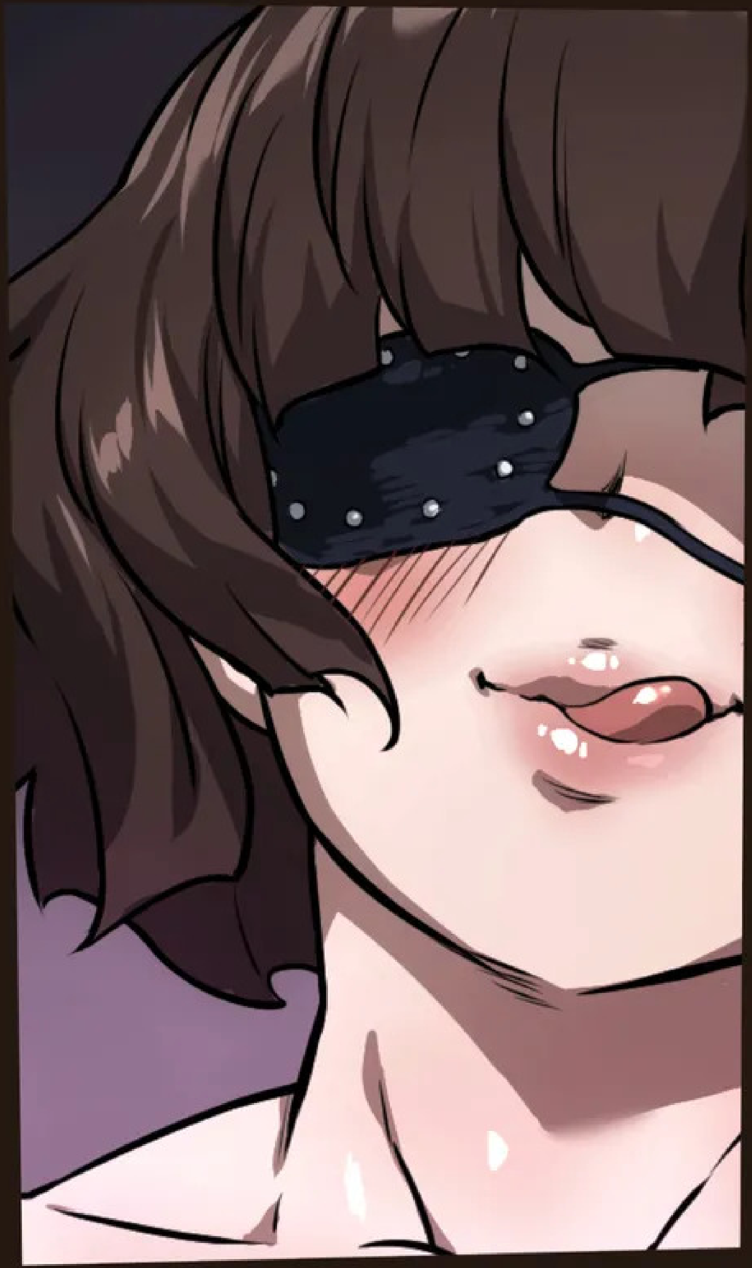
Looking back, Dolores also dominated Junko,
the tournament favorite, in the first round.
This is the true power of Dolores, who has given up on “wanting to lose”...

“I'm sorry, Lilichan♥
Eloise-sama promised to tease me mercilessly
if I took you seriously...”

(I lost... I didn't see it coming at all...
She always goes easy on me when we spar...)

“Ugh, uwaaahhh!! Idiot! Trash! Pig!
I hate Dolores!!”

Lilian stumbled and fell multiple times as she ran out of the mansion.



“Ah, Lili-chan!?”

“Leave her alone. She'll come back on her own when she's ready.”

Eloise no longer spoils Lilian when it comes to training.
If she doesn't overcome this hardship, she won't survive as a fighter.
If she gives up halfway and chooses a different path that has nothing to do with fighting, that's fine too.
That's what freedom of choice means.

“Well, next is Suzume-chan, right...♥”

“Huh!?”

“You've already experienced the kind of hardship Lilian is going through now, right?
So instead of sparring...
Eloise-sama wants to check something with you, apparently. ♥”

“Eh...?”

Dolores leaned back against the corner, letting out a sweet sigh as she stroked her ample belly with her gloves.

“Ever since I saw it in the tournament,
I've always wanted to try it.
”Killer Bee“... Hit me with it, right here♥

”W-what!?"

Leaning against the corner, completely off guard with her guard down.
He's telling her to hit her with all her might.

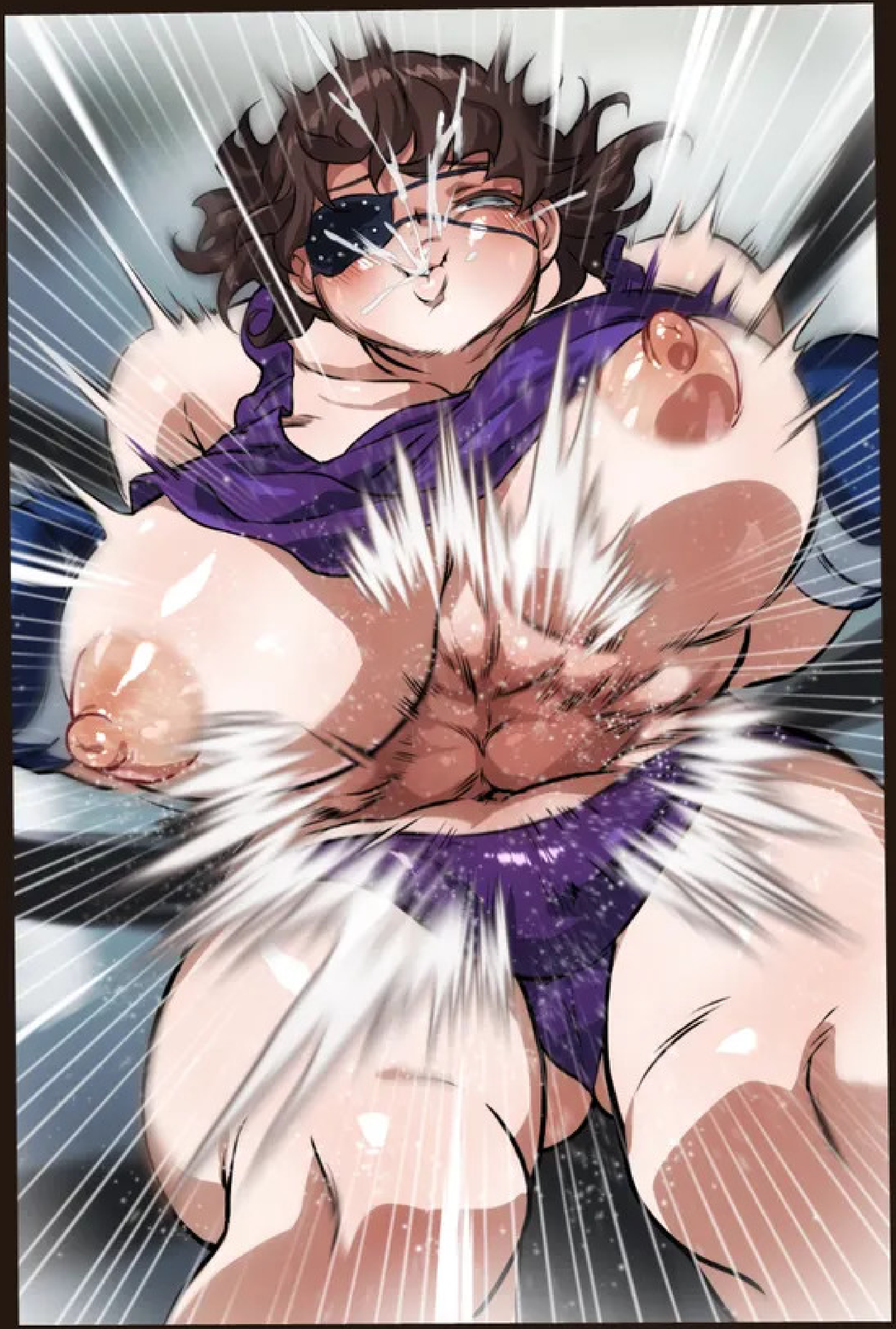
Suzume hesitated for a moment, but then put on her gloves and took a stance in front of Dolores.
There must be some meaning behind Eloise's order.

“Are you sure you want to do this? I won't go easy on you.”

“Ah, you're quick to understand...♥
You need a left straight to start, right?
Make sure you hit me right in the face with it♥”

Dolores is completely excited, wondering how much pain awaits her.
After a few breaths, Suzume steps forward with her left foot with all her strength.

“Buhhhhh!”



She thrust her left straight punch into her face and swung
her right arm back.
She pulled her left arm back with all her might
and concentrated her entire body weight on her right fist—then
released it.

“Buguooooo!!! ♥
Ogu... Opu... ♥ Buh... ♥ Geho...! ♥♥”

(!!? No way... This is..!?)

The impact of her right punch felt unusually soft.
At the moment of impact, Dolores had somehow managed to
relax her abdominal muscles as much as possible.

(... She's not going down...!?)

She was sandwiched between the corner and the ropes,
and her abdomen was relaxed...
Despite hitting Killer Bee in such a state,
Dolores was barely standing, even though she was s
pitting up stomach acid.
Suzume's whole body shivered at the unbelievable sight.

“Eh... Geb... ♥ Bu, Fufu... Yes... ♥
Just as I expected... That was a good blow... ♥♥”

“The weakness of that technique is that it can only be activated with a set sequence of movements, starting with a left straight punch followed by a right straight punch.
The feint technique you devised to counter opponents who would counterattack with a counterpunch was Killer Bee Rising, wasn't it?”

However, neither of Suzume's techniques worked at all when she first fought Lillian.

"You could say that they were well thought out for a technique that was hastily put together in order to be ready for that tournament.
However, relying on that one finishing move to finish off your opponent is too convenient.
You need to develop a broader perspective to compensate for what's lacking, so you can hold your own against opponents without relying solely on high-risk techniques like Killer Bee.“

”What's lacking...“

”All your basic techniques. Your jab is the only decent one—your guard and footwork are so poor they're not even worth mentioning."

“There's no need to feel down. There's a saying, ‘Technique comes from strength,’ right?

Junko first focused on ‘strength’... the strength of your body itself, which is the foundation of everything, and drilled that into you as a top priority.
It's just that three years wasn't enough time to teach a beginner ‘technique’ in such detail.
The basics are something you build up over many years, improving little by little.”

“I saw your full-power muscle movements in the Killer Bee earlier.
If you focus on honing your basic techniques, you should be able to move even more quickly and flexibly.

That may even lead to unexpected improvements in your Killer Bee.
That often happens when you pursue other techniques to their limits.”

Suzume looked at her palm and slowly clenched her fist.
Listening to Eloise's teachings, she recalled her first battle with Hayate, where she had first demonstrated the Killer Bee in combat.

At that time, she had unleashed it with all her might, but it wasn't a straight punch.
She twisted her palm upward... Yes, it was almost an uppercut...

(It's different from the Rising...
Could the Killer Bee also evolve someday...?
More flexible, more free-form... Hayate... I want to see you...)

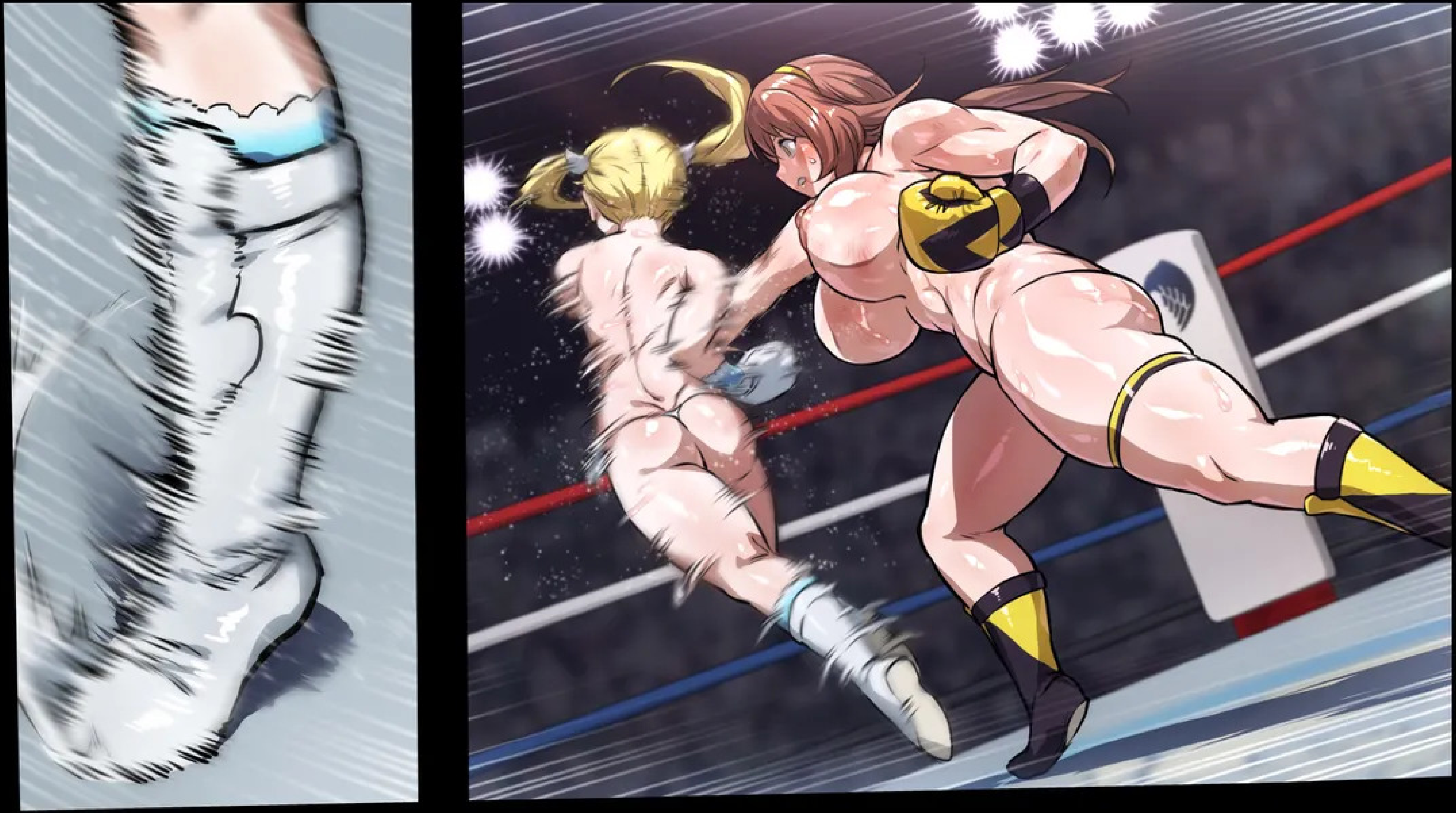
Suzume came back to her senses and shook her head vigorously.

(No, no... First, the basics!
I have to improve my basic skills so that I can respond to Lili-chan's movements!)

Now, almost a year later, Suzume has gained enough strength to gain the upper hand in a fight and stands before Lilian.
Her footwork, defense, and every other movement have become more efficient, and her signature jab has become even sharper.

“Ugh! Bwah!”

Lillian staggers backward from a combination of jabs and right body blows.
Seeing that Lillian's feet are not moving, Suzume closes the distance and throws a follow-up punch.



(What...!?)

The moment the punch touched her skin, Lillian's body suddenly moved away from the fist.
For a few moments, she was unable to move freely, and Suzume felt a chill run down her spine as a whirlwind swirled around her nose.

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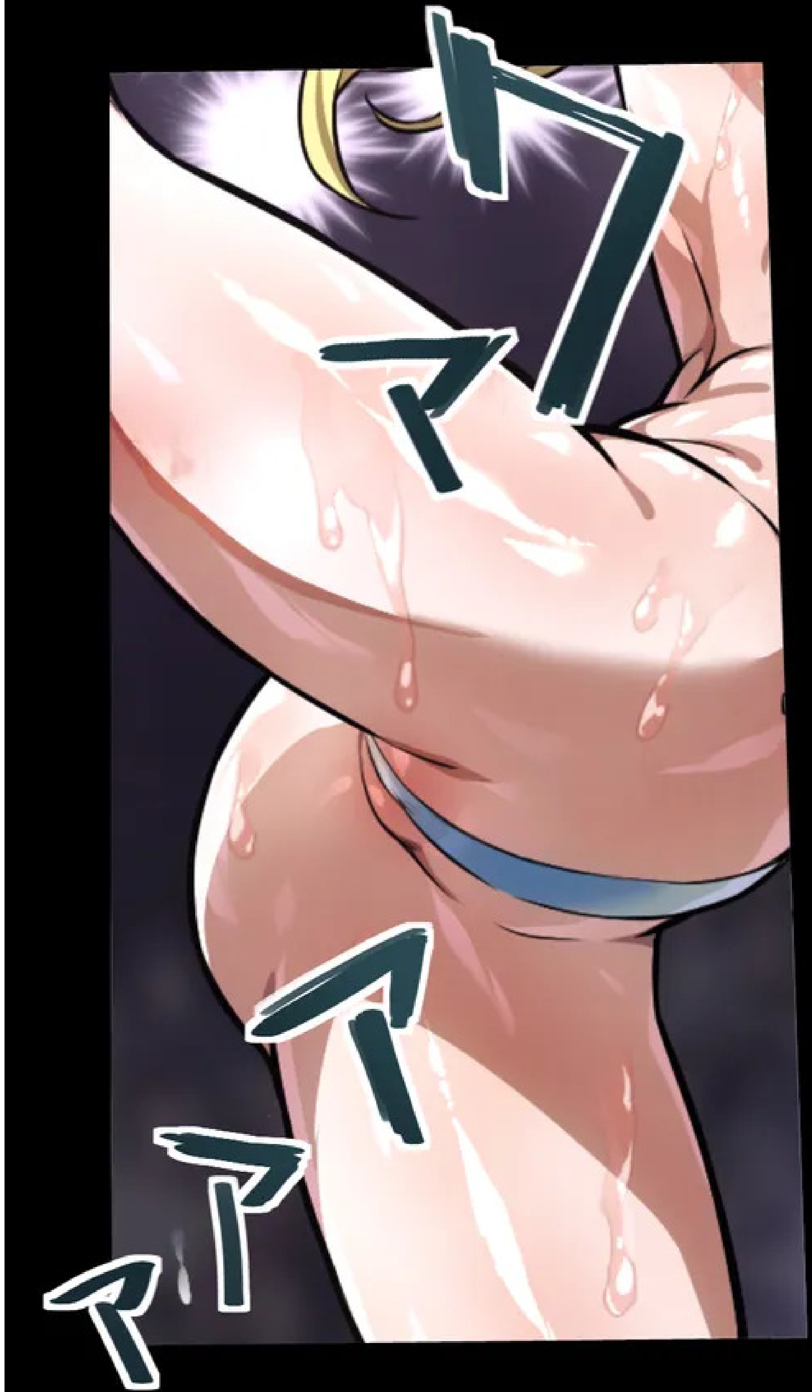

"Booahhhh!!!"

A murky groan forced out from the bottom of her stomach.
Suzume hung her head, spitting out sticky bodily fluids, and sank her head onto the canvas.

"Ah, Suzume-chan isn't the only one who's gotten stronger♥"

"Jumping techniques that cultivate a sense of balance and increase endurance and flexibility.
Even I can't imitate that agility, which allows you to immediately jump and counterattack from a broken state."

"The extraordinary core strength.
Developed from Partier's center of gravity shifting technique, this is Lili's original technique..."

A figure skating-like spinning jump shifts the axis of the incoming punch, and with that momentum,
she connects it to the traditional Parthian "spear" in a masterful combination of offense and defense.

"'Spindle'...
That's the first time you've used that on Suzume, isn't it?
How does it taste? Kyaha♪"

(Oh no, she got me... I was on guard......!)

Having spent many days training together,
Suzume was familiar with most of Lilian's moves.

However, they knew each other's moves equally well.
Lilian accurately predicted Suzume's habits and waited for the right moment to strike a painful blow.

Suzume desperately tried to recover until the count of nine and got back on her feet, but her movements were clearly less precise.
The situation was reversed, and Suzume was forced to defend herself until the round ended.

"Lili, I know very well that Suzume never gives up.
She's waiting to recover until she can move again, and then she'll try to land a single powerful blow, right?

Kyahaha! You can try kicking and struggling all you want.
When you realize that it's no use... you'll just go back to being the same old weakling Suzume.
I can't wait for that moment, can you?

Lillian followed Suzume closely as she returned to her side, holding her stomach, and continued to provoke her until the referee warned her.
The cruel side of a little devil who not only abuses her opponent's body but also her mind was seeping out.

The match entered the fifth round.

The scene shows Lillian jumping and striking Suzume, who was mainly guarding herself due to the damage she had sustained.

“They look completely different from a year ago... both of them.
Suzume's guard has improved, but Lilian's attacks are no longer just relying on speed, she's become more skillful.”

“They're really in sync.
I guess they've become stronger by always being aware of each other.
Hayate-chan, aren't you jealous? Ufufu...”

“Mmm... No... Well, yes, it is.
Seeing their bond embodied in the ring...”

“Yeah, I envy them...”

Neither of them seems flustered by their disadvantage.
That's because they believe that Suzume won't end up this easily.

“Gehahhh!!?”

Suzume's well-aimed punch suddenly hits Lilian, who is jumping around the ring at superhuman speed. Even Lilian is unable to recover from the impact and falls sideways onto the canvas.

“Ah... She hit me! Lilian is down, down!
Her punch was like a bee stinging a butterfly, and it hit its target perfectly!”

“Ugh, ugh... Guh... Eho...!”

Lillian rolls around the ring, the pain running through her ribs. Suzume's face is so swollen that her features are barely recognizable, but her eyes shine even brighter than before.

“Kya... kyaha. It was just a lucky hit...”

“Haa... haa... ... It wasn't luck.
This is my... true strength...”

At the count of eight, Lilian stood up with a smile, but before a minute had passed, the next blow came.

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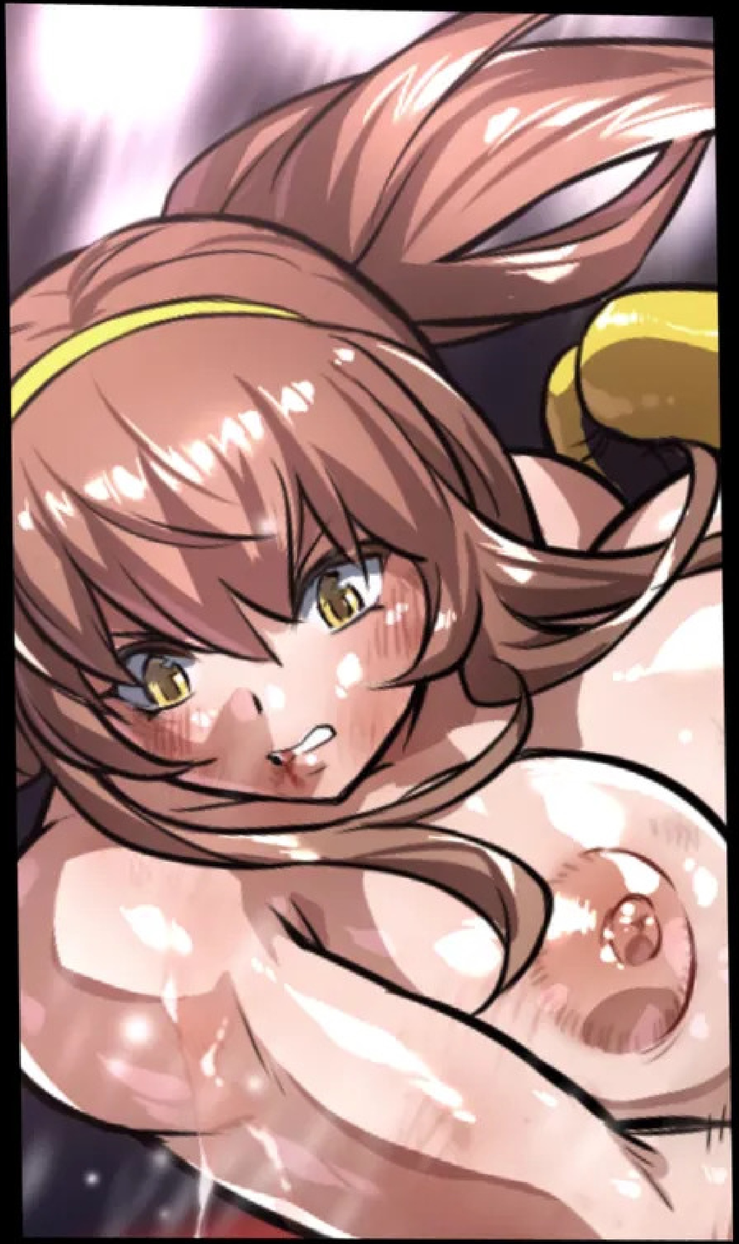
“Again, dowwwwn!
She’s strong! Honeybee Mitsuki is strong!
Keep shooting at her with your sights set on her and shoot her down!”

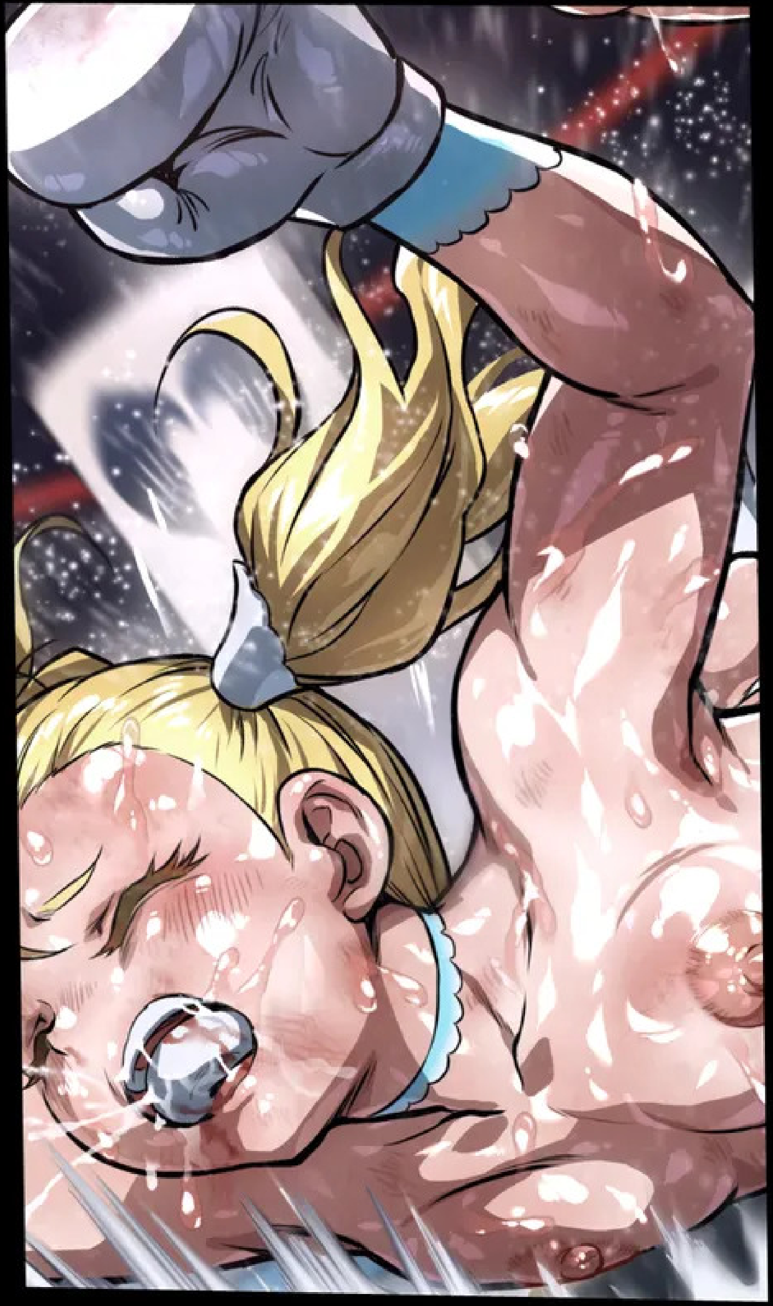
(I can see you, Lili-chan…!
A year ago, I couldn’t catch her at all, and I couldn’t do anything against her movements… But now I can finally see her!
I can respond to her!)

Defeat Lilian, and then defeat Junko waiting beyond her.
That unwavering goal is no longer a wish, but her mission.
That mindset gave Suzume an unprecedented level of concentration.

She had desperately worked to improve all of her basic skills.
She had deliberately chosen opponents who were difficult to fight against in order to make up for her weaknesses in actual combat.
There was only one weakness she had been unable to overcome.

Rather than relying on risky strategies or spectacular moves, she relied on her basic skills and insight.
Just as Junko had defeated Lilian in the past, Suzume was responding to Lilian's jumping techniques with her pure boxing skills.





"Guh... Suzume... Suzume...!"

Lillian stands up unsteadily, moaning in resentment.
As soon as the referee resumes the match, she steps forward in anger, but...

"Buh! Bhyuu!"

She is immediately countered by a bee-like jab, flapping her hands as she retreats.
The bodily fluids spilling from her mouth begin to mix with blood.

To recover from the damage inflicted by two consecutive knockdowns, Lilian has no choice but to defend herself until the end of the round.

During the interval, both of them breathe heavily, their shoulders rising and falling.
However, Suzume lets out a slightly sweet sigh.

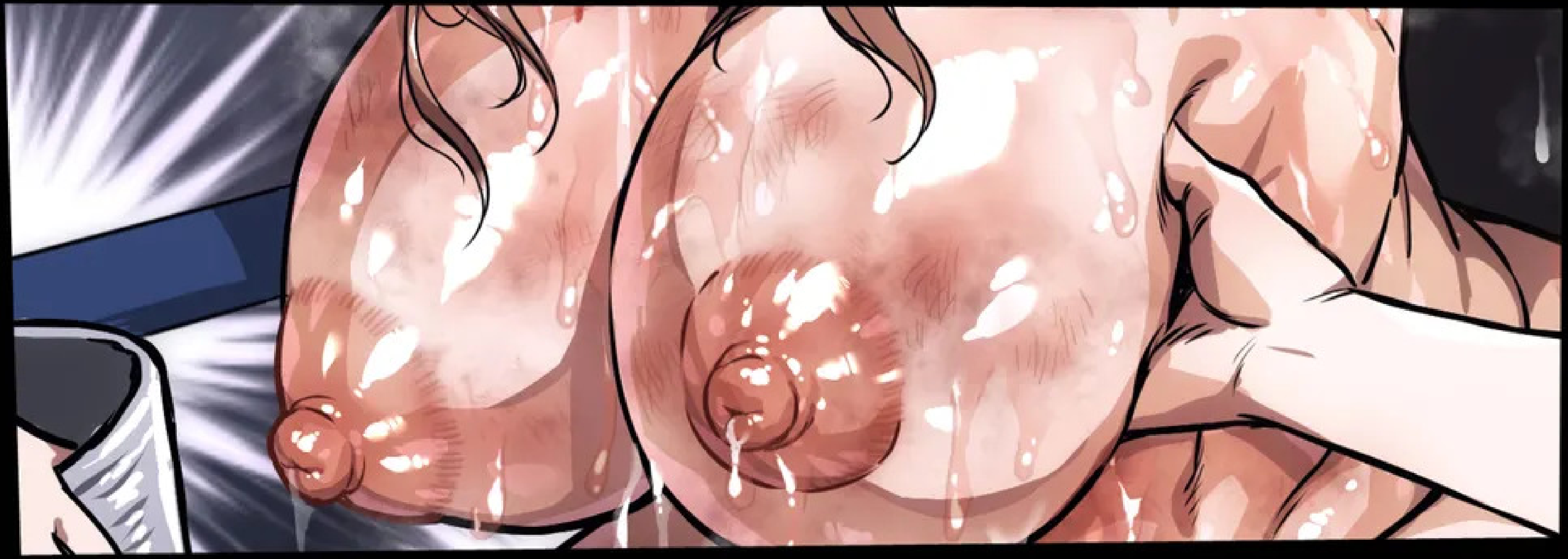
"Lili-chan, you're getting angry.
It seems like you won't be able to defeat Suzume with such a sloppy attack..."

"Even if she can see your normal jumps, she can't see your 'Spindle' yet.
Besides... Suzume has accumulated damage.

It's still unclear which way this match will go."

"Haa... Haa... Haa... ♥"

Both of them had accumulated significant physical damage,
but there was a clear difference in the damage to their sexual organs.



Suzume's huge breasts were swollen and bright red, and her nipples were hard and erect.
Lilian's lewd chest strikes and the emergency tits guard she had performed several times to avoid a fatal blow to the face.
The price paid to adapt to her opponent's movements and learn how to respond was simmering beneath the surface.

(But this is... a weakness I knew about and chose not to train...!
I insisted on my own way, and now I've decided to win... no matter what...!)

Suzume's overseas training, month 8

“If you want, I'll teach you how to make love at night anytime you want...
But you still refuse to accept, don't you?”

The beloved person who exchanged a vow of love and then immediately parted ways.
No matter how much my body is ravaged on the ring, no matter how much I expose myself... I will only give my heartfelt “first time” to that person.

“Extraordinary breasts and extraordinary sensitivity.
Do you understand the risk of remaining a virgin with such a weakness, unable to withstand sexual damage?”

"I understand... I think I do.
I've been tortured countless times in previous matches.

I know I'm being selfish.
But... I just can't... this is the one thing I can't give up...“

”Is that so? Then... I shall enjoy watching you be defeated, your weakness exploited, and you moan and weep in agony."

“Ugh…! Bwah! Ngh…!”

“Bwah! Ugh…! Gah!”

Round 7: Lilian refrains from jumping and challenges her opponent to a head-on battle. She catches Suzume off guard by rapidly changing the height and rhythm of her punches, but Suzume pushes back with a rush of her own.

Lilian should have been at a disadvantage due to the original power difference and the series of knockdowns she had suffered.
However, even after a minute or two had passed, Lillian continued to fight bravely, despite being hit and staggering repeatedly.

(Ugh… Lilichan… When did you get so …?)

Suzume's huge breasts were repeatedly struck, causing them to bounce wildly, and her buttocks shook with the impact.
Was it sweat or love juice dripping from the center?

"Bu-ehhhh!"

Suddenly, an ugly scream echoed throughout the hall… That marked the end of the barrage.

"...Fu, fu... Hey, Suzume...
Back then... It ended with an uppercut like that, right?

How about falling asleep like that... and then when the count reaches ten, you come again?
It'll feel so good that you'll definitely cum again... ♥♥"

"Haa... Haa... Haa... Ugh..."

Her weak breathing was occasionally mixed with the lustful sounds of her trying to endure the pleasure.
She slowly stood up, her dazed eyes and half-raised arms betraying her.
It was as if her earlier struggle had been a lie.

(Ugh. I... I let her... do it...)

Lillian's sadism becomes even more apparent as she watches Suzume stand up weakly with her legs slightly closed.

"Kyaha, you don't have to hold back... You want more, don't you?
You want Lili to punch you as hard as she can so you can cum as hard as you can, don't you?

Kyaha♪... You pervert♥"

Was it a wedge driven in by her previous defeat?
Suzume's pain was about to burst, so much so that she instinctively flinched at Lillian's verbal attack.

For Lillian, too, the previous attack was a gamble that assumed she would suffer significant damage, so she probably had concerns about her physical strength to finish her opponent off in the remaining time of the round.
She intended to recover during the interval and then deliver the final blow.

“Buaahh... Uuhh... Aahh...”

The mouthpiece was spat out before the bucket arrived.
With her knees tightly closed, Suzume fought against the torrent of pleasure that was overwhelming her during the interval.

“Wow, she's sweating so much...
It's hard to concentrate on recovering your stamina when you're on the verge of orgasm!
Honey Bee, this is going to be tough!”

“Come on, come on! This is what you wanted, Suzume!
Go for it♥ Go for it!♥ Reach climax!♥”

Suzume was unable to defend herself against Lilian's attacks and continued to accept them, dancing around the ring in an undignified manner.

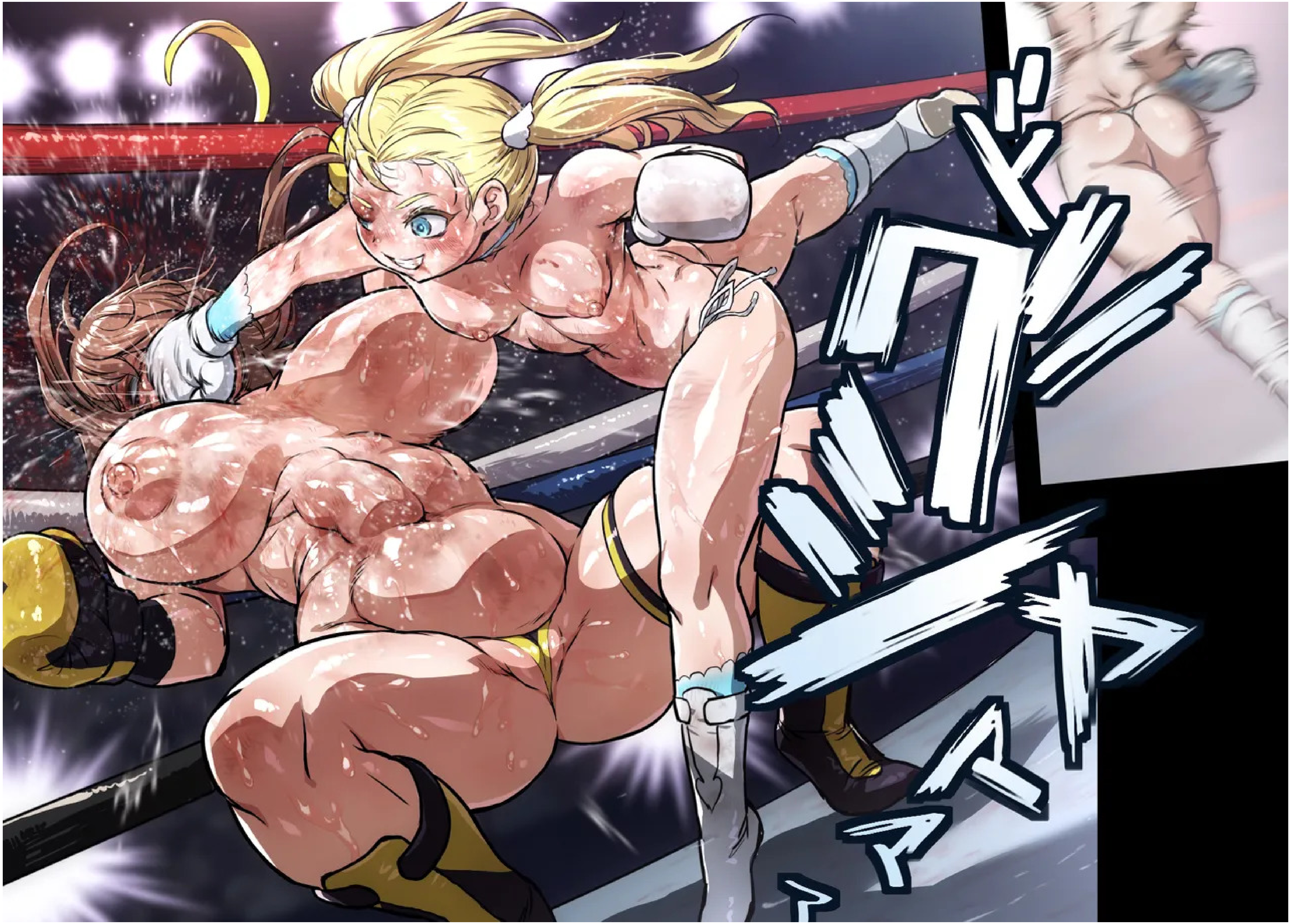
"Lilian's fierce attack! Honey Bee is completely groggy!
Body! Left hook! They're all landing!
Ahhh, she's been pushed into the ropes again!“

”Kyahaaahhh!"

Lillian jumps toward Suzume, who has finally collapsed to her knees.
A whirlwind swirls in front of her eyes... That move is coming.

(No... I won't lose... Hayate... Junko-san...)

In a last-ditch effort to resist, Suzume throws a weak punch while still on her knees.
It is a sad and weak breeze in the face of the approaching storm...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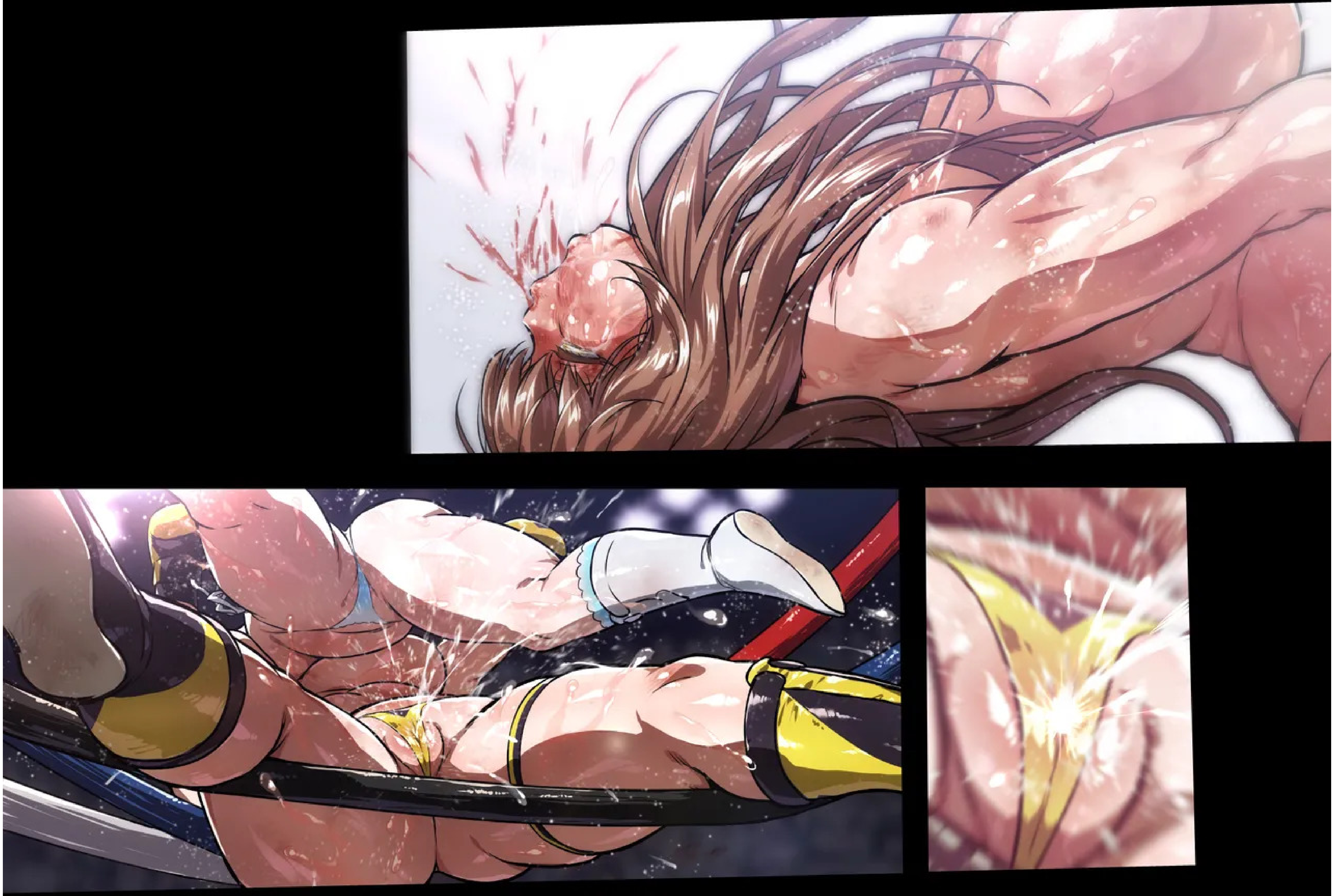


"...Hey, ...Suzume♥
Now you... finally understand..., ...right?"

“Suzume ...can't beat Lili♥

No matter how much I train... No matter how strong I get...
No matter how many times we fight, I can't beat Lili♥♥”

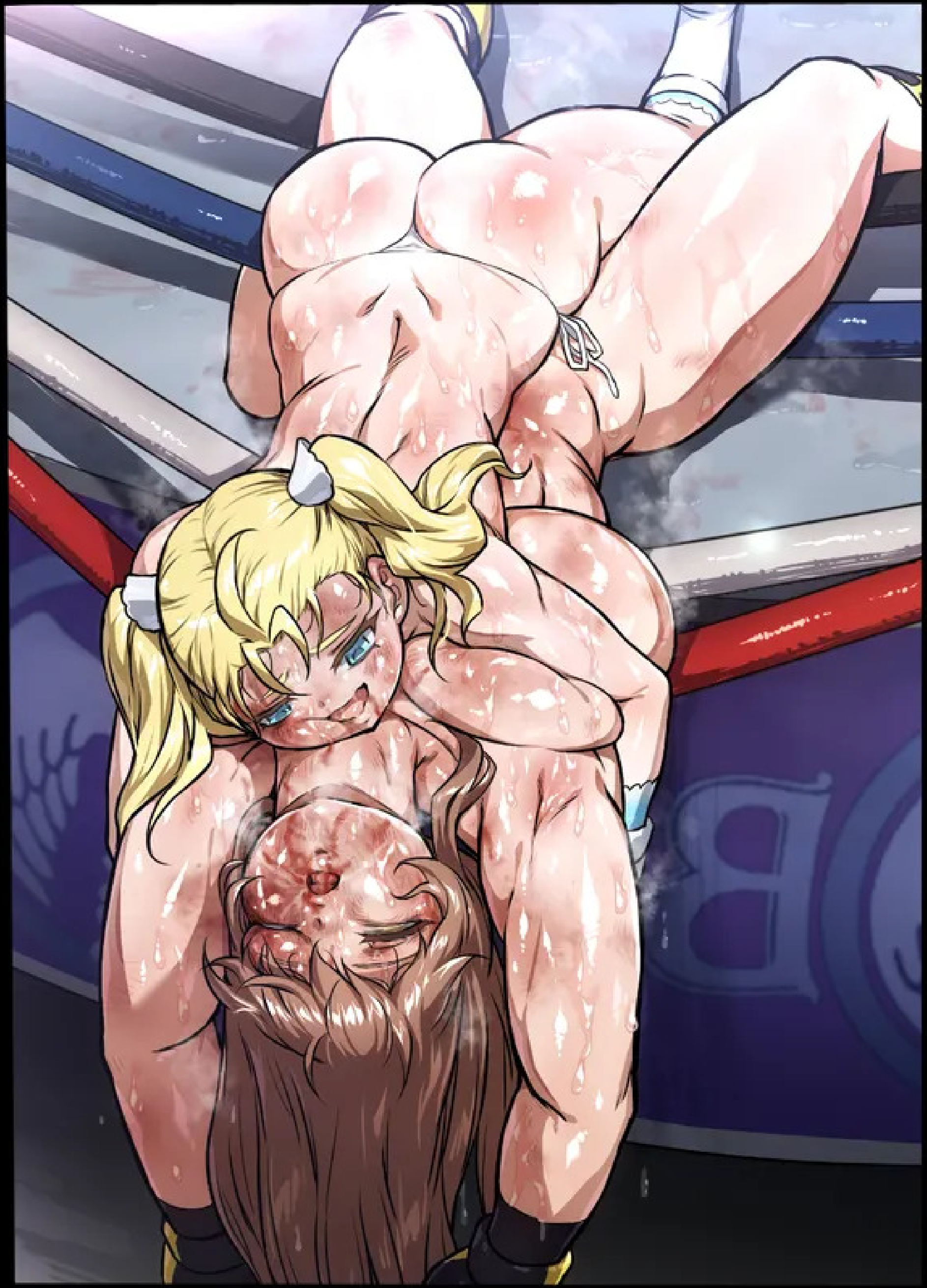
The two bodies, intertwined with a full-power “spindle” were supported by the rope just before falling, swaying like a cradle.

“Fufu...♥ You came so hard...♥
It felt good, didn't it...? Suzume...♥ Suzume...♥"

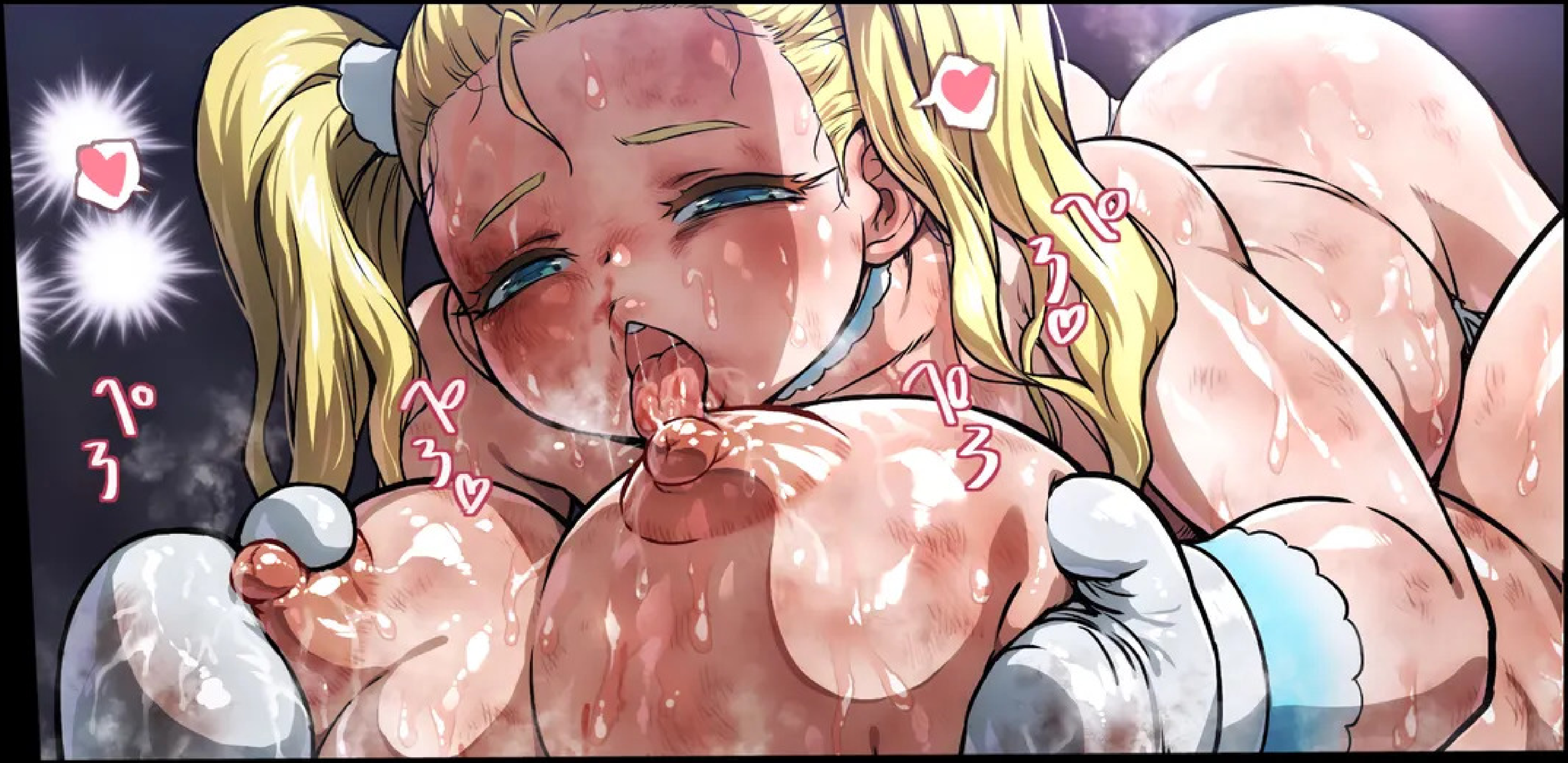
The heat from Suzume's body spread throughout Lillian's entire body.
The excitement of the ring wasn't enough to satisfy Lillian.

Her face was swollen and covered in blood. Her eyes had lost their light.
Her arms hung limply.

Suzume was now helpless.
No matter what Lillian did to her, she couldn't resist.



(Tits... Suzume's... tits... ♥♥)



She got angry when we slept together in bed, but now she doesn't have to hold back anymore.
Lilian kneads Suzume's breasts as she pleases, licking her hard nipples.

Her body, which has just climaxed and is now sensitive, reacts with little twitches each time.
Suzume's tightly clenched fists slowly open...

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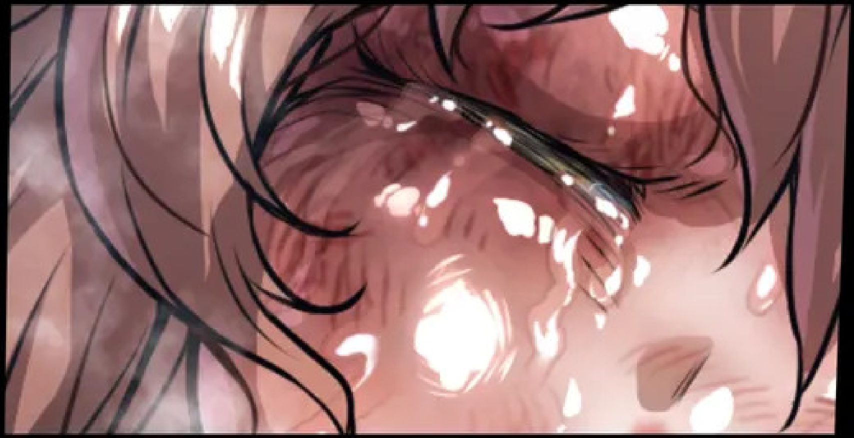
“Ahh, Lilian-chan is so into it...♥ Is this...the end?”
“...............”

Eloise just remained silent, quietly watching the rape taking place in the ring.



At the referee's urging, Lilian finally got up and returned to the ring.
Suzume's body, now without its weight, bounced off the ropes and rolled limply at Lilian's feet.

"......It's ......just like..."

Lillian tried to walk away, but stopped dead in her tracks.
The count does not start until the person who knocked down their opponent is at a certain distance, but even after being warned by the referee, Lillian did not move from the spot.

Tears streamed from Suzume's eyes as she washed the blood from her face.

"This... scene... cough... It's just like then..."

Back then, I was looking up at Lillian like this too.

No matter how much I struggled, the overwhelming difference in strength was impossible to overcome.
The brutality was so extreme it was hard to believe we were even human.

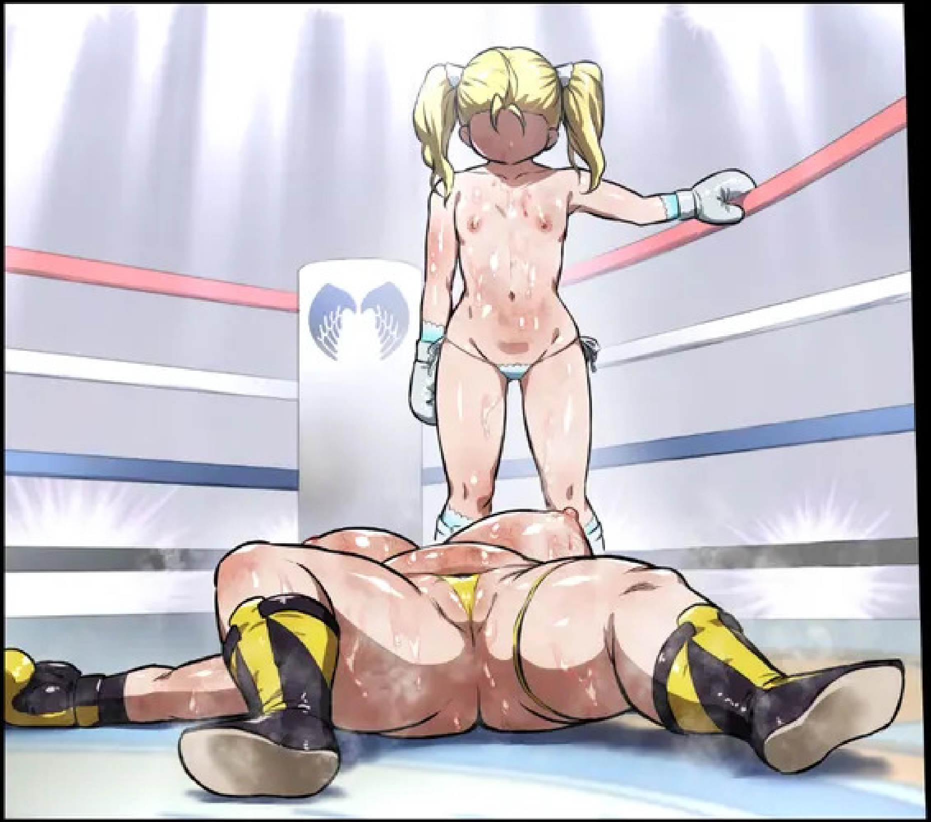
I felt the real terror of my life being threatened, trembling and running around in panic,... and I was defeated.

“But... it's different. It's completely different from that time.
Because I already know.

I know that you're surprisingly emotional...
when you watch movies...
I know that you love... the crepes at that crepe shop...
on the main street...

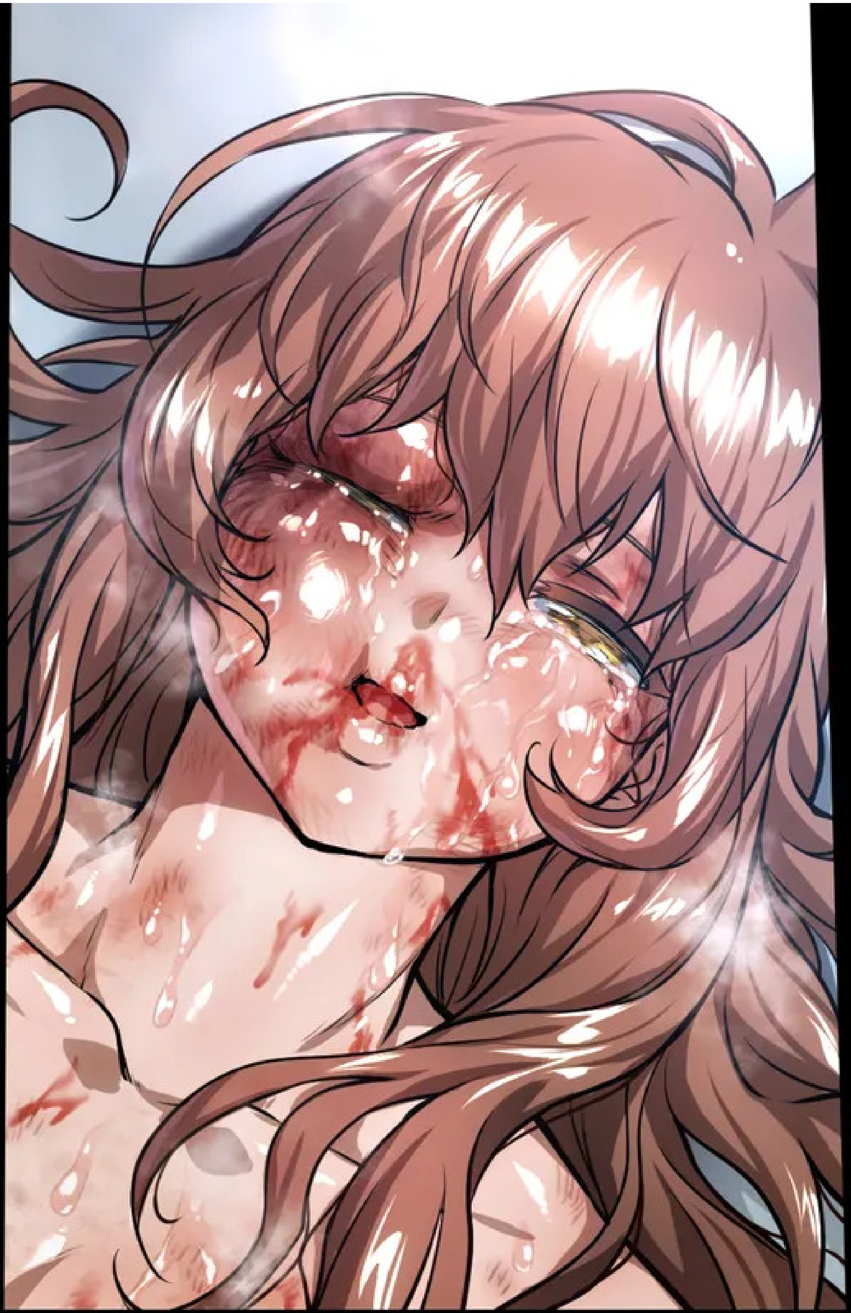
I know what... kind of person Lilichan is...
I already know...”

"So... I'm not scared."



"Lili-chan's punches hurt more than they did back then...
I was beaten up just like I was back then...

...but I'm not scared at all."



“......I'm glad.”

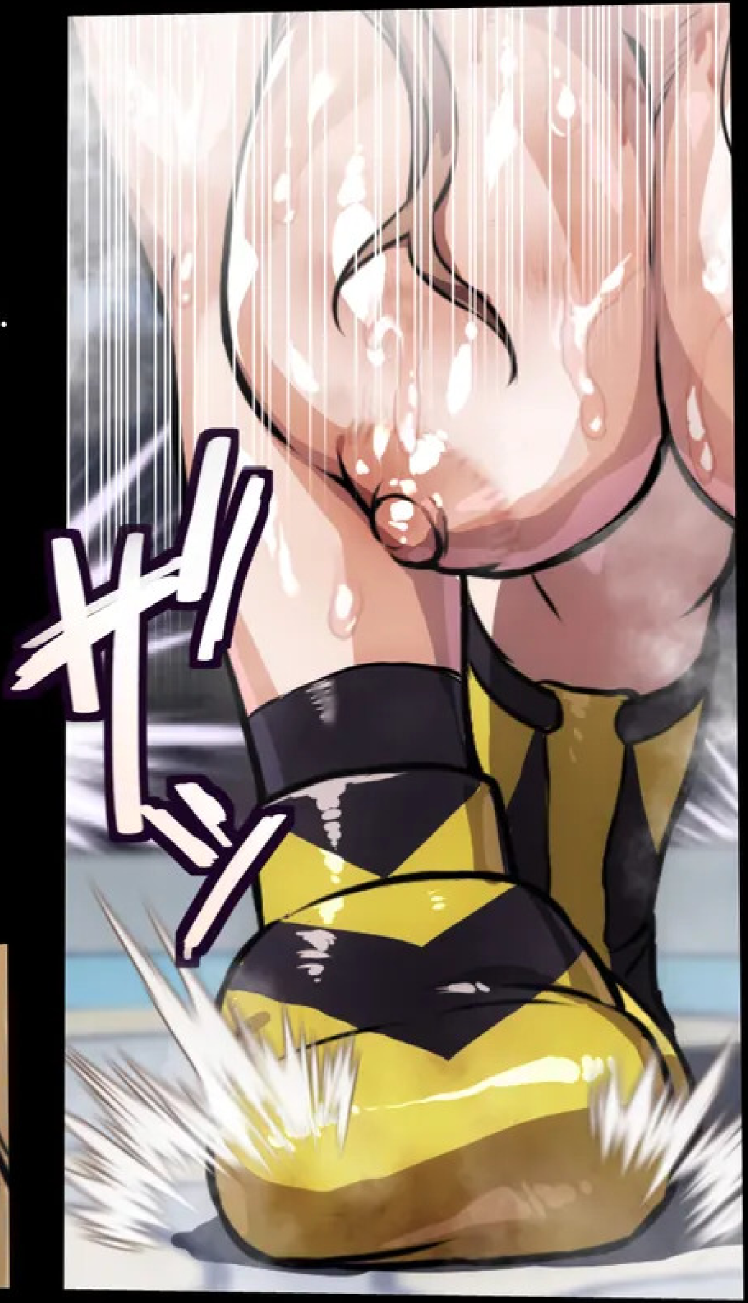
“Lili-chan... I... I can still do it...
I can still fight...”

Despite her orgasm subsiding and the continued assault on her senses, Suzume began to sit up with unyielding determination.

Lilian's eyes are strangely clear, quietly waiting for Suzume to get up.

At this moment, both of them see something the same, something deeper than carnal desire, in the ring of lust.

The outcome of the match is still unknown.



“...I'll never give up.
I'll defeat you, and this time, I'll go on from here...!”

“...I'll make sure you give up.
Suzume will always be with Lili.”

“It's truly detestable. Both of them.”

“Both of them?”

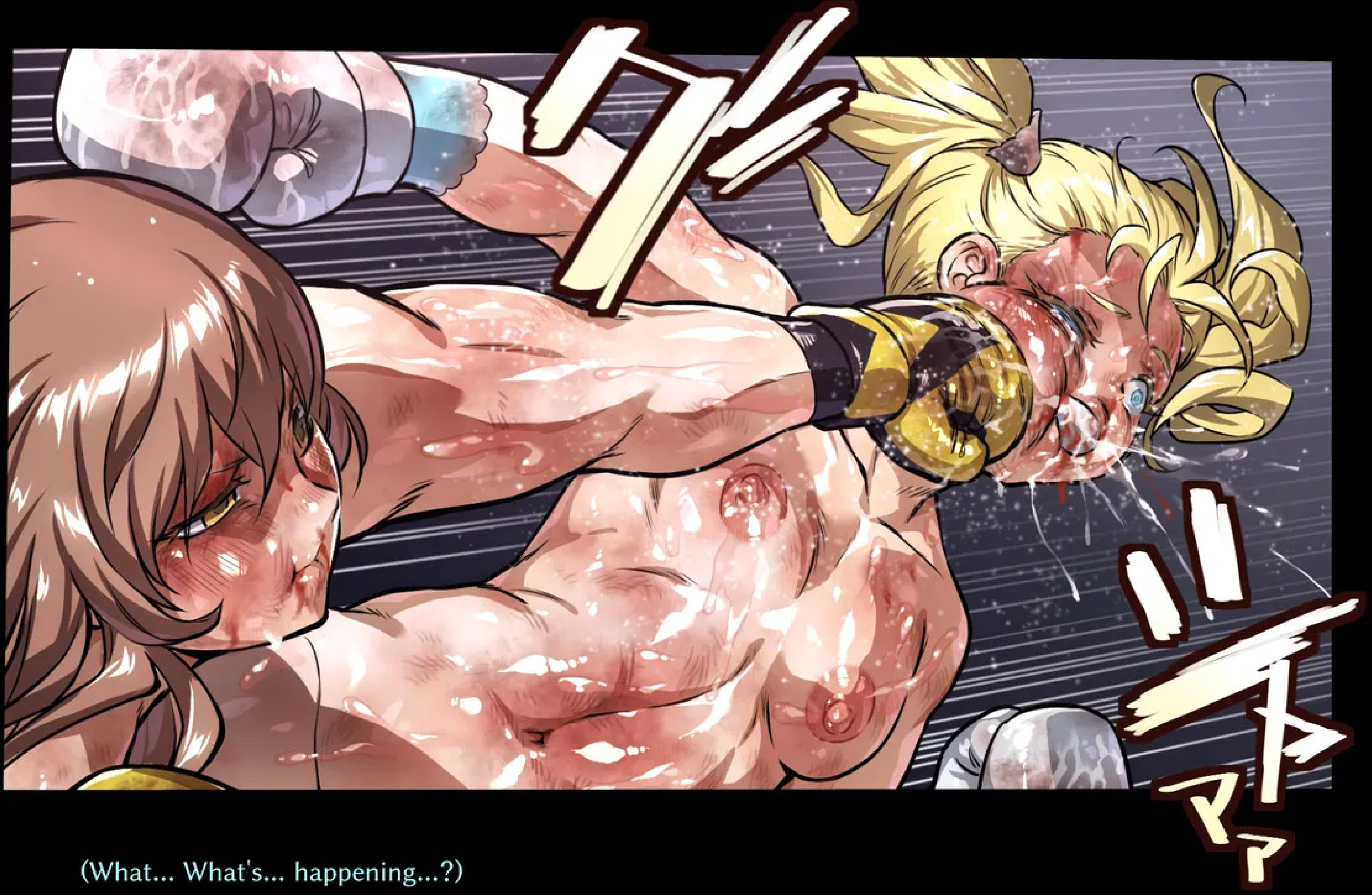
“Suzume and Junko were always like that.

Everything went exactly as planned, I conquered them...
But even when I thought that, they always managed to
crawl back up and escape from my grasp.

It's truly infuriating...
...but that's why it's beautiful.“

”If you put it that way...
Maybe Lilian-chan is trying to be like that too?“

”......Yes, you're right.
Maybe I should follow their example."



(What... What's... happening...?)

In the final stages, there was another reversal.
Suzume, who should have been at the peak of her damage, was now cornering Lilian on her one side.

Lilian was caught off guard a year ago and took a sudden blow, which turned the tide of the match from an overwhelming advantage into a grueling battle.
However, the situation Lilian finds herself in now is nothing like that accident.

She couldn't see the punches coming from the dying Suzume.
The changes in her gaze, the slight movements of her muscles...
She couldn't see any of the signals that should have been emitted from her whole body just before she threw a punch.
Lilian was familiar with this mysterious phenomenon.

(...Jun... Ko...?)

"Bwooahhh!"

Again. Before Lilian could sense the warning signs, the punch landed,
and her fist was twisted deep into her stomach.
This is...

————"A punch without intention".

The state of mind of a boxer that Lilian made Junko experience in the tournament final.
Polished and refined through countless hardships and fierce battles, that punch, with every unnecessary movement stripped away to the absolute minimum,
cannot be read by those who have not reached the heights of Junko and Eloise.

"A warrior whose fighting techniques are etched into their very instincts rarely shows their optimal movements until they reach the limits of exhaustion.
The depth of damage surpassing the previous defeat, and a body forged to the point where it still retains a sliver of fighting strength... ...has awakened the honeybee."

(I'm not alone, so I made it... Lilichan is with me... This far...)

Overcoming the fear lurking in the ring and overcoming an oversized sexual climax...
We've been through eight intense rounds together. Through our fists,
we've come to know feelings that are worth more than thousands of words.

There's nothing to be afraid of anymore.
After a deadly battle with her bonded opponent, Suzume accelerates her climb up the boxing ladder.

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"Li... Lilian goes down!!!
How long will this reversal continue?!

A convulsion! A violent spasm that makes her arch her back like a shrimp! Lilian, is this a fatal blow?!"

Unable to dodge the punch, Lilian is beaten like a punching bag and raises both hands in surrender, slamming her back against the canvas.

The tip of the mouthguard, twisted backward inside her mouth, protruded and repeatedly slid in and out of her lips.
Her once innocent nipples stood erect toward the sky, painfully hard, and her back convulsed, rising and falling as if pulled by them.

Suzume quietly spoke to Lilian, who looked as if she had fainted.

“Haa... Haa... Lili-chan...
Let's settle this. Let's settle this between us...”

As if she could hear the whisper drowned out by the cheers...
Lilian's body began to tremble as she tried to get up.

(I understand... Lili-chan... You were frustrated.
You were frustrated because you lost to your own weakness... More than anything else, you were frustrated...)

Lilian also experienced the terror of the ring for the first time in that final match.
Her heart was crushed by the pain, and she cried out for her life.

Never again. Even if she lost the match, she would never expose herself like that again.

“Ugh... uggh. Bleh. Ah...”

“Honey Bee, attack! Attack!”
Lilian’s arms won’t move! She’s completely groggy!
She’s taking Honey Bee’s punches without putting up a fight!”

Lilian's blood sprays into the air like mist.
The amount of vaginal fluid leaking from her secret parts increases, dripping steadily.

“Buh... Suzu... Guh!”

As she staggers forward, she is hit in the chin with an uppercut.

“Bah... Ah... Ah...”

Even so, Lilian reaches out her arms as if begging to be held, and continues to move forward, clinging to Suzume's body.

"No, no...
...Suzume... Suzume..."

It was fun. I was happy.
She taught me that there are other people besides my big sister who can be warm.

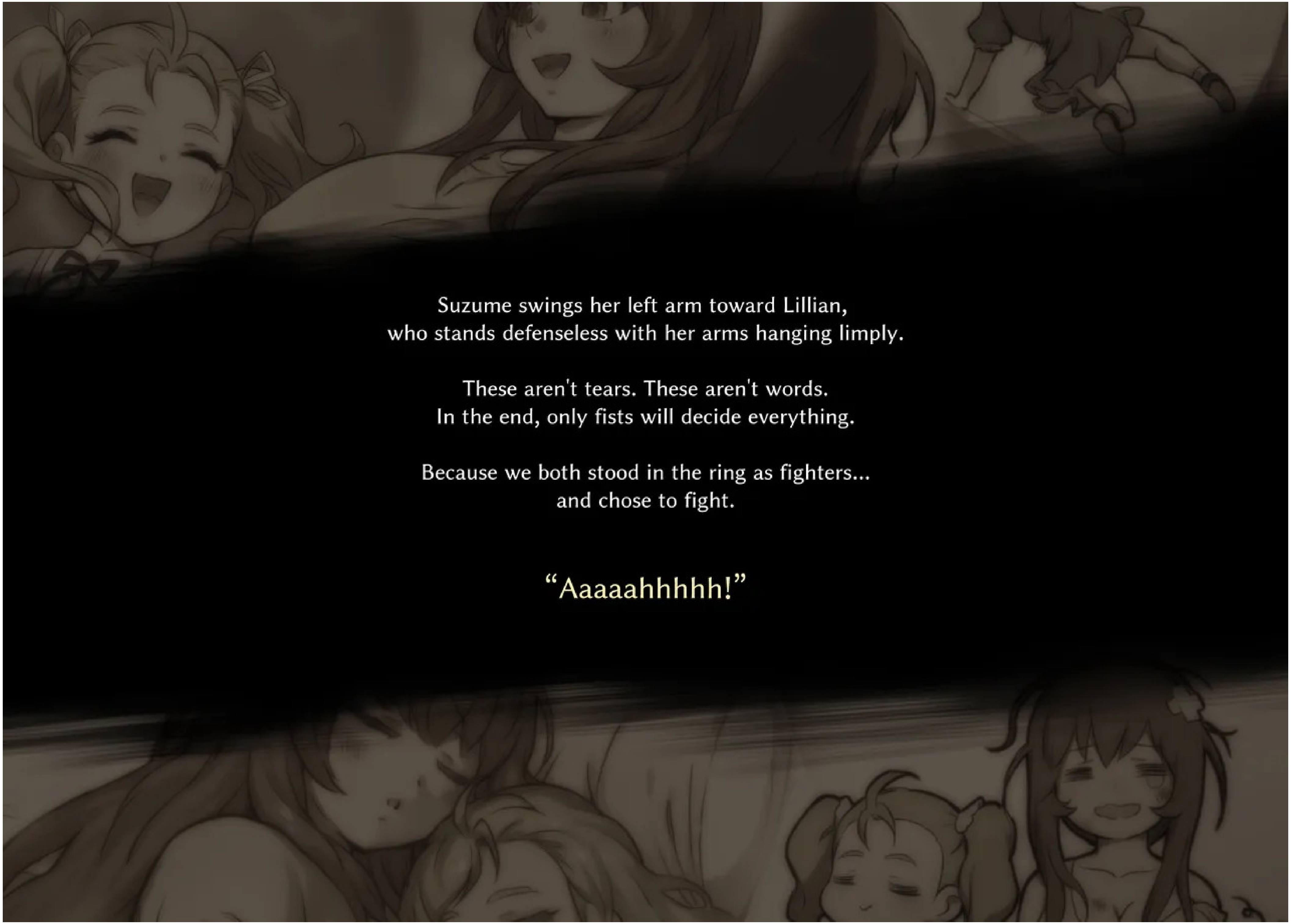
So why do you want to go back so badly?
Why are you going so far away?
No, don't go. I won't let you go... I won't let you go...

Lilian's heartfelt plea came through as she pounded her side with her fists.

(Lili-chan... Lili-chan...!)

As Suzume fought back with a counterpunch,
Lilian's weak hold slipped and they ended up in close combat.

"Su...zu..."

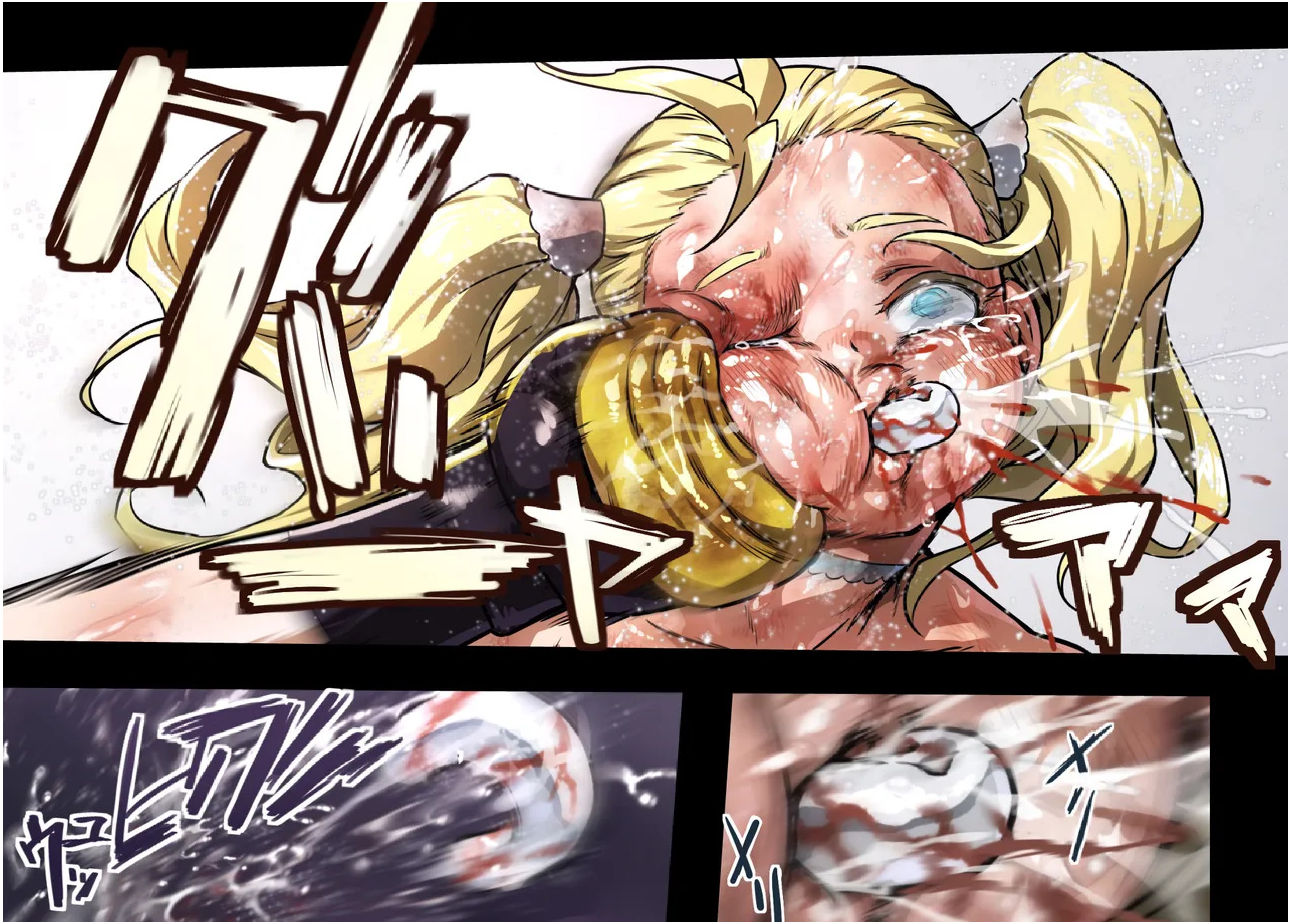


Suzume swings her left arm toward Lillian,
who stands defenseless with her arms hanging limply.

These aren't tears. These aren't words.
In the end, only fists will decide everything.

Because we both stood in the ring as fighters...
and chose to fight.

“Aaaaahhhhh!”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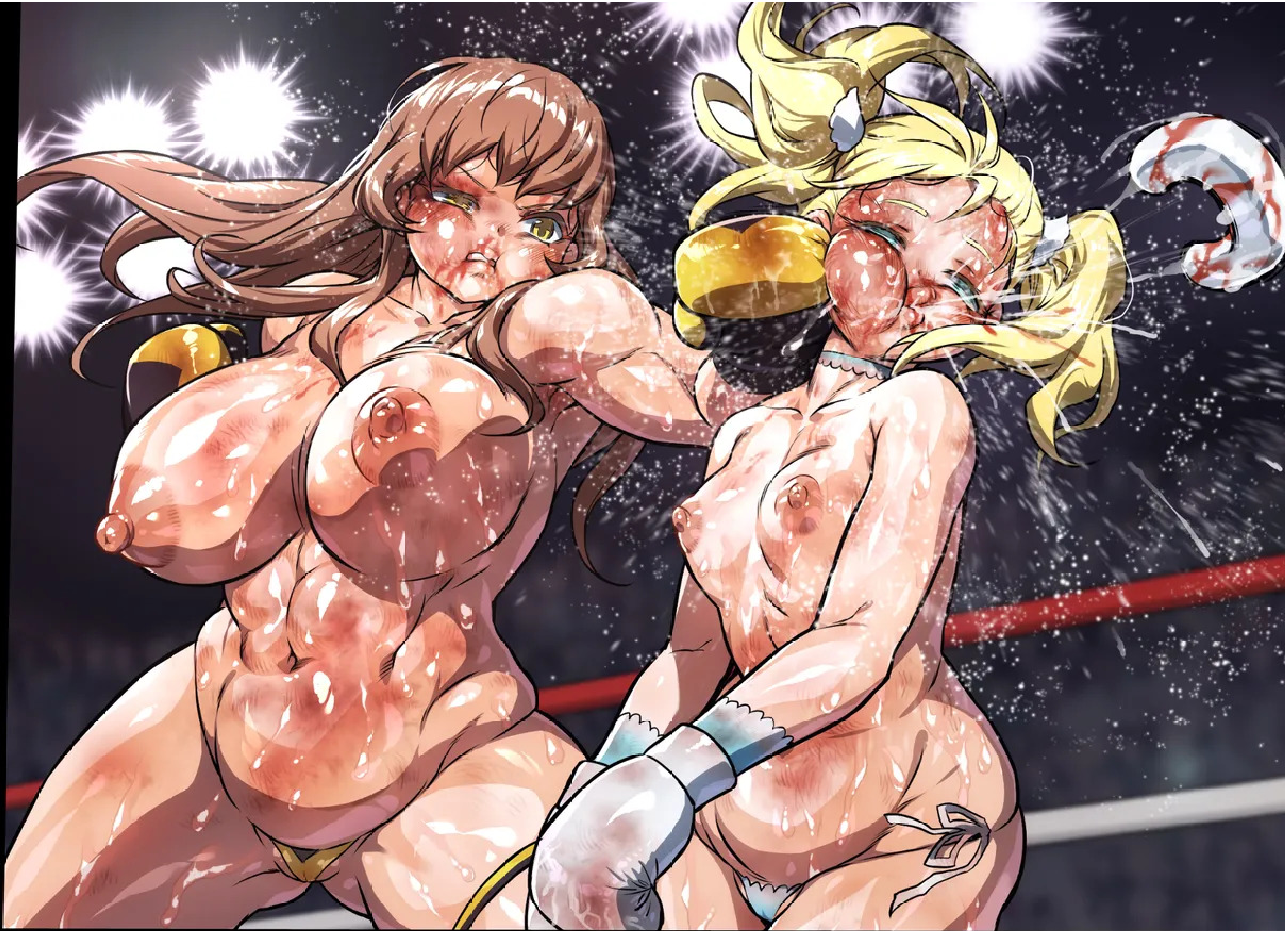

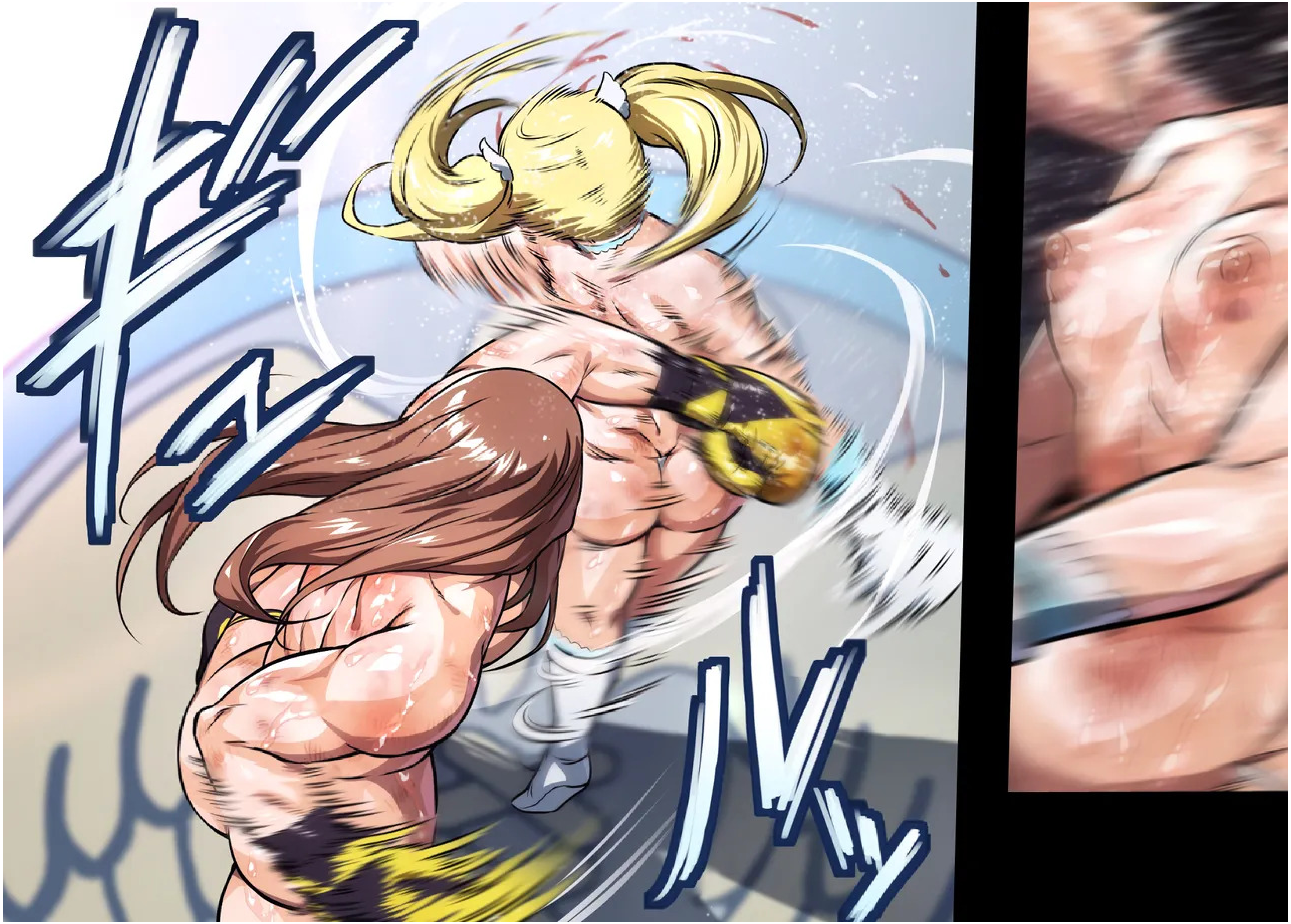
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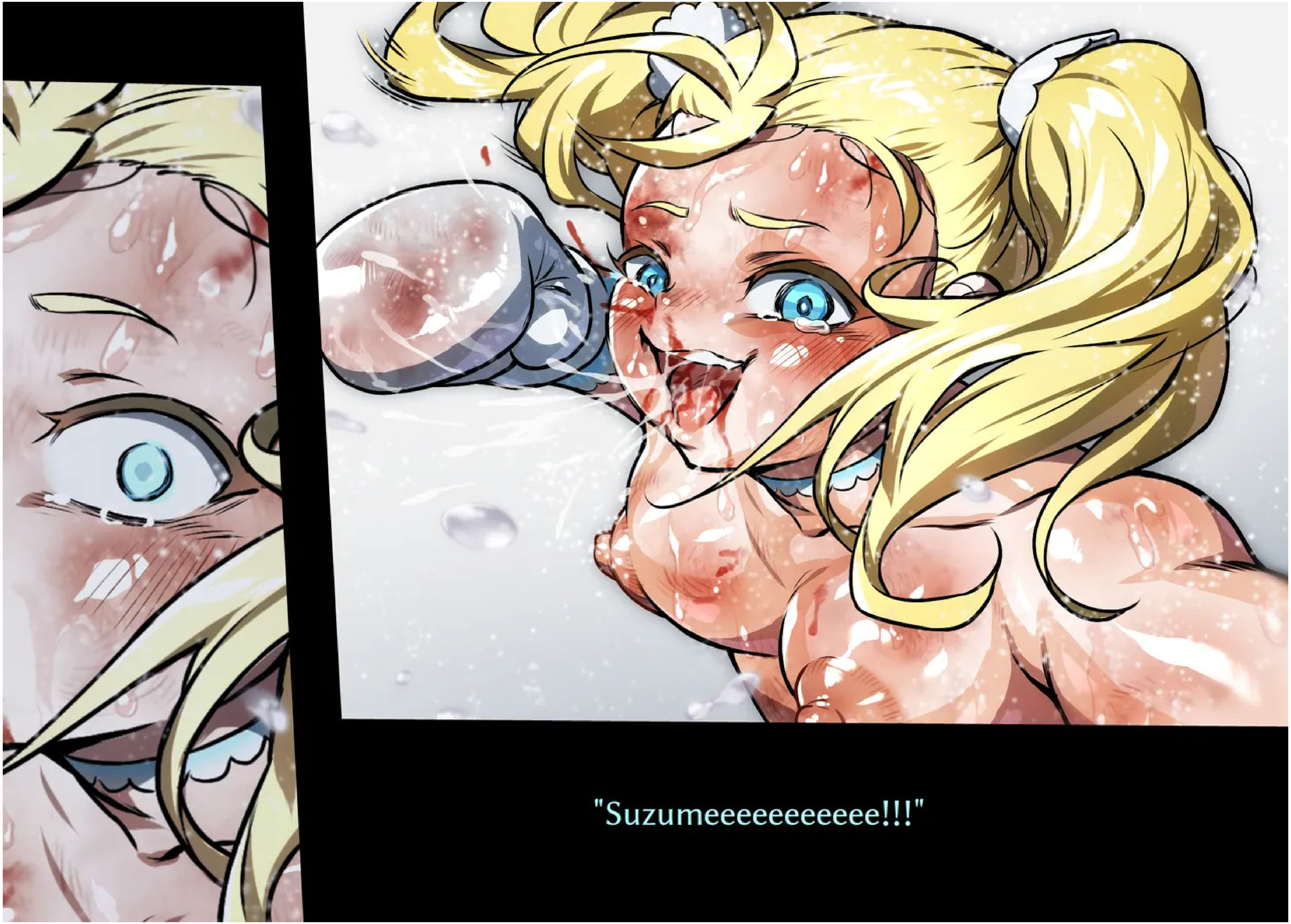
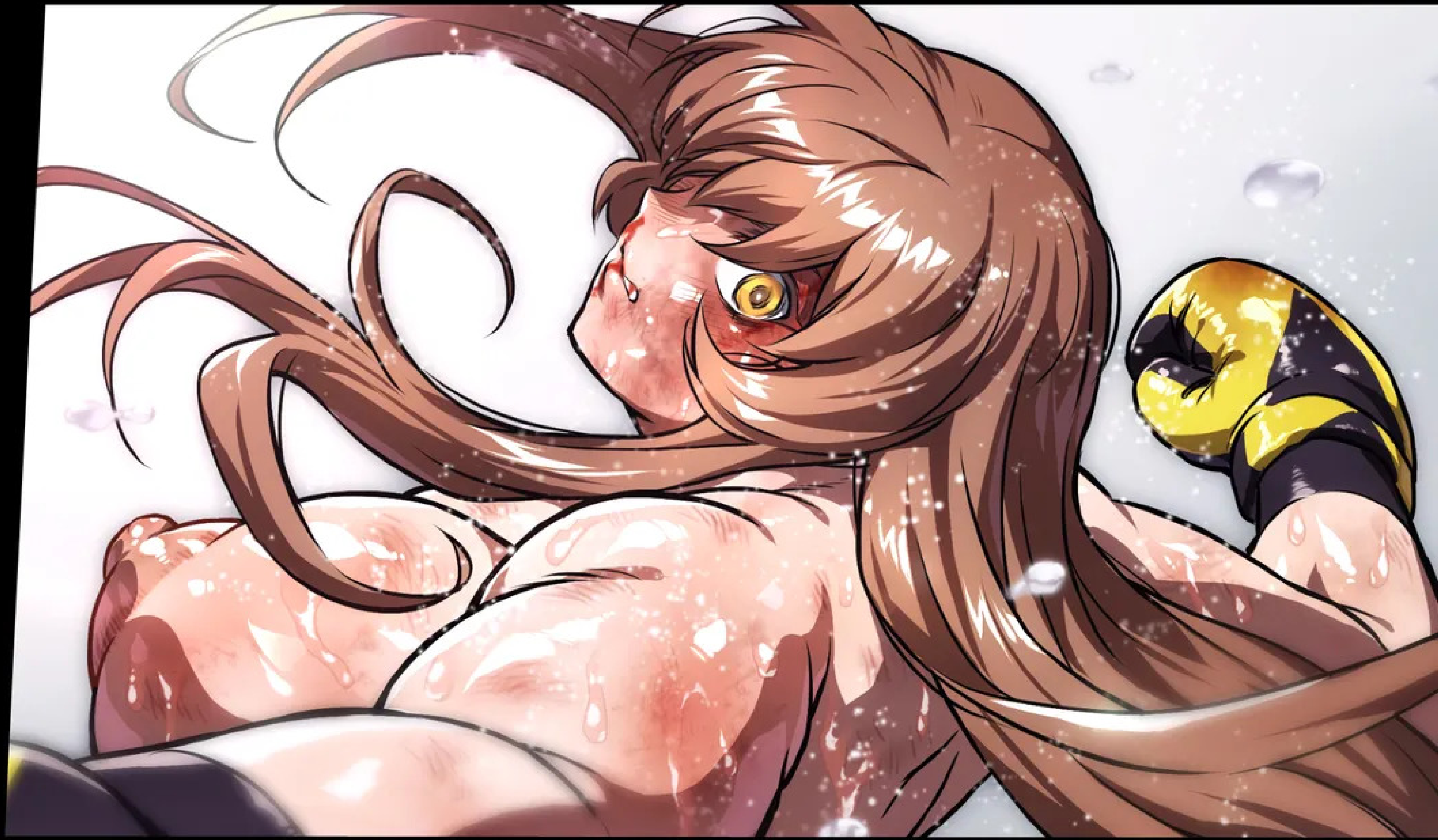

"Suzumeeeeeeeeeeee!!!"



Her right arm was stretched to its limit.
She looked as if she was about to pull the trigger.

This blade had never been drawn from its sheath during the match,
but it had always been tucked into her waist——

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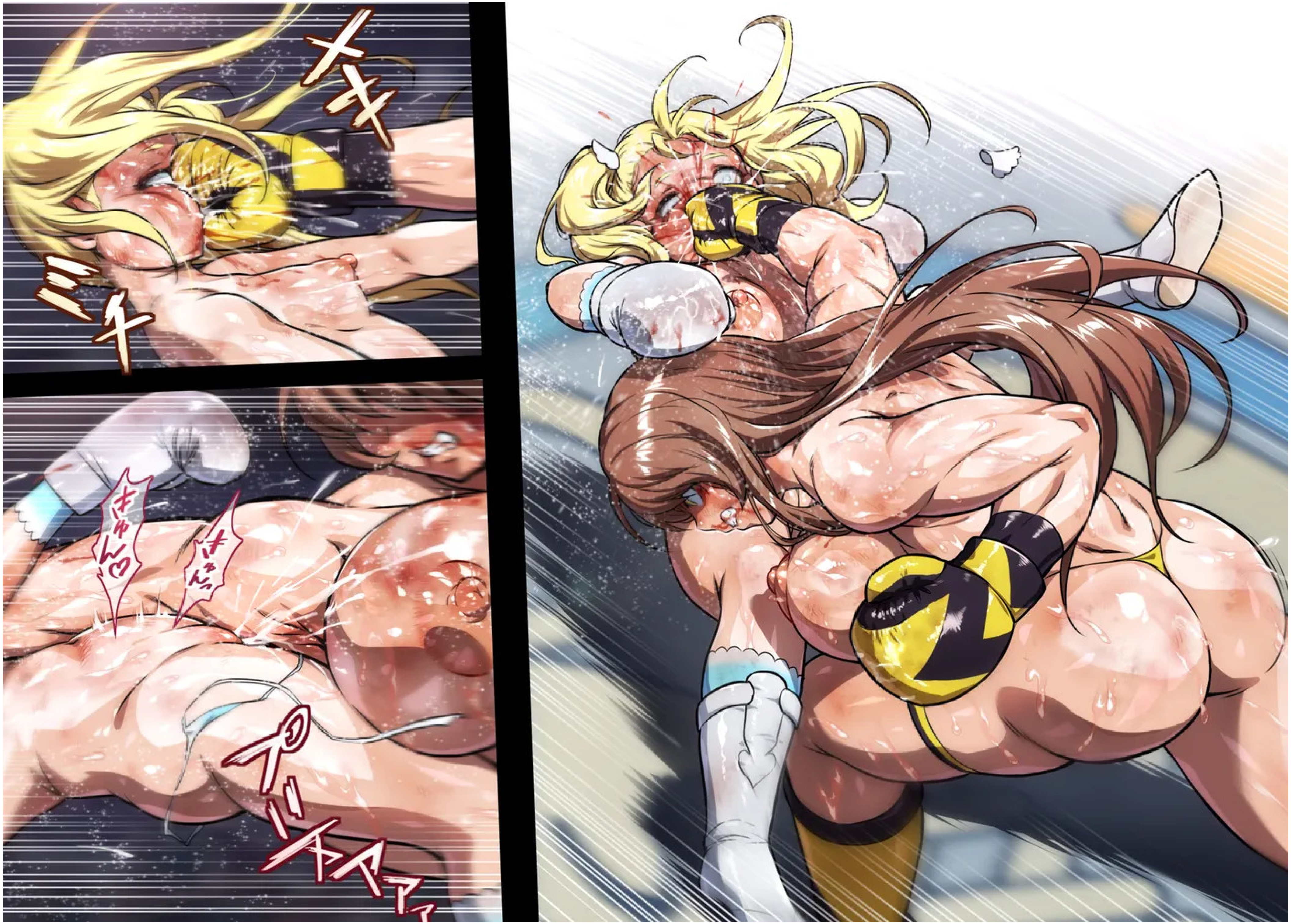
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"Ki... Killer Beeeeeee!
Honeybee Mitsuki's finishing blow finally explodes!"

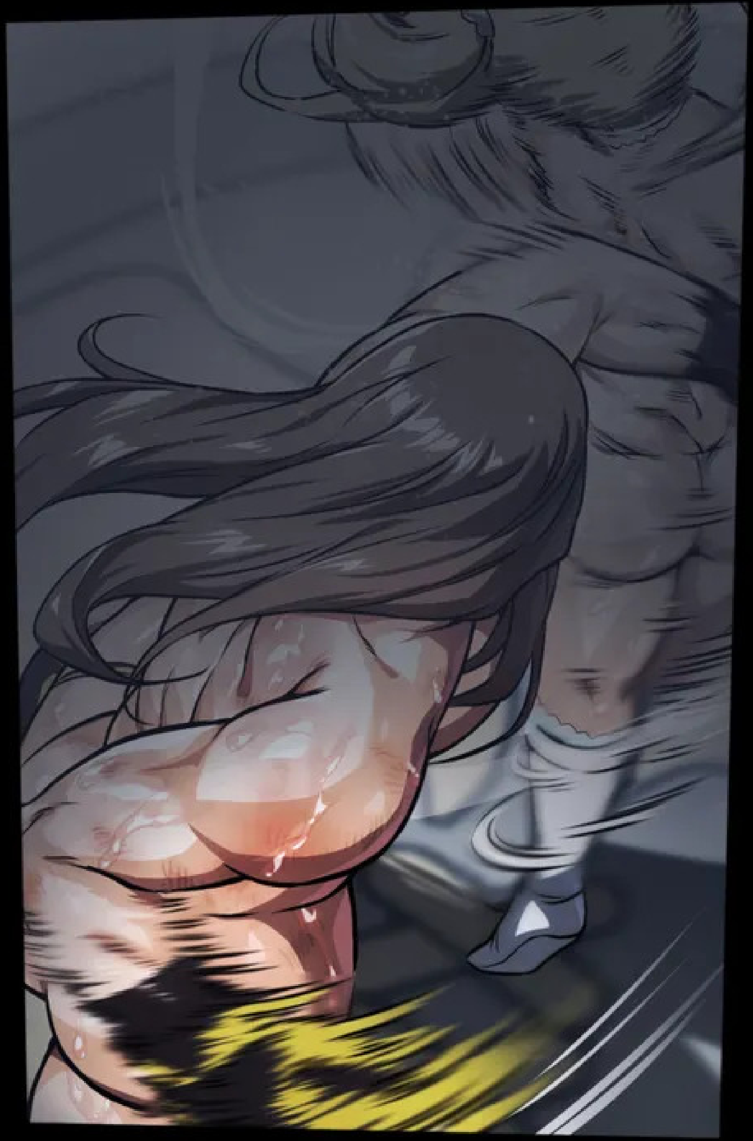
"Wow... that's amazing.
She read the whole thing...
And Killer Bee just now... From the hook..."

Eloise and Dolores witnessed the brief exchange.

At the same time as the left hook landed,
Lilian launched a life-saving spindle.
However, a split second earlier, Suzume pulled back
her right arm and prepared to launch Killer Bee.

Such a feat would have been impossible without
anticipating Lilian's final move in advance.

It was a threatening display of competitive instinct
at the last moment.
It was just like Junko in adversity...



"The deadly blow and the deadly blow collided at the perfect timing—a counterattack!
No, she can't stand up! She should be able to stand up!"

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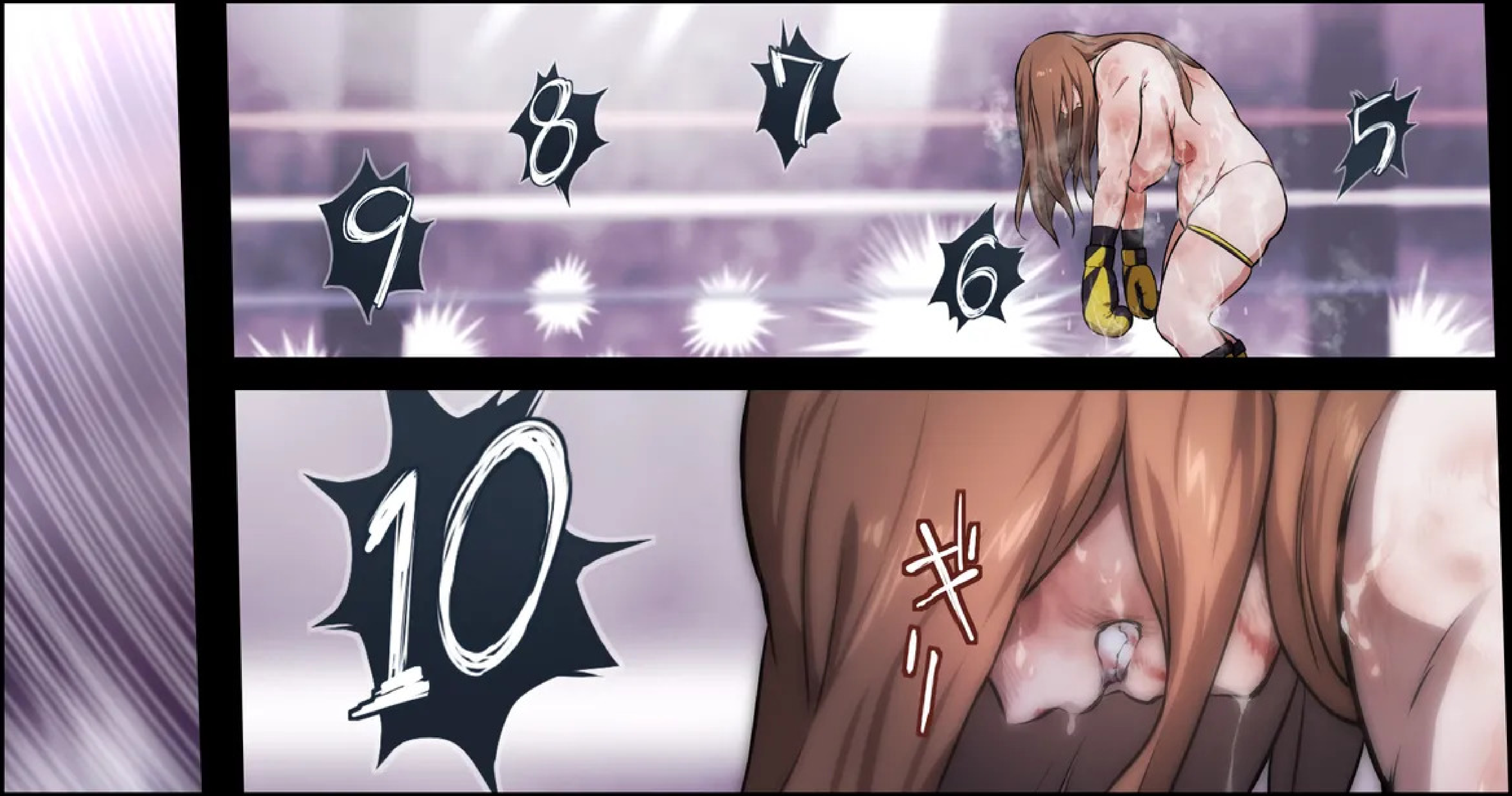
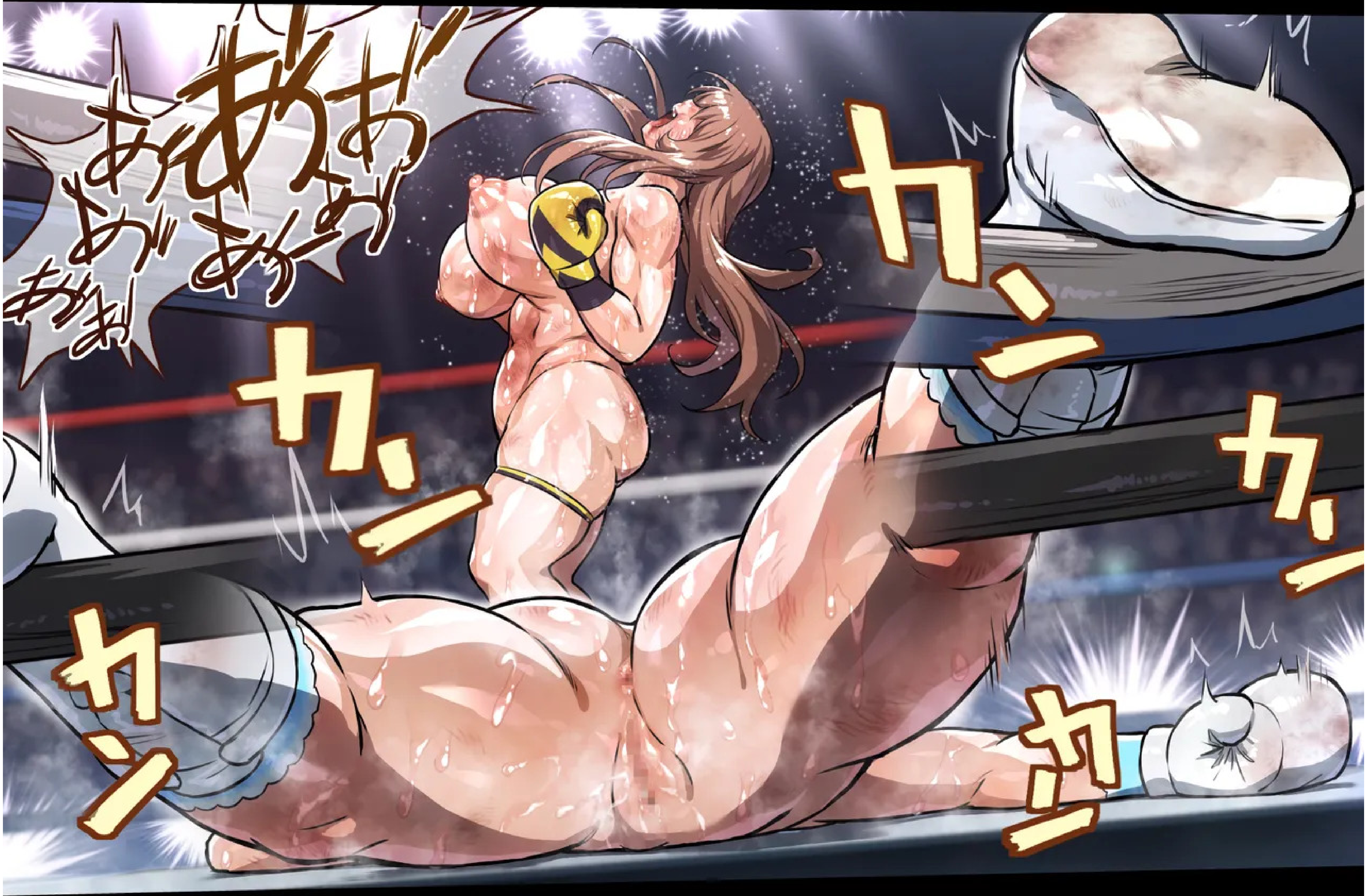
"A punch without intention…
Killer Bee can now be activated from anything other than a straight punch…
Mental strength and insight to find a way to win even when exhausted…"

“Even though it was just a temporary peak brought on
by the intense concentration of the final moments of the match...
At that moment, you were undoubtedly a boxer on par with Junko and me.

Chapeau (Well done)———— Honeybee Mitsuki.”

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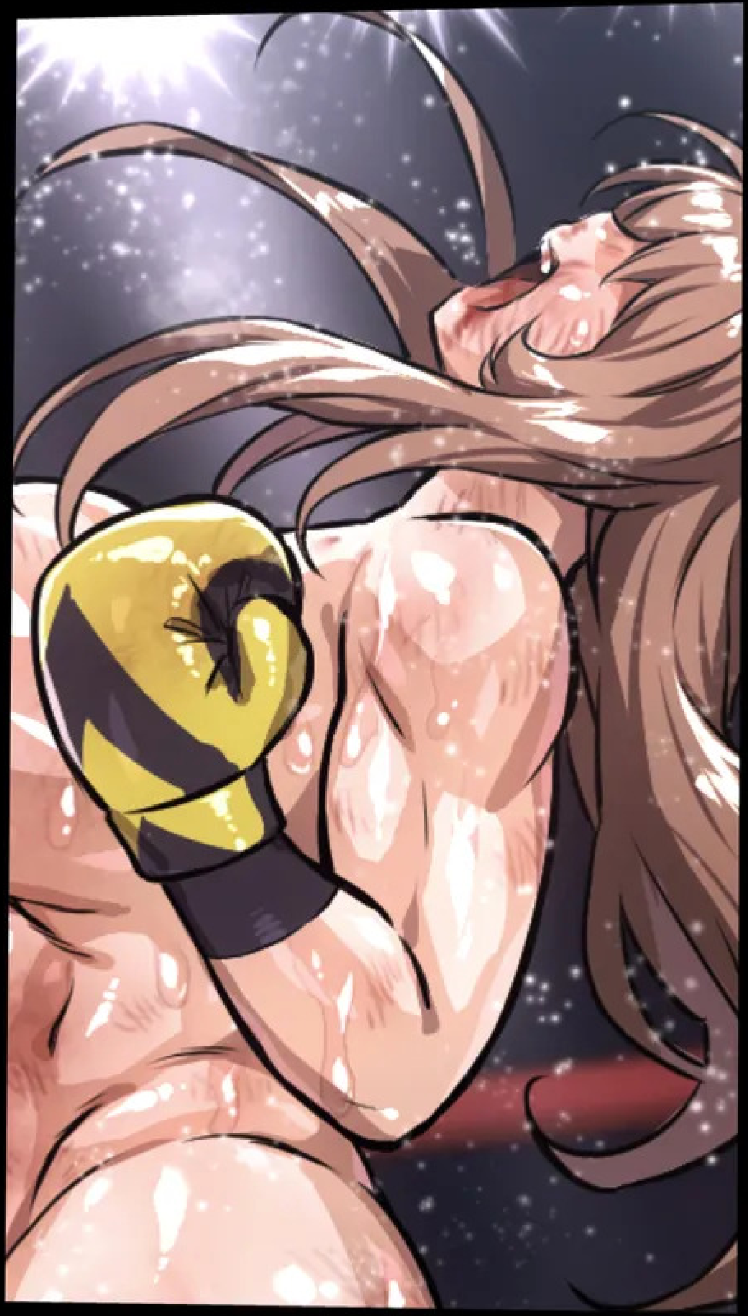


Suzume's victory cry...
The birth cry of a boxer who aims to defeat Junko Shishido.

The image of a timid girl was completely gone, and standing there was a strong female fighter with teeth of conviction.

"I have to admit defeat.
There's nothing Lilian-chan can do when she's read so well.

Lilian-chan also did well to counterattack from that state.
She's grown so much that she wanted to win until the very end...
...Huh?"

Before she knew it, Eloise had disappeared from beside her, and Dolores looked around nervously.
Then she spotted Eloise running after Lilian, who was being carried away on a stretcher by the medical team.

“Ah♥... No need to say more, I guess.”

“She won! She won! Suzume is coming home!”

“Phew… Watching this is shortening my life.
She defeated Lilian, who has become even more formidable than a year ago… This is a huge step forward.

Hayate clenched his fists as he stared at Suzume, who was roaring.
It was a splendid match worthy of praise… both the winner and the loser.”

“Lilian-chan… this time… you fought with all your might until the very end.”

(The aura Lilian had before the match was reminiscent of the cruelty she displayed a year ago.
But after watching the entire match, I somehow understood. Lilian, you are probably…)

Some time after the battle...
Suzume, still wearing her medical gown, was sitting on a sofa in the hallway when she heard footsteps approaching.
The footsteps stopped, and someone sat down next to her.

"...Thank you. For trying to grant my selfish wish."

"...Why are you thanking me?
Lili was serious about destroying you."

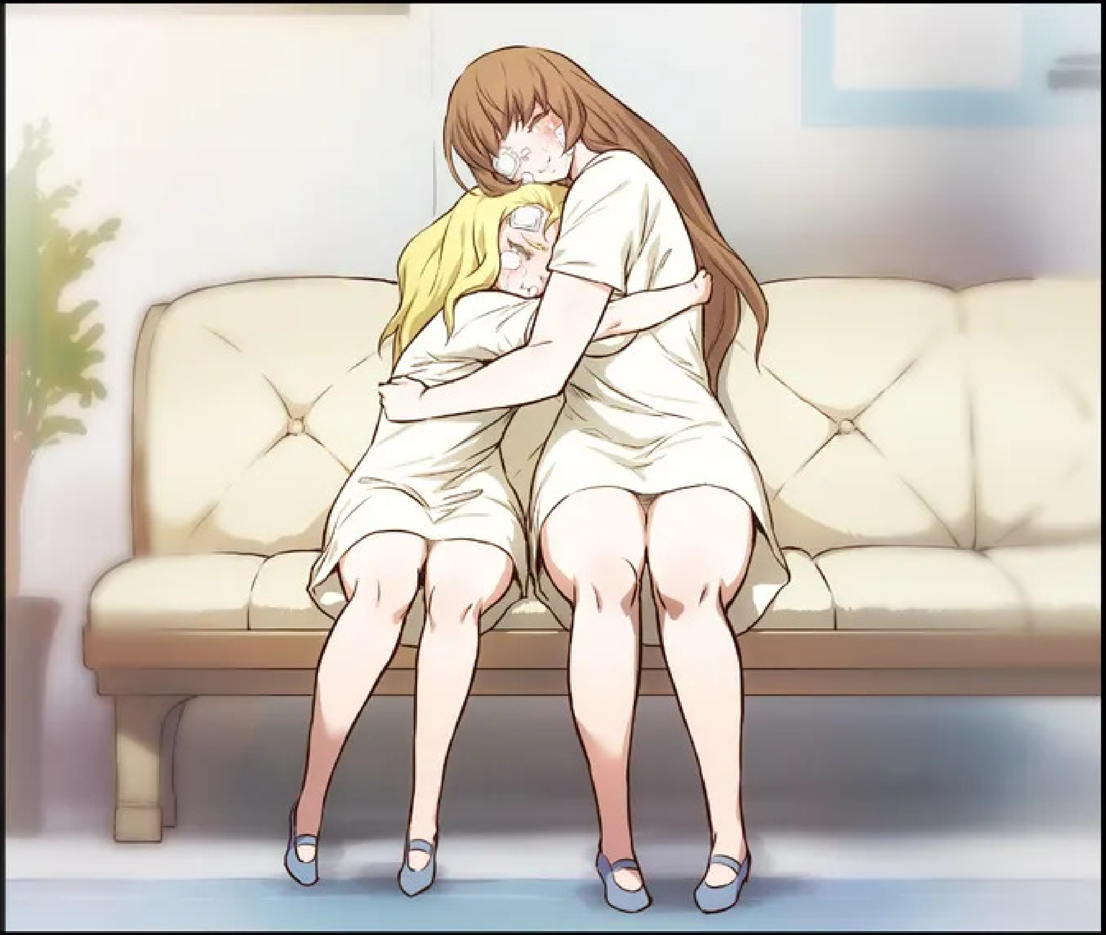
"Because I knew you wanted to overcome the fear you felt a year ago.
That's why you went back to being the scary Lilichan from that time...... Wah?"

Lilian hugged Suzume tightly and buried her face in her soft body.

"Really... You're so naive, you can't think things through no matter how much time passes.

I hate you. Suzume.... Just go. Go anywhere... Just go..."

She fights because she doesn't want to part with me.
She fights because she wants to make my wish come true.
It's not that one of us is telling the truth and the other is lying.



Even if we are separated. Even if we choose different paths. Even if we don't choose to fight.
We'll always be friends―――― Lili-chan.

Half a month later, at Paris International Airport.

Eloise and Dolores exchange farewells with Suzume.
Lilian does not stay to see them off, but instead holds hands with Suzume, who is about to fly to Japan.

“Lili... Just because I'm not here, don't eat only sweets.
Get along well with the people at Teijo Gym and try not to resort to force.
You can only fight outside when you are attacked. Is that clear?”

(Her parenting style is too unique...)

Please, this time, will you take Lili take to Japan?

Suzume understood Eloise's feelings and accepted her proposal a few days ago.
They would stay for at least a month, and after that,
Lillian could decide whether to stay in Japan or return to France.

Without her beloved sister by her side, Lillian would be lonely
but free in a foreign country.
This might be the reason why Lilian's heart would drift away from her.
Even so, Eloise made a difficult decision.
They had spent their childhood in an environment where they
had no choice but to choose their future,
and they should forget the codependency that had started as a
way to fill the void of loneliness.

"I'm sure it will be fine.
Azami-san, the Teijo Gym coach, has already arranged a room for you, and
there are girls over there who want to be friends with Lilichan.

Oh... Dasha-san is also a member of the Imperial Gym now.
I'm just a little worried that Dasha-san and Lili-chan might fight a little...“

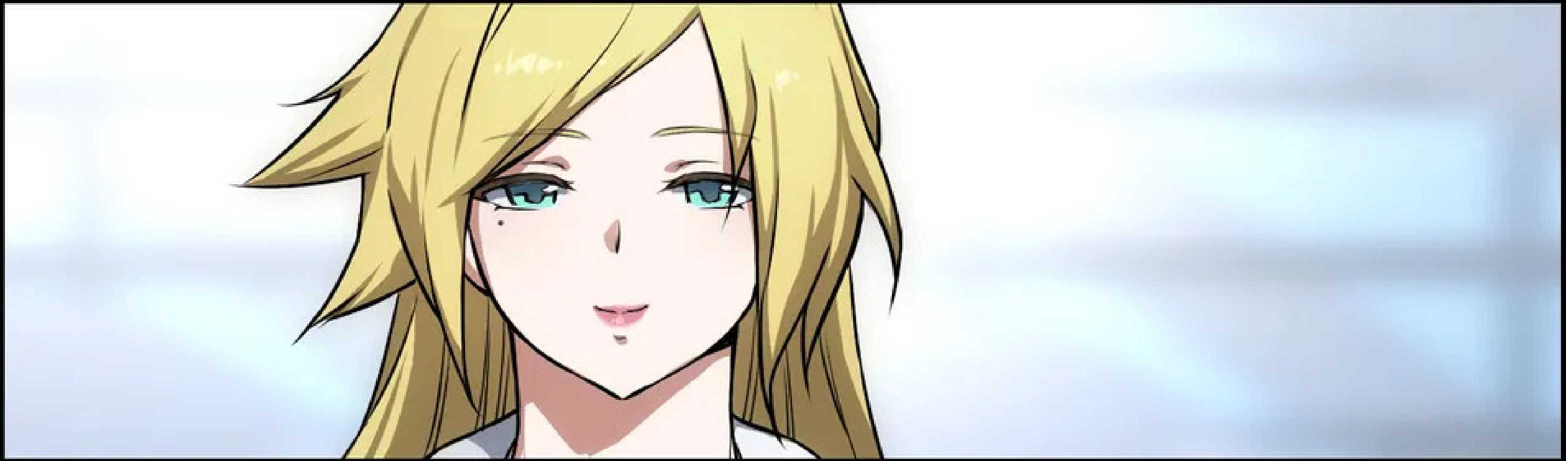
”Guhuhu... Hayate... Just wait and see.
Lili will thoroughly examine you to see if you are worthy of being
Suzume's Lover♪"

(There were more uncertainties than I expected...)

“I'm not too worried. Lili isn't a child who needs me to be by her side anymore.
Finally, Suzume. Thank you so much for becoming friends with her...”

“Eloise-san...” “...Big sister.”

Suzume bowed deeply. Next to her, Lilian desperately held back her tears so as not to worry her sister. Eloise watched her slightly more mature sister walk away with a gentle, motherly smile.

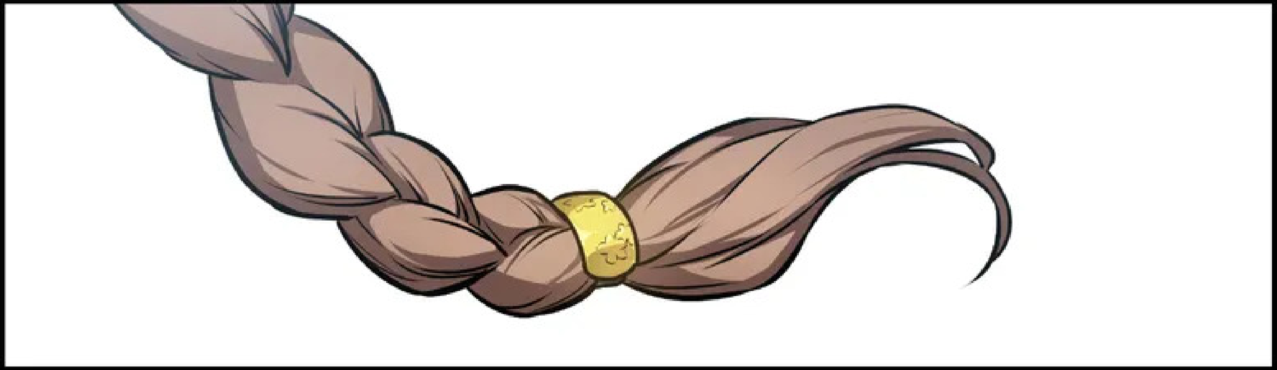


“A year ago, it was Junko... Now it's my turn to see them off.”

“Ahhh... It's been a while since I acted normal, I'm so tired...
Hey, Eloise-sama♥ Let's go on a trip somewhere, just the two of us♥”

“...You have no emotion whatsoever.
It seems you need a harsh punishment for the first time in a while, doesn't it?”

“♥♥♥”



Hayate... Junko-san... Everyone...!
I'm coming home now!

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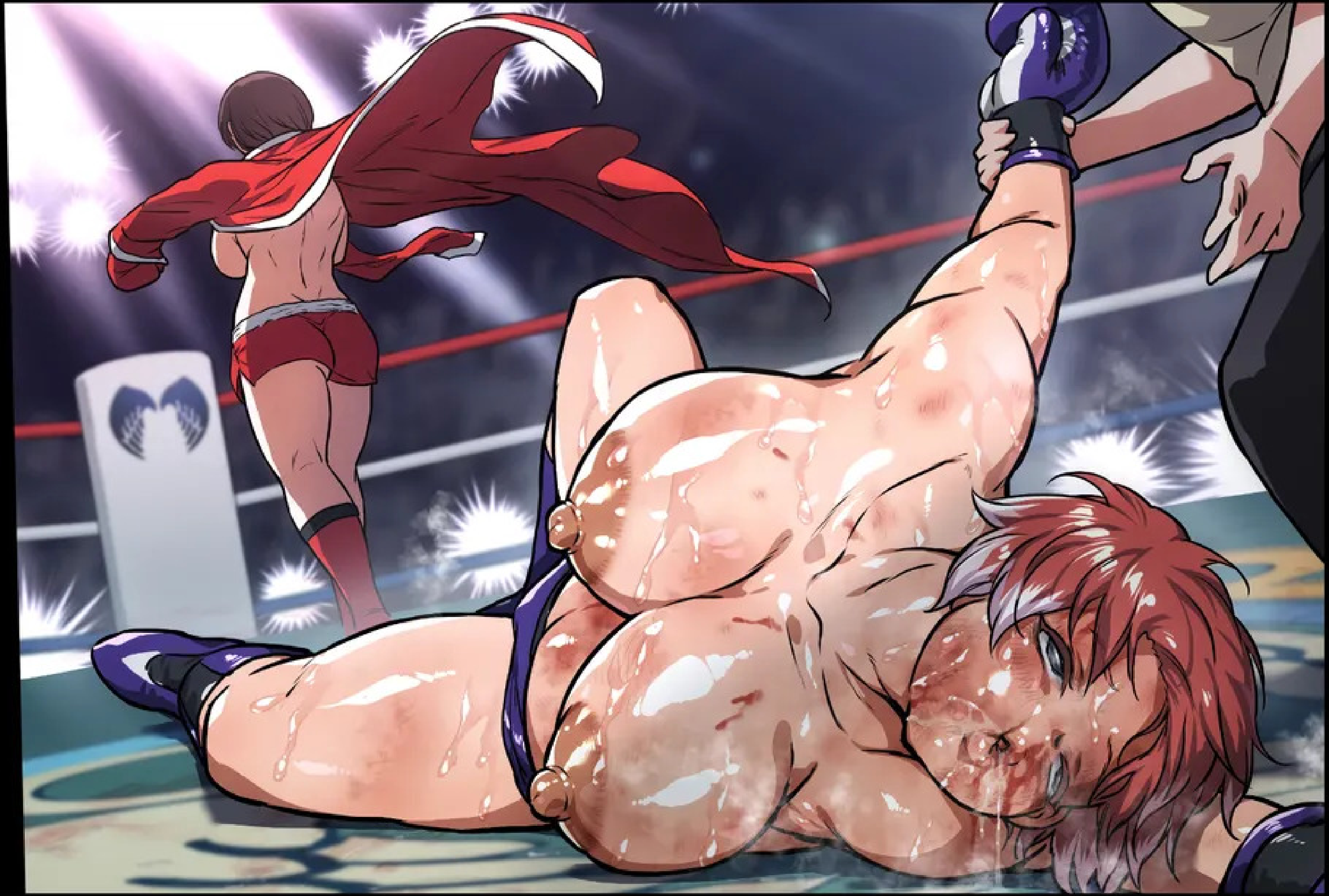
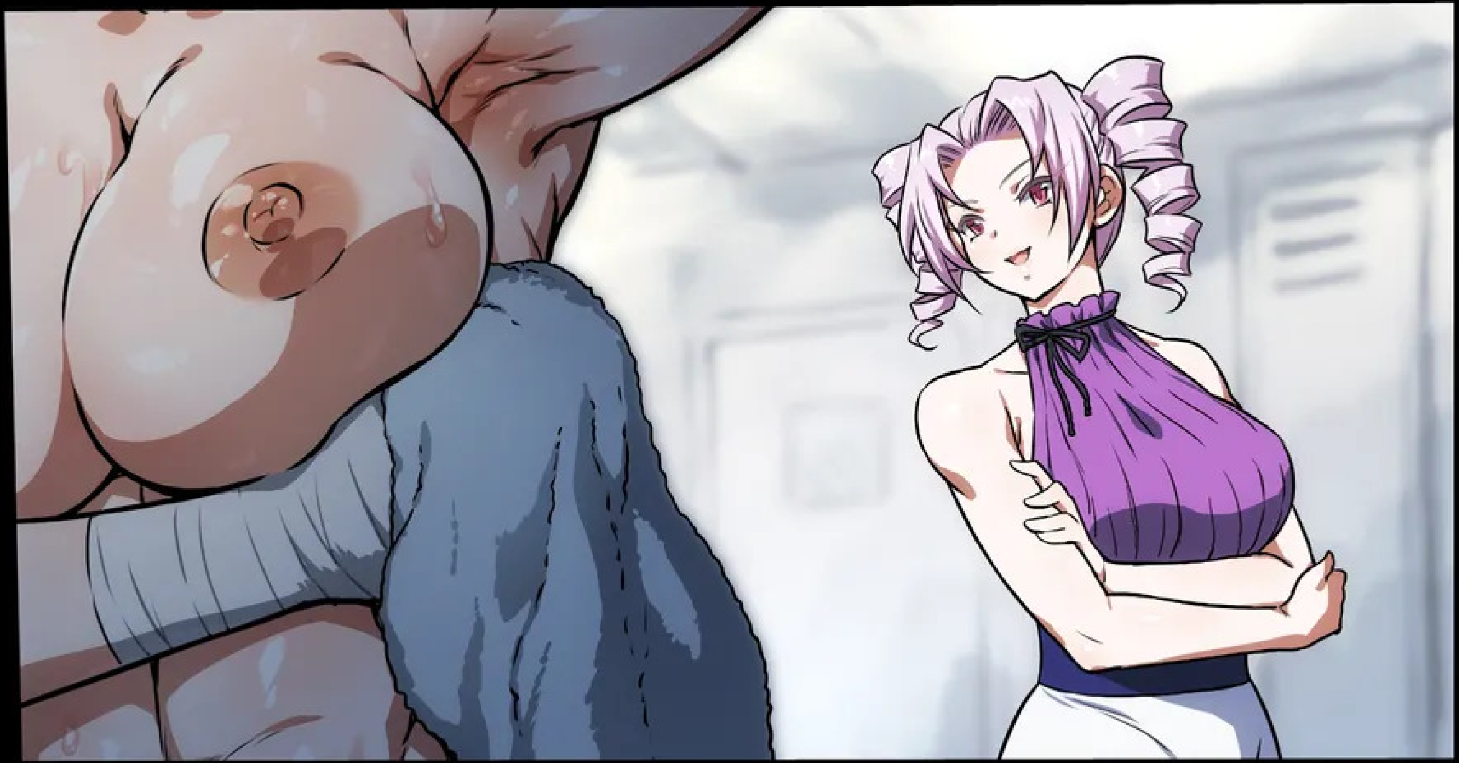
“Valkyrie Sawako was sunk in the second round without putting up much of a fight! She's strong, too strong! The queen of WTBJ, ”The Unquenchable Flame,” has once again broken her own record!”



“————Well, it seems to be getting more and more intense lately.
Are you getting ready for a decisive battle with someone?”



“...What are you going to do?”

“I don't mean to rain on your parade, but I don't intend to just stand by and watch.
I'll prepare something to make the upcoming event even more exciting, so look forward to it.”

“Are she already on her way?”

“Yes. She should be here tomorrow morning.”

“...I see.”

“Suzume is ——— coming back.”

To be Continued in "Showdown"...

Reversal of victory IF END

"I will accept all of Lili-chan's feelings.
I will accept everything, and then this time, I will defeat you."

"That's nice...♪ It's like that cheeky Suzume from that tournament.
She was all tough before the match, but when it started,
she just cried and whined... ♥"

"You can check for yourself.
If you try to slack off and play around, I'll bite you."

She must win in order to fulfill her promise.
She is no longer weak like she was back then.

With determination in her heart, Suzume challenges Lilian to a rematch, but
after a year of special training together, the difference between the two is cruelly apparent.

As the match enters the fifth round,
Suzume is left with no doubt of the outcome
and once again tastes despair...

“Buh... Buh...”

There stood Suzume, looking like a different person from before the match, her face horribly disfigured, standing there like a zombie.

Her nose was bleeding, blocking her airways, and she was breathing wildly like a pig. Drool was dripping from her mouthguard as if she had lost her intelligence.
Her nipples were painfully erect, and it was easy to see that the physical damage had reached its limit, let alone the sexual damage.

“Kyaha♪ You really look different from a year ago, don't you?
You've just gotten stronger from all the beatings, but you're still weak♪”

Lilian knew it even before the fight began. She knew that Suzume's heart would never be hers alone.

Then I'll destroy it.
I'll trample on everything about Suzume and enjoy breaking our bond with all my might.
Just like my big sister tried to do to Junko.

When she found the answer within herself, Lilian transformed into a monster that no one could control.

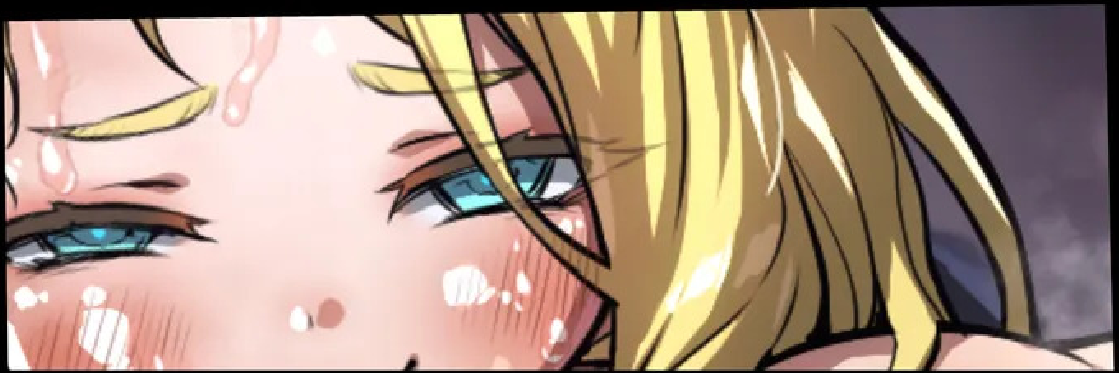
"...I'll ...never give ......up.
I'll defeat you..., and this... time......"

"Kyahaha♪ You can't be convincing with that love juice dripping from your crotch, can you?"

During the clinch, her pants were torn off, and Junko's old headband was smashed and scattered outside the ring. Hayate's gift, a hairpin, was also blown away by a punch and is now rolling around near the corner of the canvas.

Suzume was stripped of all her fighting clothes and left naked, both physically and emotionally, while Lillian's only damage was a hair accessory that was grazed by a punch.

With one of her pigtails falling apart and her blonde hair hanging down, Lillian's baby face exuded a sense of immorality.



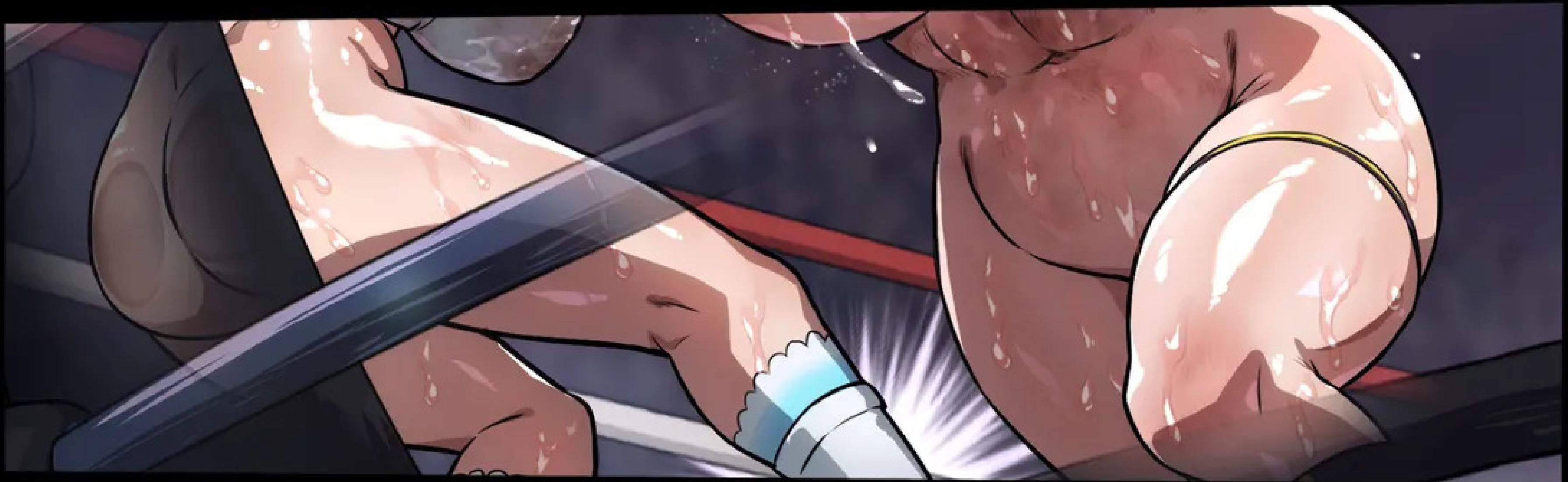
Lillian lets her mouthpiece slip out of her lips and spits it out onto the floor.
She throws away the protective gear covering her mouth and the pants covering her private parts, leaving herself completely naked like Suzume.

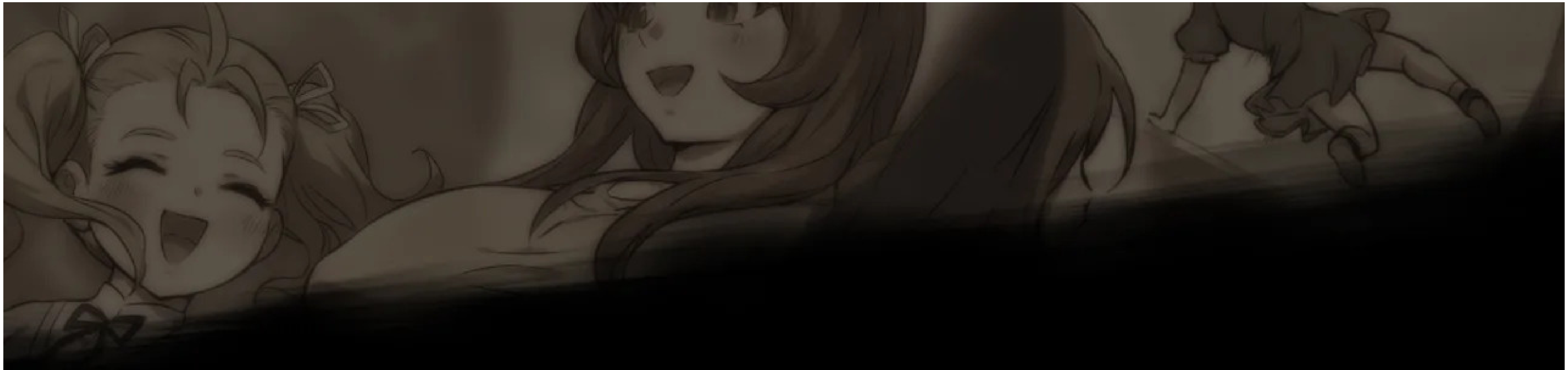
"Come on, hurry up...♥ Or else... I'll stomp you to pieces, you know?"

"Ugh... Uh...!"

Suzume had no choice.
She approached Lillian, who was leaning against the corner and grinning, as slowly as a turtle, and began to hit her with all her might.

Even though the difference in their abilities was so great that it wasn't even a fair fight, and no matter how insulted and miserable she felt... Suzume had no choice but to keep hitting her.





Lilian easily dodged Suzume's weak punches by twisting her body and immediately returned with a single blow.
No matter how many times Suzume repeated her punches, the result was the same.
Her battered body was further torn apart, and her pride was crushed into dust.

(Lili...chan... Why... Why... How could you...)

The bond they had nurtured during those days was not a lie. It was the same for Lilian.

Because it was such an important bond, and because they had been so happy...
...the pleasure of destroying it was supreme.

“Buueee... Aaa... Aah...”

As she had declared, Lilian would not strike Suzume unless she threw a punch.
Every time she was hit, she would bend forward like a zombie, letting her arms hang down, leaving herself wide open, but Lilian did not follow up.
Lillian remained in the corner, lightly swinging her arms and waiting for Suzume to throw another punch.

"What's the matter? Could it be that even with such a handicap, you can't do anything?
You've been training hard to beat a short girl who is smaller than you, and this is all you can do?
This is worse than a year ago, isn't it? Kyahaha♪"

If you don't hit back, you won't get hit anymore. But even without a shred of hope, you have to keep hitting.
The humiliating reverse corner beating hell continues...

"Bubuuu...!"
"Zako, zako ♥ Zakosuzume ~ ♥"

"Boo, eh...!"
"A year of special training to beat Lili...
It was all for nothing, wasn't it? ♥"

"Guhhh..."
"I just got tough for nothing♪
If the punches don't land, it's all useless muscle♥"

"Ebuhhhhh..."
"Come on, come on, Piggy, don't fall asleep♪
Keep fighting♥ Keep fighting♥"

"Buhhhhhhh!? Oh, eh...♥"
"Kyahahaha♪ Every time I get hit, You're coming♥
Finally, your pussy has gone crazy, hasn't it?♥"

“This is too gruesome!
Every punch she throws is countered!

Honeybee keeps hitting her, but is she still conscious...
Oh no! Has she finally stopped moving?”

Suzume just stands there swaying back and forth, her eyes gradually rolling back into her head.

“Suzume... Lili...
It's too much, I'm going to cum...♥
Come on, just one more... Fight, fight♥♥”

Lilian's voice no longer reached Suzume. With each punch, Suzume's grogginess deepened, and her consciousness had long since drifted far away.

“Oh... Oh...”

Suzume vomited stomach acid and collapsed forward. At that moment, Lilian's smile became even more cruel.

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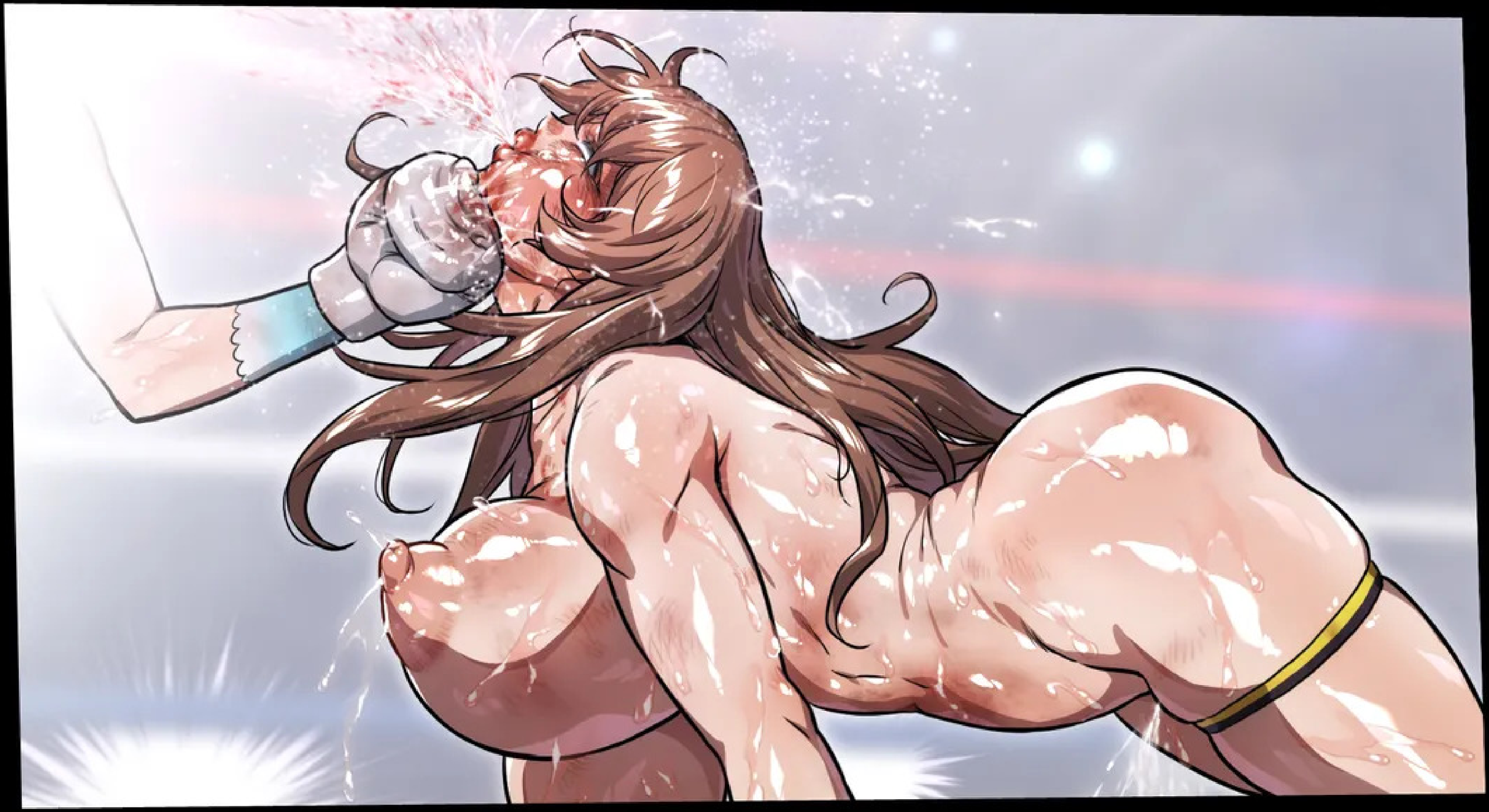

The final uppercut sent the proof of defeat flying out of Suzume's crotch.
Falling backward with her chin raised, she arched her back and looked as if she were enjoying an oversized orgasm.

At the same time, Lilian also reached her climax.
She was drenched in the juice spurting from Suzume's mouth and basked in the afterglow
with an ecstatic expression on her face, but...

“Haahhhh!!?♥♥”

Suzume's face, which had collapsed, collided with Lilian's crotch.
Lilian let out a cry of surprise at the sudden impact on her sweet, numb shame.

“Ah... Suzume... Lili also just... came...♥
Do you still want it so much? You're such a dirty pervert...♥”

Of course, Suzume was completely unconscious, but Lillian's delusional perversion continued.
As she gazed at Suzume's face, exhausted and hideously deformed by her own crotch,
an endless urge welled up inside her again.
She wanted to defile her. She wanted to destroy her. She wanted to humiliate her. More, more...

“Fuu... Fuu... Nn...♥”

"Ahh...♥ Ahhhhh...♥♥"

The sensation of urinating was as intense as an orgasm.
The final stroke to make the defeated face look even more miserable.

Suzume no longer showed any reaction to anything that was done to her.
Even though she was like a lifeless doll, a definite warmth could be felt from her skin.
This further heightened Lilian's pleasure.

Eventually, without even counting, the gong sounded to signal the end of the match.
That was to be expected, as it would be impossible for her to get up within ten counts after being knocked down like that, even if a miracle happened.

On the contrary, she might not be able to get up even if she spent the rest of her life trying.
It was a humiliating knockout that crushed any possibility of a comeback.

"...Hey, Suzume♥ Now you... finally understand, ...right?"
Suzume, you can't beat Lili ♥

No matter how much I train... No matter how strong I get...
No matter how many times we fight, I can't beat Lili♥♥"

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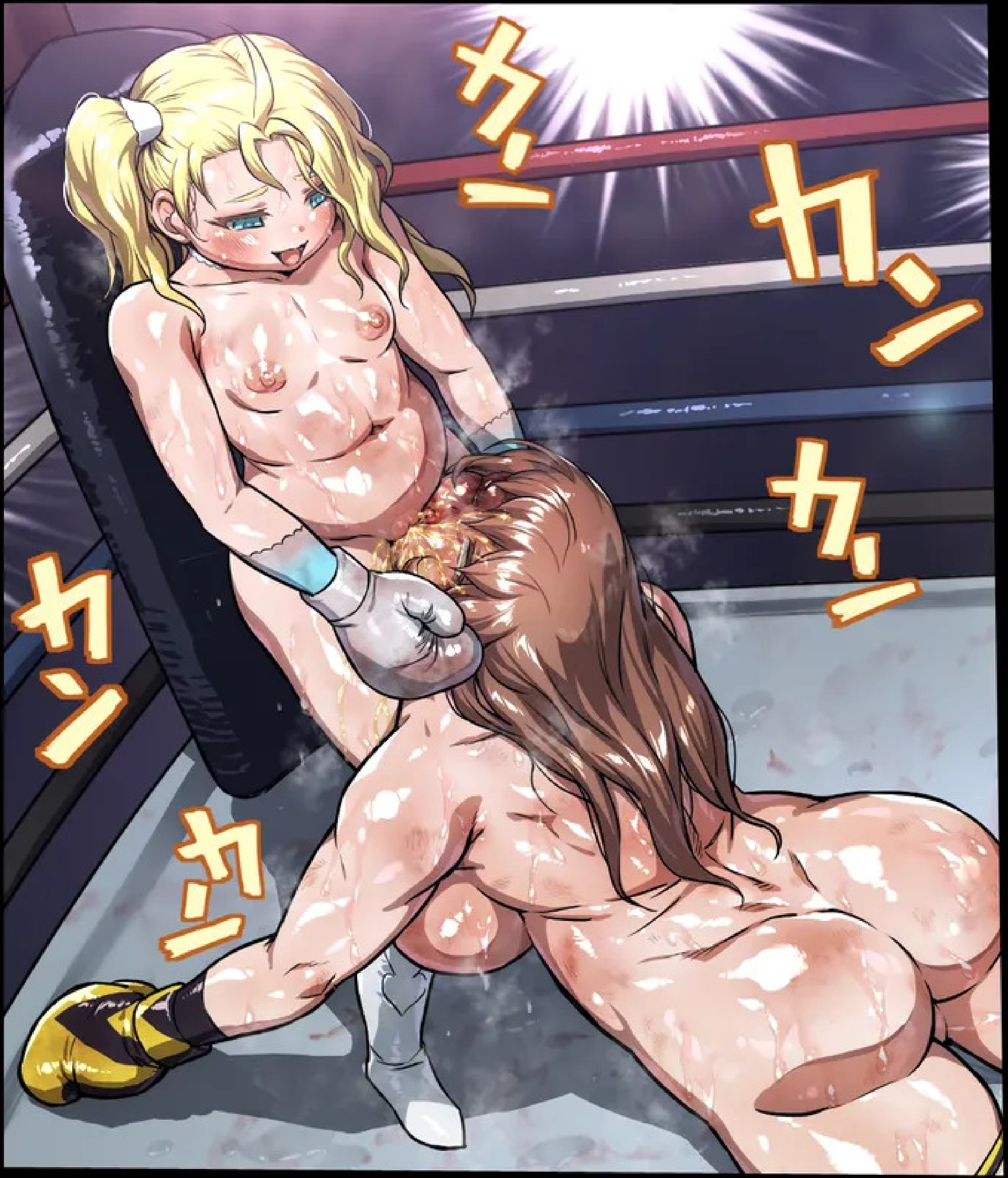

The “free choice” to fight or not to fight,
chosen by one's own will...
After this battle, Lilian's choice was made.

The successor to the “witch.”
She would continue to indulge in the pleasure of swinging her fists as her desires stirred, nurturing bonds only to break them...

It was the moment when a small monster was born, one that might eventually surpass even Eloise.

“I see... Lilian.
That is your answer...”

Was the sad expression that appeared on Eloise's face for a moment a sign of pity for Suzume? However, that expression immediately changed to one of joy.

“You've finally embraced your own desires.
Now, let's enjoy a life drenched in desire together···”

Fin.